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THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

JANUARY 1901.

*NAOMI.*

BY JOHN STAFFORD.

CHAPTER I.

“**B**E quiet, will you?”

A table shook under a fist of power; a pair of young eyes flashed angrily; a little bullfinch started on its perch; and, looking fearsomely round, shook up its feathers, and sang no more.

“It’s her bird, and she likes it to be here. The little beggar sings beautifully, but how can a fellow do serious reading to the lilting tune of ‘Cherry Ripe’? All last term lost, and I’ve hardly done three days’ work since I came here. I shall be ploughed to a certainty.”

The speaker, a young man of twenty-three or so, leaned back in his chair, hands in pockets, and the look he cast on the books and papers in front of him was a rueful one. Obviously he was not a reading man. The attractive face was strong and square, showing a fine burn of sun; the figure long and powerful, its shape and proportions good to look at. Than this youth Alma Mater had few more athletic sons.

“Ploughed! Pah! What matter?”—suddenly raising his head—“I must go up again, that’s all. Sing on, bully-boy! Sorry to interrupt you, but I really meant business this morning—really! Sing, little minstrel, sing, and presently I’ll have another try.”

But the bird only ruffled its feathers again, and hopped unconcernedly down to its seed-glass. The student raised high his arms in the luxury of a stretch; then he twisted his chair round so as to face the long open window.

It was a day of young July, and the quaint, old-fashioned garden, a green and flowery jungle which a Lucullus would have drooped to see, only wooed, by its frank disarray, the mental untidiness of Edgar Chester. From passive contemplation he slid into reverie, an idle playing of thoughts round a single figure, which of late had become a pleasant habit with this sturdy lotus-eater. So for some minutes. Then, all at once, his lids ran up, and he was staring at the actual presence.

"Why, here she comes! But what now, little sweetheart? Why so sad this morning? Eyes hardly dry of tears; lips tight with pain; footsteps heavy with a weight of sorrow! Poor Naomi! What's amiss, I wonder? You were blithe enough an hour ago."

All this to himself as a young girl drew near from the garden-end, where she had entered by the field-path wicket. She was wearing a simple but well-fitting gown of blue and white print stuff; and on her head, which was held well up, was a sun-bonnet of like material; judging by the little wicker thing she held on her arm she had been to the village near by to purchase some household necessities. It was not an involuntary glance which she threw into the room before turning down the side-walk; and as the young peoples' eyes met the girl's face coloured with a pretty guiltiness, while Chester felt the pleasant quickening of pulse which a look from her now would often bring him. He smiled a greeting, giving a kindly nod in with it. She smiled also, but faintly enough; and, stopping at the window, she drew from her basket a letter.

"I saw the postman, Mr. Chester, and he asked me to give you this to save his crossing the field. He's getting on in years now, is old Silas."

"Thank you, Naomi," said Chester, walking to the window; "the letter will be all the more welcome for having so changed hands. Is that the tobacco? Thanks again. You sweeten everything you touch, Naomi. A month ago I would not have looked at shag; now we love it, my pipe and I. Can't work to-day, Naomi. What shall I do? Can you give me a job, miss?"

His assumed day-labourer air made the girl smile in brighter fashion. If the question had been a new one her half-jesting answer had been less ready.

"I think I could, sir. We want some potatoes digging up, and some gooseberries gathering; then there's the churn—someone must turn that; and Dick's gone to Witney market with father."

"Very wrong of him with so much else to do. Potatoes—



gooseberries—churn. They shall all be seen to, Naomi. But first of all I'll read my letter. By-bye for the present."

He watched the retreating figure, still standing by the window. Across the blue of his eyes a shadow stole, and his brows came together at the pull of a disquieting thought.

"Mine was not the only letter, my dear Naomi; and I'll swear the other bears the American post-mark. She was put out enough when that last one came—for did I not, too, meet Silas in the lane, and duly deliver it to her? If I'm any judge of handwriting that fellow's an ignorant clown, and a pertinacious one to boot. Two refusals, and still he badgers her! But why can't she refuse him again, and keep her eyes dry? There must be some pressure somewhere. Curse his money!"

He sat again in his chair, and again gazed forth to the garden, though he saw it not. He had yielded to the push of a new idea, and was reasoning hard. Slowly his face relaxed as if a problem were working to a good solution.

"Should think three or four hundred pounds would meet the case," he muttered. "Wonder if the farmer would listen to it? He's already told me he's in low water. I'll see him again to-night and put it to him. Why, I'd rather marry her myself than have her sold to that Hodge of a fellow. And by Jupiter! if I go on getting so deuced fond of her I shall be in danger of thinking about it. Almost am I doing so now!"

He rose and paced to and fro the room, and by the subtle changings of his face, such as tender feeling makes, it was apparent that he was walking with every step into more and more danger. He had known Naomi Hawthorn barely four weeks. Fresh from the social dissipation of "Commem.," the boating parties, drives, balls, what not, which make up that delightful but distracting week, he had given in to the inevitable reaction, and taking the hint of conscience had decided to pass the Long in some quiet seclusion and work really hard. As holiday he promised himself a final fortnight or so in the Engadine, where his parents were staying, along with his cousin Mona, a dashing, brilliant, end of century creature to whom the young man's fancy had often lightly turned. But not of late. Indeed, since he had happened on Naomi, so engaging in her simplicity, so refreshingly human, so utterly unspoilt of the world, the highly polished and flashing Mona was forgotten half his time. She was now, or he would have opened that letter on the table, which, though not from her, was from where she was, and that fact alone, in other days, would have made him rip to its contents

Suddenly he stopped his pacings, as if at some cliff-edge, then with a head toss and a little laugh he reached for his straw and strolled out to the kitchen-garden.

There he found Prue, Naomi's eldest sister, stooping among the gooseberry bushes. A fork and a bowl lay a little away, where the potato-rows were. Chester promptly set to work at the upturning of some brave white kidneys.

"Rather you gathered those than I, Miss Hawthorn," he cried. "If I stooped like that I should snap in two; but I promised Naomi to do something, and here's the bowl, nearly full. Is your sister not well this morning? or is she only tired after her walk to Stanton? Why, you look out of sorts yourself! It must be the weather, it *is* trying!"

He stood upright and blew as if at an imaginary candle. The further glance he threw at the young woman told him nothing. She had bent low again, and her face was round the corner of her sun-bonnet. He had gathered enough, however (and her present silence was giving him more), to hazard a guess that some fresh family trouble was afoot that morning at Arbury Farm. But in Naomi's face he had seen the tear-marked traces of young self-pity; in her sister's he had only discerned a dark sullenness, a brooding anger, a bitterness which drew the lips down. It was a trifle puzzling.

"Her's alright," said Prue at last, turning to go, but with still averted face—"or ought to be. If it lies in the wench's power to shore up a falling house why should her fret about doing of it? There be worse men in the world than Nathan Gerridge, I reckon."

And Prue—who might have spoken like a lady if she had liked, for both she and Naomi had been well up-brought by the mother, who was gone—turned moodily away. Chester's eyes followed her curiously.

"So-that's how the wind sits," he reflected. "A falling house—an enforced marriage—a sister jealous to her toes because the victim's name is Naomi!"

He bent again and thoughtfully turned over more potatoes. Presently he made with his gatherings for the houseplace. Leaving the bowl at the kitchen door he went on to the dairy. He found Naomi, with her round white arms stripped to the elbows, sadly turning the churn.

"Come, little sweetheart, that's my work, you know," said he, taking possession of the handle—"my work, Naomi, being deputy to Master Dick. Your turn shall come when I and this good barrel have done our duty. In the meantime you can top and tail those

gooseberries. Sit down there and start: I want to talk to you, Naomi."

The blushing young thing, well accustomed by now to his free and airy manner, sat down on the bench and began her task. There was a shy play of gladness at her eyes—ripples on deeps of ruth. It was good to have him near her, with his bright, breezy presence; but that inward aching—how hard to bear it was! The few moments of silence, broken only by the dull swish-swish of the butter, caused her to glance up. She surprised a look which somehow made her redden anew. Chester felt a sudden warming of his own face, and in his annoyance he made the churn fairly spin.

"Gently, sir, gently!" cried Naomi, alarmed. "You'll burst<sup>1</sup> it, Mr. Chester."

"Burst what?—the barrel?"

"No—the butter; and there are three pounds due at the Grange this afternoon. Keep to the same slow pace, please. Yes—that way."

"This way?—good! How careless of me! But a sudden thought had struck me, Naomi—quite an exciting thought."

It was not a bad way of getting out of it, and it brought him to his point. She looked silent enquiry.

"It's this way, my dear. I have three or four hundred pounds which I want to invest. Now it occurred to me this morning that I might as well put the money in Arbury Farm as in any other going concern, as the lawyers say. The Hawthorns have thriven here for generations, and I should think the place is as safe as the bank. Do you think your father would consent to it now?"

Surprise, gladness, and doubt were all playing together in Naomi's face.

"I really cannot say, Mr. Chester. He—well, you see, the farm has not been doing so well lately. Father, I'm sure, would not like to take any more capital, unless he were sure of—of——"

"Of its being safe, you mean? Well, suppose I risk that? If I invested it in a public company it would be just the same—there's always a risk. I feel sure the cash would be right in good Mr Hawthorn's hands. Shall I ask him?"

For one moment Naomi sat dumb; then she sprang up. "Oh, do, do!" she said, with a fervour which told him a deal. "It might help him through these difficulties. He would make it right for you—there is land yet unmortgaged; and then—then, perhaps he——"

<sup>1</sup> "Burst" is a common Oxfordshire word, descriptive of butter broken in the churn.

She broke off and clasped her hands. "Oh, I wish I could tell you !—I wish I could !—but here's Prue—give me the handle, please. Perhaps in the garden—at the wicket to-night—you will hear me pass your window. Good-bye, Mr. Chester !"

## CHAPTER II.

It was with a heavy heart and step that Chester, after a few moments of hesitation, followed that evening the lissom white figure which had just glided by his window. He had sat there an hour or more, with his eyes fixed absently on the moon, which, like a great bronze shield, had lifted above the woods, and was now climbing to the zenith, brightening with the minutes to a shield of silver. The light footfalls had startled him from his reverie, and he had pushed his fingers through his thick, crispy hair with a hearty groan. With an air of complete dejection he walked slowly down the garden. Very different had been Naomi's buoyant stepping, as she repaired to the little wooden gate where she was to meet the man whose coming into her life had brought so much to her. The face in the moon smiled down at the girl, as it had smiled for ages on the comedy and tragedy of our poor humanity. But, leaning on the gate, Naomi looked up and made of its light a silver lining to the sombre cloud of her sorrow. What if she had to wed Nathan—bear his children—suffer for him? She could still keep in her heart the strange, indefinable, beautiful something which had come with the coming of *him* !

She listened to his nearing steps with pulse at the gallop. Our first love symptoms are so very young and lively, and judgment, as yet a youth, has the feeblest hold upon them. Even Chester had much to do as he looked down at the upturned face, finding such welcome there. It was something more, indeed, than welcome, and at his heart he felt a pinch of conscience. Had he gone too far? had discretion been too heedless? had he gone out of his way at all to lead captive this little innocent? Conscience pinched anew, but reason made mild protest. What harm in a bit of midsummer dreaming? If we awaken to find that the fairies of fancy have been only fooling us, why, then, we can smilingly rub our eyes and return to the Athens of the commonplace in no wise sorry for having had such dreaming. So argued the casuist inside him. In his most ordinary manner he spoke :



"Well, little sweetheart, here I am. Now what is it you have to tell me? Suppose I already know?"

The girl shrank within herself; that cold voice and manner could but make contraction where so much warmth had been. Chester scowled through the sheen of the moon as if he had his eyes on Nathan. Why, she thought, had he barely looked at her; and why that indifferent, unfeeling tone?

"Then I need not tell you anything," said the low, hurt voice, "and I may as well go in again."

"No need to do that," said Chester, outwardly unmoved, "I've come to tell you something, and I hardly know how to begin—something you may not like to hear, Naomi."

Concern ran to her eyes; his profile was as stone; a vague dread came creeping over her.

"But about your affairs first. Some nights ago I was smoking a pipe with Mr. Hawthorn in the kitchen. It was the close of a market day, and, social soul as he is, he had drunk the health of many friends. He was in a talkative mood, and between the puffs of his pipe he told me something of his troubles. Among other things he said he had a friend in America, from whom he hoped to hear in a few days concerning finances. I gathered that he meant a loan of money. Well, I think I'm correct in saying that a letter arrived from that friend this morning, but addressed to you; and I think I know its purport."

He looked slowly round and their eyes met.

"You understand, then?" said she, hardly above a whisper.

"I do, Naomi. Your fate is sealed. You have refused him twice, and now you are going to say yes, because you can't well help it. You're in a moral corner, my dear, and the only way out of it is through a wedding-ring—oh, the curse of it!—and I thought I could help you!"

He leaned heavily on the gate, making it creak with protest. "I thought I could help you; but the same mail which brought you such trouble brought ill news to me. My father, through the villainy of his lawyer, has lost nearly all he had. He and I both are ruined and penniless men, Naomi."

The girl's heart stopped its sinking and rose on a quick flow of sympathy.

"Oh, Mr. Chester! I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

He turned a sad smile on her. "Thank you, little sweetheart, I'm sure of it. But it had been better if I had not spoken in the airy to-day—would it not?"

"No, no ! I'm glad you spoke. I know now that—that——" She stopped with flaming face and looked away.

"That I care for you just a little bit, you would say. It isn't true, Naomi !"

He looked down at her, holding himself in with all his might ; for what he saw in her big fawn eyes was almost more than he could stand.

"It isn't true ! A little bit ! Why, I care for you more than anyone else in the world ! Yet I can't lift a finger to save you. If I could I might—I might ask you something. I'm a simple fellow myself, and I like simple people—I've seen so much of the other sort. You and I, now, could—but there, why talk about it ? It was wrong to speak at all. I ever was a fool !"

He glared through the mist with silent swearings. Folly had bolted with him, and had taken the jump. What use the tugging of judgment now ? Naomi shone from her dazedness.

"Don't say that, Mr. Chester," said she, shyly touching his arm. "You have changed all my life for me—indeed you have ! Come what may, I shall live content and even happy now that I—besides Nathan—I don't dislike him. He's big of heart, and true in his way—and it 'll all come right. You see, sir, I couldn't have said yes if you had asked me. I may be simple, but I'm very ignorant ; I know nothing, and you'd find it out. How then could I share such a life as yours ? The little brown sparrow can't fly with the swift, nor the coney run with the hare. No ; Nathan shall have me and I'll have him, and nature shall say well-paired to the mating. It 'll all come right, Mr. Chester ; really it will, so don't fret about me. Why, I was never blither in my life than I am now—never !"

She touched his arm again and smiled bravely up at him. Chester thought of a young mother he had once seen smiling over her dead firstling, dreaming of baby angels. He spoke with a blurt :

"It's a thundering shame that I should have to leave you like this—all at once, too ! Better so, perhaps. I go to-morrow—first train."

This was cruelly startling. Naomi felt a sudden choking. "To-morrow ! So soon as that ? To-morrow !"

He could hardly hear her. "Alas ! yes. I must start for Switzerland first thing in the morning. From there I may go on to India. I have a cousin over there—a big tea-grower. He tried to get me out some time ago. Didn't believe in my going in for the law ; told me to chuck—to give it up. And give it up I must. It's a case

of bread and butter now, Naomi—bread and butter and tea. My degree must go to the wall.”

It was hard to talk so lightly about it, and he knew her eyes were swimming.

“And shall I never see you again—never?” murmured she, holding fast to the gate and trying mightily to keep the moon from whirling.

“Never’s a long time. No; I can’t say that. Yet heaven knows when and where we shall meet again. It must be a long farewell, little sweetheart. There, there! don’t cry—don’t, Naomi! Confound me! Why do you make me do it? I *must* kiss you!”

### CHAPTER III.

Some twelve years slipped by. The sun was again in Leo, and blazing down on the towers and colleges of Oxford with an ardour which, to look at the grey old walls, seemed to blister and peel them as the workman’s “furnace” blisters old paint. But they have been peeling like that for many a hot and cold generation; and one may return after half a lifetime to find that, for all this weather-paring of their cuticles, the brave old venerables still stand to show that beauty, after all, is more than skin deep.

With fond eyes on his old college Edgar Chester sat in the garden of it, living again through the light and careless undergraduate days, which to him, as to many another, had been the happiest he had ever known. To return to Oxford, to gaze again on the wrinkled but benign old features of Alma Mater, to listen once more to the silent voice which only her children can hear, had perhaps been the strongest of the few hopes which had brought him back to England. Fortune had been kind to him, and it was a question now of settling down to comfortably enjoy the residue of his life. And where else in the country could he more happily settle than within sound of the voice of Great Tom? Was not Oxford the city of his heart—the fairest in all the land? Was not the countryside about the one bit of the world most dear to him? So, as he sat under his tree, allowing the spirit of old days to so pleasantly animate the new, the desire took hold of him to get astride a horse and take a short run out somewhere, say to Abingdon, through Bagley Wood, or up the hill to Cumnor, or through Nuneham to quaint old Dorchester—anywhere, it mattered not.

No, not anywhere, he thought all at once; why not Stanton Kings? He could canter quietly over, have a walk round, dine at the "Crown," learn all the news, and ride home in the evening cool, dreaming of the might have been.

The thought made him smile—hardened maturity smiling at its salad days. Yet it was no sham, the sigh which lifted his waistcoat. It had been very sweet, that bit of midsummer dreaming. He was not sure that he had experienced anything to beat it, and he had not had such a bad time these last dozen years. Where else, now, had he met in his travels just such another as his rustic little Hebe? Why had she moved him so—she and her dog-rose simplicity and charm? Why did the thought of her still move him, he who in his annual visits to the Hill Country might have had his pick of a thousand fair women? The bronzed muser's consciousness divided in two—reason analysing feeling. Reason failed in the task, but had become strangely warm from the effort. It was curious, but decidedly pleasant. Chester rose, in thought already at Stanton Kings.

At Franklins he found a decent mount; also the ostler—an old man now—who years ago had saddled him many another. From him he learnt many things, chief among them the fact that the former college friend, who had shared so many of his country rides, was now living at no less a place than the Grange, at Stanton Kings.

"Aye, sir; an' he often gives us a look in for old times' sake. He's just the same, is Mr. Spreckley, an' as game for a run across country as the best of 'em, only his wife be so afeard of his neck. Yes, he's married now, an' has three childer. Morning, Mr. Gerridge!"

He touched his cap at a round-faced, broad-shouldered man who at that moment drove by in a dog-cart.

"That's one o' Mr. Spreckley's neighbours, sir. The little body beside him was his wife—as pretty an' slim a maid in her day as ever milked a cow, but now her's getting as round as a cheese. Takes after her father, old Hawthorn, as was. Whoa! Dandy, whoa!"

Chester had not seen the passers-by, but from the covered gateway his eyes had followed the two broad backs, and had caught the contour of a round, red cheek, once so beautifully oval, and he had groaned. He flopped into the saddle, feeling double his weight.

He steered his way through the traffic of the streets almost mechanically; and, without any hint from him, Dandy turned at the

Carfax, and at a brisk trot headed straight for Stanton. Chester found himself halfway there before he had realised where he had got to. He pulled sharply up, then with an amused laugh he gave the hack the rein again.

"Better go all the way now," he muttered. "I can at least have a crack with Spreckley. It was a bit rough, though. To think that my little dog-rose should drop her youthful petals to degenerate to such a hip!"

He arrived in due course at the village; and, leaving Dandy at the inn, made his way to the Grange. The maid who answered his ring told him that Mr. Spreckley had gone to Oxford, but was due back by the next train in a few minutes—would he step inside and wait? He was ushered into a rear room, all-lined with books, and showing every sign of being his friend's study. It faced the long, old-time garden; and through the open window came the happy sound of playing children. Chester sat down, listening the while to another sound, evidently from the drawing-room, the sound of a piano. The latter soon claimed both his ears. He rose and slightly opened the door, then pushed the window to. Youngsters at their gaming he could hear anywhere; but a sonata of Beethoven's he had not heard for many a year, and then Mona had played it, only not half so well. He listened, shrewdly judging the character of the player. There was true refinement at that piano; womanly tenderness; deeps of suppressed passion; yearning. "Yearning for what?" he wondered, giving ear to an exquisite passage, "for something she knows not what, perhaps. It's the way with women. But maybe Mrs. Spreckley is not quite happy in her life. How came such a mating about? Spreckley—ah, there's the *rondo*—that's better!" He listened on, wondering again that a woman of such spiritual calibre should have wed a man who had about as much soul as Dandy, when in came Mr. Spreckley himself.

Hearty words of greeting, and a hard gripping of hands; then arm-chairs *vis-à-vis*, and a lighting of cigars. Mr. Spreckley was a short, thick-set man, with a red, round Friar Tuck face, and a little bud of a mouth, which vied with his laughing grey eyes to show forth the good-humour in him.

"So you've come back to settle in the old country, and in Oxford too?" said he, with a big puff, as if he were blowing off the froth of preliminaries. "But you ought to get married first, you know; I can see you're a bachelor—it's writ all over you. What became of your pretty cousin?—the one that came up for one of the Commems. Ah, I forgot, she married an army man. I saw it in the papers."



"Yes, she put about ship when the crash came. You know that it killed my father, and that my mother soon followed him. I think Mona might have been with her at the last. We were half engaged at one time, but it came to nothing. Just as well, perhaps. She could never have stood India—or me either. Too fond of Vanity Fair. But how did you chance on this place? Thought you were going in for the cloth, or was it the silk?"

"Silk. Attended terms; was called; tried two years to get a brief; couldn't; got in a rage one day, tore my gown up; jumped into a cab; told the man to drive to the devil; he landed me at the Star and Garter, at Richmond. 'Thought a whiff of country air might do you good, sir,' said he, 'you looked a bit wild-like.' The drive had put me right; a brief walk round the Park made me even better, and I decided to have another try. But, on returning to the Temple, I found a telegram announcing my father's death. That ended everything. He left much gold."

"So you didn't trouble about a new gown?"

"No; I promptly got married, and here I am. My wife's people live close by; and, to please her and them, I bought this old concern, ghost and all. And now you are here, Chester, you may as well stay a week or two. You can have the haunted room."

Chester smiled; yet his eyes were smarting. The voice and manner of his old friend were so entirely unchanged. If his frock-coat had been Prospero's robe, he could not have brought back the past more vividly.

"Thank you much, Spreckley; but I have already taken quarters at the 'Roebuck,' and all my traps are there. That's my centre, you know. I'll promise you another visit when I have found a likely house, and——"

"And a wife," put in the other, with a twinkle.

"Then my visit must be a pleasure deferred," replied Chester. "You must withdraw the proviso."

"I will. But at least you'll stay dinner? Yes? Well then, let us adjourn to the drawing-room; and, if music be the food of love, you can have a good meal of it. An infernal row, I call it, at this hour of the day too. But music is Cecilia's penchant, so what can one say? This way; she'll stop in a second if she sees us. Shy as a leveret, and at her age, too!"

He led the way out by the window; and, turning to the right, came presently to another, which was also open. They silently entered the room, and as silently took their seats. The player, lost in the spirit world she had flown to, went on, quite oblivious of her

two auditors, one at least of whom was a man who could give heed to her feeling and execution with delighted ears. He looked across at her curiously. He could see a slim girlish waist; small shoulders, square rather than sloping; a well-rounded neck, as white as the piano keys; and a mass of hair, wavy brown with golden places, which might have been the coronal of any woman between twenty and forty. He peeped out at the children. The eldest might have been ten years old; the youngest, a cooing baby, as many months. Sitting by it was the white-frosted nurse; in a ship-chair, next to her, reclined a thin, learned-looking lady, hall-marked a governess. While his eyes were on her he heard her call sharply to one of the children, and the little one went running to her. It tripped, and fell heavily down. There was that moment's stillness which follows a shock to a young child, then a loud burst of screaming. The music ceased, and he looked round to see the alarmed player hastening to the window. She hurried by and out without seeing him. But he had seen her, and his wide eyes had nearly started from his head. It was Naomi!

"Alarmed about young Betty?" said Mr. Spreckley. "Why, man, what's the matter with you? It's only a youngster's tumble."

Chester recovered himself, or tried to. His heart was hammering. Little sweetheart the wife of this man!

"What are you scowling at?" said the man testily; "has the child given you the colic? Come and have another cigar—it'll sooth you."

He led the way across the hall to his study; Chester followed mechanically.

"Here, have a glass of wine," said Mr. Spreckley briskly; "you look quite knocked over, old man. Sorry it should have occurred, but it gave me a turn too. Little beggar!"

"It wasn't that," said Chester, bolting the wine, nevertheless, "it was the sudden sight of such a beautiful woman. My nerves were not prepared for it."

"Shouldn't have gone out to India then. You've been drinking too much of that tea," said Mr. Spreckley, looking out from the window. "Beautiful? I never thought Naomi was quite that. Pretty's a fitter word. But then, beauty's a subjective rather than an objective thing, I suppose. Some people bow the knee to Burne Jones' angels, others go mad over Rubens' deities—round little folk, as ethereal as a sirloin. It's just a matter of taste. For me, I prefer the happy medium—the Milo Venus style—a healthy, shapely, well-knit young creature, with the face of a goddess. Naomi's all that, bar the face."

"Quite so. Hers is a face not of a goddess, but a very human woman, and a more charming one I have never yet seen. Pardon my saying it."

Mr. Spreckley's eyes were dancing, and he looked across at Chester, his little mouth working in a manner extraordinary.

"Certainly, certainly," he said; "I like to hear Naomi praised. Her qualities are just as attractive as her appearance. Most wonderful governess we ever had, the children worship her."

The listener's chest rose suddenly, and he blew an enormous cloud. He could not speak, he was being riven asunder, never in his life had joy served him like this. He blew and blew again till he was well-nigh invisible.

"Good cigar, isn't it?" said Mr. Spreckley. "It was Jupiter, I think, who used to hide himself in a cloud."

Chester caught back his self-control. He waved the smoke away, but still was silent. His friend was looking again from the window.

"Yes; and Miss Hawthorn—Cecilia, as we sometimes call her—is wonderful in more ways than one. She was a farmer's daughter, Chester; and when we first came to Stanton she was an ignorant girl, a pretty Phyllis of Arcady. What she has since become has been almost entirely through her own efforts."

"Tell me the story," said Chester quietly. "Pretty Phyllises of Arcady generally get married before they know where they are. Little chance of self-culture then."

"Well, she might have shared the common fate," said Mr. Spreckley; "in fact, she was booked—engaged to a man named Gerridge—he lives at Stanton now. He had come into some money from an uncle of his in the States, and had gone over there to see about it; on his return they were to have been married, but when he got here, seeing how wretched she was about it—she didn't want the fellow at all, it was some family arrangement—he took the sister instead. If he had been a harder man Naomi would have been Mrs. Gerridge now."

"A near miss," said Chester, resolving to squeeze honest Gerridge's hand at the first opportunity. "But how did Na—Miss Hawthorn manage so successfully to cast the slough of her ignorance, as you call it? And why did she do it? Was she ashamed of her position in life?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Spreckley warmly; "she's not one of that sort, she'd willingly turn milkmaid to-morrow if it came to the pinch. She simply wished to live in a wider and more spacious world than the one she was born to. She had been living in a

paddock, so to speak, and she wanted to leap the hedges and see what was beyond them. If it hadn't been for some student fellow, who stayed there one Long, the desire had perhaps never caught hold of her. After he'd gone he sent her a pile of books, which he said he had no further need of. She got dipping into them, and somehow they caught hold of her. Before long she was devoting all her spare time to hard study. She kept at it off and on for two or three years, and it got mooted about that she was becoming the learned woman of Stanton—sort of sneer, you know. But the vicar and his wife stood by her beautifully, and when old Hawthorn died, and it became a question of earning a living of some sort, she was offered the position of schoolmistress whensoever the place should be vacant. The then mistress, who was as hard as nails and very unpopular, took the hint, and in no long time our Miss Creighton took the cane of office. But——”

“I'll swear she never used it!”

“So will I. But, as I was going to tell you, she went on with her studying, the old vicar aiding her; and she got to know a terrible lot, music among other things, from the vicar's wife. It was through her that she came to us, after the last governess had run away with the groom—and here she is. Ask my wife, and she'll tell you she's a gem.”

“So she is!” said Chester, half to himself.

“But you don't know her. The outside doesn't count, pleasing as it is.”

“Yes it does, and I do know her. I was the student fellow.”

Mr. Spreckley humped his brows.

“The deuce!”

“Just so. I spent my last weeks in England at Arbury Farm.”

“And they still live in your memory as a pleasant time—an exceptionally pleasant time, I should say?”

Mr. Spreckley's mouth was working more than ever, and he was heaving with silent chuckles. Chester should have an angel yet in his house!

“They do undoubtedly,” said Chester, leaning forward to take the proffered cigar, and not noticing that his friend was staring out of the window.

They both sat back, looking one at the other. Chester met his friend's scrutiny frankly, and his eyes told a tale—an old one. Mr. Spreckley read it exultingly.

“Really?” said he.

“Really.”

"Then you're a lucky dog. She caught sight of your face just now as you stretched for that cigar. She blushed like any maiden. It was a blush of meaning ; it was made up of astonishment, joy, and love all romping together. She *was* beautiful that moment. She's gone round the bushes. There's an arbour behind those bushes. Poor thing, she could hardly stand for trembling. Are you coming in, dear?" he cried, leaning forward, and addressing the severe-looking lady ; "I think the children have had enough of it."

The tactful man. Hardly a minute had passed before there were two in the arbour behind the bushes, and they had never been so content in all their lives. Nothing was said at first. A grasping of hands, the big one retaining the little one ; a meeting of looks, the one steady and direct, the other fluttering and shy.

"Is it just the same, Naomi?"

A pause and a glad lifting of bosom. How could she doubt his meaning?

"Just the same, Mr Chester."



## THE PRUSSIAN BICENTENARY.

ON the 18th of this month (January 1901) the German Emperor, in his capacity of King of Prussia, intends to celebrate at Königsberg the 200th anniversary of the foundation of the Prussian monarchy. Great preparations are being made to commemorate this important event in a suitable manner, and we may be sure that William II., who has a special regard for all that concerns the history of his own family, will make it the text for one of his classic orations. When we consider the prominent part which the German Empire, of which Prussia is the most imposing member, plays in the politics of our day, we must confess that there is ample reason for national exultation over the bicentenary of a ceremony which was the outward and visible sign of the entrance of a new Power into the European system.

For nearly three centuries the efforts of a long line of Hohenzollern rulers had been consciously or unconsciously directed to this end. A scion of that distinguished family, which came originally from Swabia, where the castle of Hohenzollern still preserves its name, became *Burggraf* of Nürnberg about the middle of the twelfth century, and one of his descendants was appointed by the Emperor Sigismund first Administrator, and then Elector, of Brandenburg. Even before Elector Frederick I., as he styled himself, had been officially installed in 1417 in the market-place of Constance, where the famous Council was then sitting, he had taken strong measures towards restoring order in his new dominions. On his first appearance the proud nobility of the Mark of Brandenburg had derided him as a mere "plaything from Nürnberg" (*Nürnberger Tand*), and announced their intention of going on fighting and levying blackmail in the good old style. But Frederick I., a true Hohenzollern, soon showed them that he would stand no nonsense; while he was still only Administrator of the country, he attacked the Quitzows, who were the ringleaders of the rebels, and battered their castle of Friesack about their ears with his famous cannon, "lazy Peg" (*faule Grete*) --an incident commemorated in the popular drama, *Die Quitzows*, by

the present Emperor's favourite dramatist Ernst von Wildenbruch. Twelve Hohenzollern princes followed one another as Electors of Brandenburg, most of them men of ability, all of them men of some marked characteristics. The second of the line, Frederick II., followed his father's vigorous policy by subduing the unruly citizens of Berlin with such energy that he gained the nickname of "Iron Teeth." The fourth was so great an orator, that he was known to his contemporaries as "Cicero," and it would seem as if his talents had descended to the present head of the House. The sixth took the important step of declaring publicly for the Protestant cause, and thus stamping Brandenburg and its Electors as a strong bulwark of Lutheran doctrine. The ninth, Johann Sigismund, acquired in 1618 the Duchy of Prussia, which had been originally conquered by the knights of the Teutonic Order and was a fief of the Kingdom of Poland. But by far the most eminent of the whole dozen was Frederick William, the Great Elector, who reigned from 1640 to 1688, and laid the fortunes of his country. It is well known that the present Emperor shares with regard to him the opinion of Frederick the Great, who, after gazing on the bones of the Great Elector, exclaimed, *Celui-ci a fait de grandes choses*. Succeeding a weak Elector during the last years of the Thirty Years' War, he found Brandenburg ruined by the passage of marauding armies and dragged at the heels of the Kaiser. His great victory over the Swedes at Fehrbellin, a little off the present line from Berlin to Hamburg, is still remembered as one of the most important German successes in the field ; the Canal, which unites the Oder and the Spree, was his work, and still bears his name, and his statue on horseback may still be seen on the *lange Brücke* at Berlin, where those of his predecessors are being gradually erected by William II. along the *Siegesallee*. He was engaged in most of the wars of his time, and created the first standing army that Brandenburg had known ; he obtained from Poland the abandonment of its feudal rights over the Duchy of Prussia, which thus became his absolute property ; he welcomed the French Protestants, who fled to Berlin after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and thus greatly assisted the commerce and agriculture of a country which had been known as the "sand-box of the Holy Roman Empire" by reason of its barren and sandy soil. Most remarkable exploit of all, he founded African Colonies on the Gold Coast and North of the Senegal, and thus set the example, which William I. imitated in 1884, while he began the nucleus of a navy in order to defend them. It is said that it was the sight of these ancient vessels, as depicted in one of the Berlin galleries, that first diverted

the mind of the present Emperor towards naval matters. The Great Elector held, too, that "sea-faring and commerce are the pillars of a State," and in the remarkable document, known as his "political testament," laid down the salutary maxim, that "alliances are good, but one's own resources are better." Though he never attained to a royal crown, he was the real founder of the Prussian Monarchy, of which his son became the first king.

Readers of Carlyle's "History of Friedrich II. of Prussia" will remember the Chelsea sage's scornful account of the first Prussian king, mindful chiefly of "the infinitely little," and, in truth King Frederick I. was not a great man. But he reaped what his father had sown, and in one thing at least was persistent—in his determination to exchange the Electoral hat for a crown. Circumstances were in his favour; his friend William of Orange, assisted by Brandenburg troops, had lately mounted the throne of England; and the Elector of Saxony had just won the title of King of Poland; while Hanover had been promoted to the rank of an Electorate. He applied to the Emperor Leopold I. for the grant of the royal title; and, after some difficulties and hesitation, the approach of the War of the Spanish Succession, and the consequent desire to have the excellent Brandenburg army on his side, induced the Emperor to acquiesce in the proposal. Religious doubts as to the propriety of conferring a crown on a Protestant prince were overcome by the Imperial Confessor, influenced, it is said, by a heavy bribe; the protest of the Pope, who arrogated to himself the sole right of bestowing crowns, went unheeded; and the death of the Spanish king at once accelerated the conclusion of the negotiations. As Von Ranke remarks, it is a remarkable fact, that "Monarchical Government in Prussia and Parliamentary Government in England were both founded in the same interest—to counterbalance the preponderance of France."<sup>1</sup> On November 16, 1700, the treaty conferring the regal dignity was signed, and the eager Frederick hastened to install himself as king. Although it was winter, and Königsberg, which had been selected for the coronation as the capital of the Duchy of Prussia, was 450 miles away, he started off with "1,800 carriages," his consort Sophie Charlotte, and his heir, Frederick William, for that freezing and distant city. Fond of display, he spared no expense on his installation, and we are told that his "diamond buttons cost £1,500 apiece." But the most impressive incident in his coronation was the fact that he put the crown on his head with his own hands—a precedent followed on

<sup>1</sup> *Zwölf Bücher preussischer Geschichte*, i. 448.

the same spot by William I., and indicative of the divine origin of the royal title. It was especially noticeable, that the anointing followed, instead of preceding, the assumption of the crown, and was performed by two bishops, appointed as such for the express purpose. The ceremonial of January 18, 1701 has had a lasting effect on the character of the Prussian Monarchy; it has never lost that independent spirit which the first king imparted to it, and the Order of the Black Eagle which he then founded contains in its motto, *Suum cuique*, a summary of the policy which has guided all the nine kings of the House of Hohenzollern. One feature in the ceremony has not, however, been retained. The first Frederick adopted the style of "King *in* Prussia," choosing his title from that Duchy rather than from the Electorate of Brandenburg, so as not to infringe any rights of the Emperor. Frederick the Great, seventy-one years later, on the first partition of Poland, altered the title to "King *of* Prussia," and that is the form in which the title has been perpetuated by his successors.

The reign of Frederick I., which lasted for twelve more years after his assumption of the crown, was not so brilliant as his coronation. He had pledged himself to support the Kaiser in the war of the Spanish Succession, and on all other occasions, in return for the concession of the royal dignity, and his troops accordingly took part in some of the operations under "the old Dessauer." At the peace he obtained recognition of his title from the Powers, and several acquisitions or confirmations of territory, the most important being the Principality of Neuchâtel, which was destined later on to cause a considerable diplomatic difficulty. When he died, in 1713, he left a territory of 43,400 square miles, with 1,731,000 inhabitants, to his successor. At the present day the Prussian kingdom contains 134,603 square miles, with a population (according to the census of 1895) of 31,855,123. But, vain as he was, Frederick I. did something for his subjects. He was well-educated, like most of his House, and encouraged art and learning. He founded an University, and at his Court Leibnitz enjoyed the special favour of his talented Queen, after whom Charlottenburg, which he founded, received its name.

His son, Frederick William I., was in most respects the exact opposite of his father. Everyone remembers his love for "tall soldiers," his absurd antics in his "tobacco-Parliament," and his contempt for culture and refinement, which seemed so admirable to Carlyle, but have not found such approval elsewhere. Yet the father of Frederick the Great rendered, in his way, very useful



services to the young Prussian kingdom. If he cut down the expenses of the Court to the lowest possible figure, and starved the Universities, he favoured the spread of elementary education and built numbers of new schools. A practical man in the worst sense of the term, he saw no good in anything that was not immediately useful, and would not allow any of his subjects to have an opinion upon public affairs. An autocrat of the purest water, he established, as he said, the Prussian throne as firmly as if it were a "rock of bronze," and its narrow base was not his "people's will," but his own. Yet he was undoubtedly a well-meaning ruler, and could be guilty of acts of kindness at times, as he showed when he allowed the exiled Protestants from Salzburg to settle in his kingdom. He increased his army and placed it under the command of "the old Dessauer"; and, though not a scientific strategist—in fact, he had an almost British contempt for the science of war—introduced one important military reform, the substitution of the iron for the wooden ramrod, which was of much advantage to the Prussian troops in action. His treatment of his son, in whom he thought he detected the future destroyer of Prussia, and whose French ways and diletante life he detested, was at one time a public scandal, and the attempt of the Crown Prince to run away nearly brought the latter before a court-martial, and actually brought one of his friends to the scaffold. Thanks to the increased army and its new ramrod, Frederick William took part in two wars with success, and was able to boast that he also had been able to augment his territories in Europe. But in Africa he disposed of the Great Elector's Colonial stations to the Dutch, and we hear no more of Prussia as a Colonial Power till our own day.

Frederick the Great, who succeeded him in 1740, has been the theme of the most extravagant praise by all admirers of brute force coupled with treacherous diplomacy. No one can deny that his long reign of forty-six years was the most glorious, except that of William I., in the annals of his country. For a large part of that time he was the best-known Sovereign in Europe, and his warlike achievements combined with his literary talents gave him, on the ground of personal merit, the first place among the rulers of his generation. But no one who has any regard for truth can defend, except on casuistical grounds, some of the diplomatic devices by which that cynical philosopher benefited himself at the expense of his neighbours. He regarded his subjects as so much food for powder, and on one occasion, when they showed some reluctance to be shot for his sake, called them "dogs," and asked if they wanted



"to live for ever." The first partition of Poland has been repeatedly condemned as an act of flagrant burglary, but it was, at any rate, an interesting retribution, that Prussia, which had once been held as a fief of Poland, should now absorb a part of her ancient suzerain's kingdom. Yet the Polish question, which even now agitates German politics, was born of that partition, and even now there has been little fusion between the two races in the Polish provinces of Prussia. As a set-off to this disadvantage was the greater cohesion which the Prussian kingdom acquired by this partition of Poland. East Prussia, the old Duchy, which had given its name to the Monarchy, was no longer severed from the western part of the State, as it had previously been, and it was in token of this unity that Frederick assumed the style of "*King of Prussia*," that is to say, of the Western no less than the Eastern country of that name. His acquisitions at the expense of Austria in Silesia have left no such bitter memories behind, but it was clear from that time that there must one day be a fratricidal war for the hegemony of Germany between the two chief German Powers, Austria and Prussia. Frederick II. for the first time placed the latter State in a position to hold its own against the former, and Bismarck in 1866 was merely completing his work. But it is a mistake to suppose that the great Frederick in his wars against Austria was consciously aiming at the unification of Germany. He was throughout pursuing a Prussian, not a German, policy, and his aim was his own aggrandisement, not the accomplishment of that national idea which has found its embodiment in the modern German Empire. His importance in the great work of unification was due to the negative fact that his achievements in the Silesian and Seven Years' Wars came to be regarded with pride by many Germans, who did not belong to Prussia and had no particular desire to pay Prussian taxes. Nor must we omit the peaceful services which he, "the first servant of the State," rendered to his people by the foundation of villages, the improvement of judicial methods, the perfect toleration which prevailed in religious matters, and the good popular education which he encouraged. In one respect alone he was opposed to the real interests of his country. His French education led him to despise the efforts of German literary genius, and his own works were composed in what was, after all, a foreign language. Frederick patronised Voltaire, but derided as barbarians the rising generation of German authors, who were destined to contribute not a little to the ultimate regeneration of the Fatherland.

His nephew and successor, Frederick William II., in his reign of eleven years, added greatly to the extent of the dominions which

Frederick II. had bequeathed to him. The second and third partitions of Poland and the acquisition of Ansbach and Bayreuth raised the area of Prussia to a little under 100,000 square miles, with a population of about nine millions, and that state was of sufficient importance to form with England and Holland the Triple Alliance, which was intended to counteract the Dual Alliance of Russia and Austria for the conquest of Turkey—a grouping of the Powers very different from that which exists at the present day. On the outbreak of the French Revolution, Prussia showed little desire to intervene in the affairs of a nation which was not then considered to be a source of danger to North German interests. But as time went on, and the outlook became more serious, Frederick William changed his policy. His famous meeting with the Emperor Leopold II., at Pillnitz, had the ultimate effect of involving him in a war against France as the ally of his natural enemy, and the separate peace which he concluded with the French at Bâle in 1795, though it gained him an exemption from the dangers of the next eleven years, laid him open to the charge of faithlessness, and exposed his successor, later on, to the full force of a French attack without assistance. Prussia sacrificed German interests out of pure selfishness in 1795, and the retribution meted out to her was, indeed, exemplary. Nor was the rule of Frederick William any more glorious at home than in the department of foreign affairs. He resembled the first Prussian king in his love of pomp, and his frivolity and reactionary measures against freedom of religious and political discussion, contrasted strongly with the laborious life of his great predecessor, whose utter indifference to criticism and lampoons had been one of his most remarkable characteristics. When he died in 1797, he left his kingdom greater in size and population, but in nothing else; and, as the result of his policy, his successor, Frederick William III., had to undergo humiliations such as have fallen to the lot of no other Sovereign of the House of Hohenzollern.

In our own days, since the great victories of 1870, the Prussians have been able to contemplate with equanimity the deep degradation which their country suffered at the hands of the first Napoleon, and which the third of that name had, in his turn, to suffer from the son of his uncle's victim. One sees in the windows of German printshops an engraving, entitled *Vergeltung*, or "Retribution," which consists of two parallel scenes from Prussian history. The one represents Napoleon I. dictating his hard terms to Queen Louise at Tilsit in 1807, the other depicts Napoleon III. as her son's prisoner in 1870. It is not often that in such a comparatively brief space of

time, easily covered by the lifetime of one man, the rulers of two hostile nations have entered one another's capital at the head of a victorious army. The French occupation of Berlin, in 1806, has long been obliterated by the German occupation of Paris in 1871; but it should even now serve to point a lesson, recently laid down by both Lord Salisbury and Lord Rosebery, that a grave national disaster is sometimes the prelude to a grand national uprising, and that, more than any other people of modern times, the Prussians have learned wisdom by their misfortunes. The horrors of that terrible time, and the popular movement which produced the War of Liberation of 1813, have been graphically depicted in the last of that series of historical novels, *Die Ahnen*, or "The Ancestors," in which the late Gustav Freytag sketched the evolution of a German family from the fourth to the middle of the nineteenth century. It was then that Frederick William III. appealed with such splendid results to a popular sentiment, which had been carefully fostered by literary men and athletic societies, and supported by the military reforms of Scharnhorst and the social and political reforms of Stein. Those two eminent men achieved for the Prussia of their day what Bismarck, Moltke, and Roon accomplished for the Prussia of half a century later, and they deserve a place among the founders of the Empire which we see to-day. Nor should the sacrifices of the Prussian aristocracy be forgotten. If, at the present time, "the Agrarians" of East Prussia are chiefly conspicuous by their selfish opposition to measures intended to benefit the commercial classes, which play such a large part in the contemporary history of Germany, it should at least be remembered that their ancestors accepted Stein's abolition of serfdom in 1807, and cheerfully bore their part in the War of Liberation. Hardenberg continued Stein's work, and at the general settlement of European affairs after the definite fall of Napoleon in 1815, the Prussian kingdom, which the French Emperor had almost halved at Tilsit, and reduced to almost the same area as that which it had occupied in the days of the Great Elector, was not only restored to nearly its former size, but had grown in the more important qualities of patriotism and education. The union of all classes against the common enemy in the *Befreiungskrieg* had stimulated national feeling and revived the long dormant idea of a common Fatherland. But the reaction which set in under the auspices of Metternich in 1815, and lasted till his fall in 1848, was destined in Prussia, as elsewhere, to damp the hopes of those who aimed at either liberal institutions or the unification of Germany, or both. Even now the combination of the two has been found impossible in Prussia, and

the means by which that State obtained the leadership of Germany were the very opposite of those recommended by the Liberal politicians, who regarded England as their model. It was, perhaps, no wonder that a man like Heine, who became a Prussian subject<sup>1</sup> in consequence of the arrangements of 1815, but was at heart a Frenchman, poured scorn on the "so-called War of Liberation," when "we were ordered to become patriots, and we became patriots; for we do everything which our princes order!" His scathing denunciations of the Hohenzollern family,

Stallgedanken, und das öde  
Fressen, jeder Zoll ein Thier,

sound curious enough now; but that miserable creation, the German Confederation, of which the same poet wrote—

O Bund, du Hund,  
Du bist nicht gesund,

and which dominated German politics till it received its quietus in the war of 1866, was not inspiring, while the share of Prussia in the autocratic Karlsbad decrees showed that liberal ideas had no influence at the Court of Frederick William III. That Sovereign became the humble servant of Metternich and Austria, conceded the demands of the feudal party for a modification of Stein's reforms, and showed a more enlightened spirit in military and economic matters alone. The foundation of a Customs union between a number of the thirty-nine States which composed the German Confederation was a distinct step towards a closer political union. But the keynote of this gloomy period was reaction at home, and in German, as distinct from Prussian, politics, dependence on the edicts which Metternich issued from Vienna.

Nor was Frederick William IV., who succeeded to the throne in 1840, a man of the stuff of which Empire-builders are made. It was noticed that he began his reign just a hundred years after Frederick the Great had inaugurated his successful career; but as he once truly confessed to a statesman who urged him to accept the Imperial Crown, offered to him in 1849 by the National Assembly at Frankfort, "Frederick the Great would have been your man, I am not a great ruler." Learned and full of mediæval ideas, with an enormous respect for the kingly office, which he held, so he believed, by divine right, he could not stoop to pick up from the gutter a crown which was the issue of a revolution. The mere title "Emperor of the Germans" indicated the popular origin of this dignity which it

<sup>1</sup> *Werke*, vii. 144.



was proposed to confer upon this stickler for all that was feudal. Frederick William IV., the most eloquent member of his family, except perhaps the "Cicero" of Brandenburg and the present Kaiser, was a fantastic figure on the throne. It was hinted that he had a weakness for the bottle; he was nicknamed "King Clicquot," and *Punch* always depicted him with a champagne bottle under his arm and his crown very much askew. His famous ride through his capital, wearing the tricolour during "the March days" of 1848, gave rise to the sarcasm of his autocratic relative the Tsar Nicholas I., who, when asked whether he would like to see a noted circus-rider of that date replied, "We will send for our brother-in-law, the King of Prussia." The humiliation of Prussia by Austria at Olmütz, the subjection of the foreign policy of Berlin to the influences of the Russian Court, which exasperated the Western Powers at the time of the Crimean War, and the formal renunciation by Frederick William of his rights to Neuchâtel, were scarcely compensated for by the acquisition of Hohenzollern, the cradle of the race, and the purchase of a strip of territory on the North Sea, to serve as a Prussian harbour, then not greatly wanted. The later years of this talented, but unfortunate monarch, were passed in the retirement which his incurable malady necessitated.

Few could have imagined that his brother and successor would one day become the hero of the whole German world and the regenerator of his country. No one had been more unpopular in the Revolutionary days of 1848, when he had been regarded as the head of the reactionary party, and his melodramatic coronation at Königsberg with a ceremony exactly modelled on that of Frederick I., but neglected by every Prussian king since the first, was considered as an indication of the lines on which he intended to govern now that he was no longer Prince Regent but King. The appointment as Prime Minister of such an ultra-Conservative as Bismarck increased the indignation of the Liberal party, and the four years of government without a budget greatly incensed the majority in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies, until at last the success of the Minister's policy in the Danish and Austrian wars of 1864 and 1866 convinced most of them that he was bent on attaining their end by different means. Prussia emerged from the latter war with enormously enhanced power and prestige; her territories had been largely increased by the incorporation of Hanover, Electoral Hesse, Nassau, Frankfort, and Schleswig-Holstein; they now formed a compact whole, and comprised the valuable naval station of Kiel, and the excellence of the Prussian Army had been



twice signally demonstrated. It was clear to all observers that the state of things created by the treaties of 1866, which ousted Austria from all interference in Germany, dissolved the German Confederation and substituted for it a North German Confederation, including Saxony, under Prussian hegemony, while leaving the South German States outside that body, could be only temporary. Bismarck had the wisdom not to precipitate events, as a doctrinaire would have done, while Prince Hohenlohe, who lived to be German Chancellor, was one of the most practical supporters of a further union between the South and the North. The creation of a Customs Parliament, in which both North and South were represented, was a further step in the direction of unity, and the final influence was the universal spirit of patriotism, aroused by the Franco-German war, which had nearly been precipitated three years earlier by the Luxemburg question.

With the acceptance of the Imperial title at Versailles in 1871, on the very day when, 170 years before, Frederick I. had adopted the royal name at Königsberg, it might have seemed that the separate history of Prussia had merged in that of the German Empire. But such is not altogether the case. People scarcely realise even now outside Germany that the German Empire is really a Federation of Sovereign States, and that the Emperor—be it observed “German Emperor,” not “Emperor of Germany” or “of the Germans”—is merely the hereditary President of that Federation. The separate Parliaments co-exist in the component States together with the Imperial Parliament, in which they are each represented in proportion to population, and with the Federal Council, in which they are each represented as States. That Prussia, which embraces nearly 67 per cent. of the total area, and nearly 61 per cent. of the whole population of Germany, should have the largest individual number of votes in both these two Imperial bodies, and should have an actual majority in the former of them, is only fair. But there have been times when the smaller States have been able to carry their way against Prussian wishes in the Federal Council, whilst in the separate State Legislatures, and especially in that of Bavaria, there is still a considerable amount of local, as opposed to national, feeling. In spite of considerable pressure, Bavaria and Württemberg still cling to their own postage stamps, and such incidents as the prompt repudiation of the tactless remark that the non-Prussian princes who went in 1896 with Prince Henry to the coronation festivities of the present Tsar were his “suite,” and the resentment felt by the smaller States at the Emperor’s more recent intervention in the Lippe-Detmold succession,

are proofs that "particularism" is not dead, even after thirty years of Empire. On the other hand, the appointment of a former Bavarian Premier as Chancellor in the person of Prince Hohenlohe, and of a Badenser as Minister for Foreign Affairs in that of Baron von Marschall, showed that the very highest posts in the Empire are not regarded as the prerogatives of "the predominant partner." Bismarck, however, has left it on record that he found it necessary, if he wished to have complete control of affairs, to be Prussian Prime Minister as well as Imperial Chancellor; and the discussions in the Prussian Legislature, a body far less democratic than the Imperial Parliament, are usually of considerable local importance. Whether some day these local diets will all merge in the Reichstag, and a really centralised Empire take the place of a Federation, is a question of opinion, but it is not likely to come about just yet. The characteristic differences of race, history, and religion between North and South are too great, and the Bavarian Press regards the Prussians much as the Neapolitans regard the Piedmontese.

A strong family likeness exists, indeed, between the historical development of the House of Hohenzollern and that of the House of Savoy. Both obtained the kingly dignity in the early years of the eighteenth century, and each became the nucleus round which a much larger agglomeration of States was formed. Both the King of Prussia and the King of Sardinia were turned out of their capitals by Bonaparte, and both were restored at his fall. The subsequent reorganisation of Piedmont was a conscientious imitation of Prussian methods, and the same two wars which made Prussia supreme in Germany, made Piedmont also supreme in Italy. But the parallel ceases when we consider the different forms which Italian and German unity have taken. This difference may be, however, only on the surface, for Italy is still divided by old associations and historical and economic influences into separate regions, which are not marked on the map.

There are those who doubt whether Italian unity has been an unqualified success; how stands the case with the result achieved by Prussia? So far as the world at large is concerned, Bismarck's saying would still seem to be true: "We have gained respect everywhere, love nowhere." The vast commercial progress of Germany in general, and of Prussia in particular, is acknowledged on all hands, and we English know it well to our cost. But is there not something to be set against this material advance? Does the German literature of to-day—if literature it can be called—compare with the masterpieces of the old days, when trade was not the main object of

every German, and the small Courts, like Weimar, patronised literary talent? Is German scholarship so famous as it was, when the Germans were described as "the people of thinkers"? Is morality, as exemplified by some recent scandals at Berlin, so high as in the times of poverty and struggle, of plain living and high thinking? In the old days Socialism had not grown to the extent to which it has now attained; nor had some of the finest scenery and the most famous river in Europe been desecrated by an endless series of chimneys and factories. The thoroughness of the modern German, as compared with our slipshod and amateurish methods of education, his keen eye to business, his most un-English faculty for combining theory and practice, and his admirable habit of considering no detail too petty, no profits too small to be worth considering—these are all to the advantage of the great Power to which, according to some thinkers, the new century belongs. But some things have been lost in this rapid transformation. The successor of the Great Elector and the Great Frederick has, it is true, his finger in every pie, and usually, whether in Turkey, China, or Samoa, manages to pull out the plum. He is realising the dream of a world-empire and a strong navy, which will be a most formidable rival to the Power hitherto considered as having a monopoly of both. On the bicentenary of the first Prussian king's coronation he has full right to feel proud of these material triumphs. But, standing in the City of Kant, he may perhaps ask himself whether "pure reason" plays as much part as it did in Prussia. No doubt it is out of place in practical politics, and the "reason" which actuates German policy in these days is not that of the philosopher of Königsberg but the *raison d'état*.

W. MILLER.

## THACKERAY'S WOMEN.

LADIES, strange to say, do not like Thackeray. Is it that women have, as he says, no humour ; or is it that the Thackeray ideal provokes them ? I think it is the latter. "That goose Amelia makes me quite angry !" exclaims Miss Jones, "with her insipid sweetness and silly idolatry of that worthless husband of hers."

"My dear, all his women are either weak or wicked," chimes in Mrs. Brown.

Now this criticism, whether just or not, argues at least great ingratitude on the part of the ladies, for never had they a more brave, constant, and chivalrous champion than Thackeray. It only illustrates the truth of his own remark, that if you want to secure lovely woman's faithfulness and admiration there is nothing like a little judicious ill-treatment. Thackeray praises them and earns their cordial dislike. Praise them—there is no writer of this or any other country that has a tithe of his devotion to the sex. "I consider your sex a hundred times more loving and faithful than ours." He is never tired of dwelling on the virtues of women, their love, their patience, their unselfishness. "What do men know about women's martyrdoms ? We should go mad if we had to endure the hundredth part of those daily pains which are meekly borne by many women, ceaseless slavery meeting with no reward ; constant gentleness and kindness met by cruelty as constant ; love, labour, patience, watchfulness, without even so much as the acknowledgment of a good word : all this how many of them have to bear in quiet, and appear abroad with cheerful faces as if they felt nothing," and so on, and so on. Perhaps the pity is a little galling. In one of the Sketches by Boz, called "The Parlour Orator," the red-faced man, the oracle of the tap-room, is constantly taunting the company with being slaves. "Now you all know it and writhe under it," he says. "Inscribe that upon my tomb, and I am satisfied."

"Why, as to inscribing it on your tomb," said a little greengrocer with a chubby face, "of course you can have anything chalked up

as you like to pay ; but when you come to talk about slaves and that there abuse you'd better keep it in the family, 'cos I for one don't like to be called them names night after night."

Some such feeling may prompt women's antipathy to Thackeray. They don't like to be called "them names"—slaves and hypocrites—in page after page. But there is a deeper cause for their dislike. Women do not believe in one another. They do not mind being called angels and "angel-like adored," but they do not subscribe to any other of the sex being so described, for the simple reason that they know they do not deserve it. "We can see all sorts of things : the inferior animals have instincts, you know," says sarcastic Mrs. Laura Pendennis. Still less do women subscribe to angel-worship when it is an Amelia or Helen Pendennis who is put on the pedestal. "I know what the men like," says sharp-tongued Mrs. Poyser ; "a poor soft as 'ud simper at 'em like the pictur o' the sun, whether they did right or wrong, and say thank you for a kick, and pretend she didn't know what end she stood uppermost till her husband told her. That's what a man wants in a wife mostly. He wants to make sure o' one fool as 'ull tell him he's wise."

There is no denying that Thackeray's ideal is somewhat of this sort—the hearth and home being. "I'm afraid," he writes, "I don't respect your sex enough though. Yes I do, when they are occupied with loving and sentiment, and not with the other business of life." But it must be sentiment of the right sort, for nearly every bad woman, as well as every good one, according to the Thackeray creed, is a sentimental person. Miss Blanche Amory—the Sylphide—was full of sentiment. She could write the most beautiful album verses in "Mes Larmes" to "My Baby Brother" and then box the baby brother's ears for meddling with her paint-box ; warble the most touching songs and then reduce the governess to tears by some unfeeling remark. Even Becky had a streak—a very thin streak—of sentiment. No ? Sentiment is not Thackeray's touchstone. For him the true difference between women lies deeper : it is between the women with hearts and the women without hearts. This is what fixes the great gulf between his good women and his bad women : between Amelia Sedley, Laura Pendennis, Lady Castlewood, and Mrs. Lambert on the one hand, and Becky, Beatrix, Blanche, Miss Crawley, and old Lady Kew on the other hand. It is at these last, the clever, unprincipled adventuress, the heartless jilt, "the slight coquette," the coarse, vulgar-minded, worldly type of woman, peculiarly English—like Mrs. Bute Crawley, "the Old Campaigner," Mrs. Gashleigh, &c., female snobs—that Thackeray levels all the



shafts of his scorn and satire—at Becky, sleeping comfortably through the grey hours of the early dawn when honest Rawdon was going forth to face death on the field of Waterloo ; at Beatrix, the maid-of-honour, selling herself to the highest bidder ; at Miss Crawley tyrannising over poor tearful Briggs, not at Rosa, or Emily Fotheringay, or Lady Louisa Sheepshanks, or good-natured Mrs. Major O'Dowd, or even Lady Maria Castlewood.

As for the others, the good women, the women with hearts, nothing is too good for them.

Angels are painted fair to look like you ;  
There's all in you that we believe of heaven—  
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,  
Eternal joy and everlasting love.

“Canst thou, O friendly reader, count upon the fidelity of an artless and tender heart or two and reckon among the blessings Heaven hath bestowed this love of faithful women. Purify thine own heart and try and make it worthy them. On thy knees, on thy knees give thanks for the blessing awarded thee. All the prizes of the world are nothing compared to that one ; all the rewards of ambition, wealth, pleasure, only vanity and disappointment grasped at greedily and fought for fiercely, and over and over again found worthless by the weary winners.” In other words, Thackeray is a devout worshipper at the shrine. We must all be worshippers, he thinks—feel this reverence or nothing. “Men serve women kneeling ; when they get up they go away.” Surely it is good to have an ideal like this ; better still to keep it as Thackeray did through life. “Anoint mine eyes, good fairy Puck, so that I may ever consider the beloved object a paragon.” Illusion, say you ? What then ? We have to live together. Let us for Heaven's sake idealise one another. Spare us that sight, a naked human heart. This is the very bond of peace and social life.

There are two classes of men—men who are susceptible to woman's influence, and men who are not—the club swaggers, for instance, who suck the butts of billiard cues all night and call female society insipid. This susceptibility is not mere amorousness. Byron with all his amours had it not, nor Scott, nor Carlyle, but Cowper had, and De Quincey, and Washington Irving, and many others. These men like the society and companionship of women ; they appreciate their grace and vivacity, above all their delicacy of feeling ; in a word they prefer the drawing-room to the billiard-room or the smoking-room. Thackeray, the most manly of men, was one of these. He yearned for womanly tenderness and affection, and the yearning finds

expression in his novels and his letters. He writes to Mrs. Brookfield: "I cannot live without the tenderness of some woman, and expect when I am sixty I shall be marrying a girl of eleven or twelve, innocent, barley sugar-loving, in a pinafore." He judges others by himself. "And I say I think the world is like Captain Esmond's company I spoke of anon; and could you see every man's career in life you would find a woman clogging him, or clinging round his march and stopping him, or cheering him and goading him, or beckoning him out of the chariot, so that he goes up to her and leaves the race to be run without him, or bringing him the apple and saying, 'Eat,' or fetching out the daggers and whispering, 'Kill; yonder lies Duncan and a crown, and an opportunity.'" This *cherchez la femme* view pervades all Thackeray's writings, but it is well to remember that the saying is a French one, and, as Max O'Rell has just been telling us, women play, for good or evil, a much larger part in the lives and thoughts of Frenchmen than of Englishmen. Englishmen, quite half of them, are too stolid or too coarse to be able to appreciate the finer qualities of women. But what of Thackeray's ideal? Is it a satisfying one? Amelia, he tells us, was a mixture of his mother, his wife, and Mrs. Brookfield, all of whom he adored. She ought therefore to embody his ideal; but Amelia, with all her virtues of gentleness, sweetness, and clinging fidelity, lacks—we all feel it—something, strength—is it not?—and breadth of character. Her very love of George Osborne makes her inconsiderate, if not cruel, towards the worthy Dobbin. Helen Pendennis is another Amelia; so is Lady Castlewood. Both are jealous, though for that matter jealousy is with Thackeray half a virtue, the shadow cast by love. All are foils to bad women—Lady Castlewood to Beatrix, Amelia to Becky, and Laura to Blanche Amory—and perhaps the good women suffer somewhat from accentuating the antithesis. Laura is, on the whole, Thackeray's most satisfactory specimen of womankind. Her long ringlets and red lips may be a little out of date, but she is a sweet, sensible, affectionate, amiable, unselfish, thoroughly domesticated girl, a model wife, for Pen at all events. She might perhaps have a dash of romance with advantage, but *que voulez-vous?* Any man would be lucky to get such a wife. These are the qualities which wear. Looking at her, can it be said that Thackeray could not describe a woman who was not either foolish or insipid? Ethel Newcome again is an admirable woman. Some indeed might call her proud. Is it not fairer to say that she has, like Laura, a sense of the dignity of true womanhood; and Clive, like Pendennis, has to be taught its value—beyond that of rubies—

before they can be worthy of those women whom they ignorantly worship?

People talk of Thackeray's heroines being silly. He, at all events, does not think them so. What amazes him is rather the cleverness of women. "You see a demure-looking woman, perfect in all her duties, constant in house bills and shirt buttons, obedient to her lord, and anxious to please him in all things, silent when you and he talk politics or balderdash together, and if referred to saying with a smile of perfect humility, 'Oh! women are not judges upon such and such matters: we leave learning and politics to men.' 'Yes, poor Polly,' says Jones, patting the back of Mrs. Jones's head good-naturedly, 'attend to the house, my dear; that's the best thing you can do, and leave the rest to us.' Benighted idiot! She has long ago taken your measure and your friends'. She knows your weaknesses and ministers to them in a thousand artful ways."

Needless to say Thackeray's ideal is not the ideal of smart society to-day or of the "wild women." "You can hardly," says Thackeray, "give a woman a greater pleasure than to bid her pawn her diamonds for the man she loves." Fancy the derisive laughter which would greet the utterance of such a sentiment as this now at a fashionable five o'clock tea in Mayfair by the Judiths, the worldlings; those, as Tennyson says,

Who hold the diamond necklace dearer than the golden ring.

Or take again that other Thackerayan assumption that a nice woman is always in love. "I don't believe there is any such thing known as first love—not within man's or woman's memory. What! you fancy that your sweet mistress just out of the schoolroom never cared for any but you, and she tells you so? Oh! you idiot, when she was four years old she had a tender feeling towards the buttons who brought the coals up into the nursery, or the little sweep at the crossing, or the music-master, or never mind whom." Thackeray delights to see love-making among the little boys and girls at any age indeed. "The best thing is to love and win; the next best to love and lose; and if the sight of youthful love is pleasant, how much more charming is the aspect of affection that has survived years, sorrows, faded beauty, and life and doubts, differences, trouble? What woman, however old, has not the bridal favours and raiment stowed away and packed in the lavender in the inmost recesses of her heart?"

What an anachronism would all this sentiment about love be voted now—love, "the modern fair one's jest!"



The fact is that when we talk about his heroines being tame and insipid, what we mean is that we like a little wickedness in a woman now. Innocence bores us ; we want *risqué* situations and very frank talk. We prefer Eve after she has eaten the apple, just as we prefer to flirt with married women instead of maidens. We worship neither Sybil nor Madonna, but her yclept Pleasure :

The reeling goddess with the zoneless waist  
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm  
Of Novelty, her fickle frail support.

But let us not mistake. Fashion changes, but its changes are but "the ripple on the boundless sea." Human nature remains the same, deep, strong, enduring. Love is not an extinct emotion, though disguised under a cheap affectation of nineteenth-century cynicism. It beats with mighty pulsations under the conventional assumption of indifference ; it leaps out at times with passionate energy ; it is immortal as the heart of man. What folly, what a shallow philosophy, it is which deems it dead. We want another Thackeray to lash this new snobbishness, this glorying in our shame. His ideal, if it is not perfect, is still better and nobler than ours. His wife's calamity—the shadow which darkened his life—only made his heart more tender and deepened his faith in true womanhood. On this subject he was always reticent, but we get a glimpse of his feelings from some touching lines in a letter to Mrs. Brookfield :

A lonely man I am in life, my business is to joke and jeer ;  
A lonely man without a wife, God took from me a lady dear.  
A friend I had, and at his side—the story dates from seven long year—  
One day I found a blushing bride, a tender lady kind and dear !  
They took me in, they pitied me, they gave me kindly words and cheer,  
A kinder welcome who shall see than yours, O friend and lady dear ?

[The rest is wanting.]

Verily Thackeray had the soul of a true knight errant.

EDWARD MANSON.

## THE COMSTOCK LODE.

THE discovery of the Californian gold-placers, the plantation of the State of Deseret (which afterwards dwindled to Utah) by the Mormons, and the finding of the Comstock Lode, are the three chief episodes in the history of the American West. The first and second, thanks to the vogue in literature of the Forty-niner and the much-married Elder, are tolerably familiar to English readers ; the third is probably unknown to nine out of ten, and the tenth, a middle-aged man, has possibly forgotten it. And yet, with the exception of the Rand mines, no great gold discovery has had such far-reaching political, social, and commercial consequences as the revelation of the gigantic fissure-vein of the Comstock. Even to-day, when the Lode is, owing to the low comparatively unproductive price of silver, it is an appreciable factor in United States politics ; for the hope that, by the free coinage of silver, this and other silver-mining "camps" (using the term in the Western sense of a naturally-defined metalliferous area) might regain something of their former prosperity, is the mainspring of Democratic policy.

From the mere statistician's point of view the Comstock mines rank among the richest ever discovered—two or three of the series of thirty having been as fertile in the past as the Australian Broken Hill is at present, and half-a-dozen others surpassing the best of the British Columbian gaulena-mines. Between 1860 and 1870, during which period eleven "bonanzas" or rich ore-bodies were found and worked in the upper levels of the Lode—the average annual yield of the "camp" approximated to \$9,000,000. In 1870 the discovery of the Crown Point Bonanza (an exceedingly rich ore-body, first touched below the 1,000-foot level of the Crown Point mine) increased the yearly yield to \$11,000,000, and, in 1872, when several other mines had worked into the region of deep-level ore-bodies, the output was nearly \$14,000,000. The discovery of these "bonanzas" increased the value of the Comstock mines (gauging that value by the price of shares in the San Francisco stock-market) by more than \$50,000,000 ; but their gross yield along the whole of the four miles of the Lode



cannot have exceeded \$30,000,000, of which Crown Point (540 feet on the Lode) took out more than half. In 1873-4 came the discovery of the "Great Bonanza" or "Heart of the Comstock," a gigantic mass of ore in the subterranean territory of the consolidated Virginia and California mines, and at a somewhat greater depth than the second or deep-level sequence of ore-bodies. In five years 1,168,428 tons of ore, worth \$104,460,713, were taken out of this wonderful deposit, of which Consolidated Virginia obtained three-fifths and California the residue. Then, with strange swiftness, came the close of the bonanza period. In 1875 the stock of the thirty mines on the Lode was valued at \$410,000,000; in 1880 it had fallen to \$7,000,000; and never since that year of collapse has it exceeded \$20,000,000. During the last nineteen years nothing even approaching in size and richness to the smallest of the bonanzas has been discovered, but hundreds of thousands of tons of low-grade ore have been mined and milled, and, thanks to the economy of modern processes, small dividends have been paid from time to time by a few of the mines. It may be that fresh bonanzas will be discovered in the as yet unexplored depths of porphyry below the 2,500-foot level; but both capital and energy for the search are at present lacking, and, like the rest of the "mortgaged West," the Comstock mining towns impatiently await the victory of Mr. Bryan, the defeat of the "gold-bugs," the rise from 65 to 100 cents of the silver composing a dollar-piece, and—the chance of obtaining money for further exploratory work!

For nearly ten years before the actual discovery of the Lode gold-placers in the defiles and gulches and on the bench-lands of Mount Davidson were worked by stragglers from the Californian camps, apostates from the communities of the Latter-Day Saints, and other stray orts of humanity. These deposits had been produced by the weathering and wearing-down through thousands of years of the Lode's outcrop, the ore of which contained from 0.1 to 0.7 oz. of gold per ton. The miners who worked on Six-Mile Cañon (a ravine on the north side of Mount Davidson) or in Gold Cañon (due south across the mountain side, following the trend of the Lode) were singularly illiterate and shamefully ignorant even in matters pertaining to their own profession; so that the most obvious indications of the near neighbourhood of great silver-mines were disregarded. In modern times every miner who finds placer gold or loose mineral of any kind ("float," as it is called) searches at once for its sources. But none of the early Comstockers—not even the famous Henry Comstock himself, known to his intimates by the nick-name of "Old

Pancake," because he could never find time to bake bannock, and lived on flour stirabout—knew that first axiom of the miner's trade. The fact that their dust became lighter in hue and diminished in value from \$18 to \$13 an ounce, as they worked up the cañons, owing to the presence of an increasing percentage of silver, conveyed no ulterior meaning, and a wandering Mexican miner's hint to the effect that *mucho bueno plata* (much good silver) was to be found somewhere in the grey mountain spaces above their heads was speedily forgotten. Also, one of the great drawbacks of placer-mining in the district was the presence of a curiously heavy and tenacious "blue stuff," which clogged the sluice-boxes of these simple-minded pioneers, and was dumped away down the hill-sides with many curses, both loud and deep. Yet this was the detritus, mined and partially milled by Dame Nature, of the richest silver-veins in North America. The simplest assaying outfit—magnifying glass, horn spoon, bottle of nitric acid, and bag of salt—would have revealed the value of this blue stuff, tons and tons of which were thrown down the ravines in 1858-59, when Comstock and his companions were washing out the extremely rich but shallow bench-diggings at either end of the actual Lode. But nobody there owned the outfit required for "horning a prospect," and, if it had been otherwise, the old, old fallacy that gold-mining pays better than silver-mining, *because* an ounce of gold is worth more than an ounce of silver, would probably have prevented any prospecting for silver.

The first news of the Mount Davidson bench-diggings created no excitement in California, mining experts arriving at the conclusion that the district contained only very shallow placers. But it happened that one Harrison, a rancher, visited the diggings in 1859 and brought a few handfuls of the blue stuff to Nevada City. The two best assayers there tested it and found that a ton of the same contained \$1,595 in gold, and \$4,791 in silver! Harrison seems to have gone back to his pastures; but, though it was nearly midnight before the value of the stuff was known abroad, long before breakfast time next day everybody within seven miles had the story of the assay; and an hour before sunrise several of the chief citizens loaded a pack-mule, saddled their horses, and started for Virginia City, then consisting of a few tents and dug-outs. This stroke of enterprise fired the mine, and within a week Nevada City had vanished as swiftly and silently as Lewis Carroll's hero in the "Hunting of the Snark," or as Circle City disappeared the other day when news of the Klondike discoveries changed the centre of gravity of the Far North. That was the beginning of the famous Washoe Rush.

Only a small part of the Rushers came along in 1859, the season being far advanced and the Sierras already patrolled by snowstorms. A very severe winter followed, six feet of snow falling in Washoe County, and the snow-drifts in the Sierras exceeding fifty feet in depth. So that, in spite of the glowing reports sent into California by the former citizens of Nevada City (Ophir, Central, Mexican, and Gold Hill claims on the newly-discovered Lode yielded \$275,000 before the storms stopped work), the rush was arrested, and it was with the greatest difficulty that necessary supplies were brought in towards the close of the winter. Before the close of February mules carrying packs were led for miles and miles over blankets laid on the snow-drifts (vast quags of glistening impalpable silver dust changing form visibly on a windy day) and more than half the beasts engaged in this work, and a few of their drivers, perished in the uplands. And when the spring came and the Washoe pilgrims began to pour in a full tide across the hills all the converging trails were hopelessly congested, hundreds of tons of freight being left by the way, albeit a dollar a pound was freely offered for transport.

Ross Browne, as great a genius in his line as Bret Harte, gave a most entertaining and picturesque account of the Washoe Rush in "Harper's Magazine." By the time he reached Placerville he came to believe (1) that the whole State of California was on the move ; and, (2) that most of the Californians were rogues and vagabonds. Irishmen with wheel-barrows, and one of them carrying his earthly belongings in a hod ; French and German miners with knapsacks, using long-handled shovels for alpen-stocks ; Mexicans swearing horribly in mongrel Spanish at mongrel ponies ; gamblers and other varieties of the "agent," guiding thoroughbred horses, with delicate white hands—among them Cherokee Bob, the original of Bret Harte's Jack Hamlyn ; drovers driving scrub cattle and hogs whose heads were longer than their bodies ; organ-grinders, hurdy-gurdy men, and other Italian noblemen ; Jew pedlars, Hebrew professors with divining-rods and electrical apparatus for detecting hidden silver-ore, and other Israelites travelling in "notions" ; women, old and young, fat or lean, wearing men's clothes and using men's oaths ; Missouri farmers with their families and furniture packed into the huge waggons called prairie schooners—these were among the more respectable classes of the Washoe Rushers. A counter-current of returned treasure-seekers was always passing ; but their most dolorous tales of woe could not persuade a single one of Ross Browne's companions of the chances against his success. Even at the beginning of 1860 the whole of Mount Davidson was already staked out in

claims, and though two at least of the later comers were hailed as "Kings of the Comstock," in far distant years (how and why shall shortly be told), hardly one in a hundred of the pilgrims was to earn a home-stake in Virginia City. But for the time being everybody was happy in the idea that he—or she !—was sure to find a mine at the journey's end. So that the crowds at the various stopping places—ten-foot tents with magniloquent board and lodging signs, commodious hotels constructed of dry goods boxes and old potato sacks, and luxurious saloons consisting of a whisky barrel set in the shade of a pine—were invariably good-humoured and contented. At the end of 1860 the population of Virginia City was thirty thousand, and the history of the State of Nevada had begun in down-right earnest.

The following description of the capital of Silverado was written by a visitor who passed through in 1860 :—"Frame shanties pitched together as if by accident ; tents of canvas, blankets, brush, sacks, and old shirts, with empty whisky-barrels for chimneys ; smoking hovels of mud and stone ; coyote holes in the hill-sides forcibly seized by men ; pits and shanties, with smoke issuing from every crevice ; piles of goods and rubbish on craggy points, in the hollows, on the rocks, in the mud, on the snow—everywhere—as if the clouds had suddenly burst overhead and rained down the dregs of all the flimsy, rickety, filthy little hovels and rubbish of merchandise that had ever undergone the process of evaporation from the earth since the days of Noah."

In 1860 the development of the Lode was fairly begun, and after all the fateful "blue stuff" of the float had been carefully collected and cleaned up, the various mines almost immediately worked into the line of surface bonanzas. Those mines, that paid during the first decade of Comstock history, mostly paid "from the grass-roots down," in spite of the extravagance of their managers' methods and the enormous sums spent in litigation. Half-a-dozen of the Virginia City lawyers became millionaires : a fact which needs some explanation, when it is remembered that men of that profession seldom or never did well for themselves in the Californian mining camps. The three chief causes of the period of litigation (which lasted to the end of 1865) were :—Firstly, the carelessness of the pioneers in defining and recording their claims ; secondly, the difficulty of determining the exact nature of the Comstock formation ; and last, but not least, the impossibility of obtaining a fair trial, where judges, jurymen, and witnesses were continually bribed and coerced by means of bullion and bullets. The original record-book seems to have been kept in



a bar-room and filled up by the miners themselves ; entries therein were erased or amended by any interested person ; and even when the metes and bounds of original locations had been duly marked on the actual ground, the parties to a suit could never be trusted to leave them alone. "Many a waggon-load of circumstantial evidence," wrote a spectator of some of these trials, "was carted away in the dead of night, and the stock-witnesses in such cases—the purblind old-timers who sold their locations to the first Washoe Rushers—were generally too full of envy, malice, whisky, and all uncharitableness to tell the truth, even when they wished to do so."

Again, American mining-camps have always maintained the right to an "inclined location" in the case of quartz-ledges, *i.e.*, the right to take a claim of definite superficial area and follow the vein and its off-shoots downwards at any angle or sequence of angles. Now, on Mount Davidson, the Comstock was not the only vein in sight, nor even the most prominent, so far as surface indications were concerned ; for not only the Virginia Lode, but a hundred others, crossed and recrossed the Comstock and one another in all possible directions, and since locations had been taken up on all these veins, matters were in an apparently inextricable tangle. Practically speaking, the only thing which saved the situation was the existence of the series of rich ore-bodies on the real Comstock Lode from which the money to fight and conquer the side-vein claim-holders was obtained. There was little or no pay in these off-shoots of the great fissure-vein, and the presumed owners thereof, even when they could "ante up," had not money enough to "see" their opponents' hands. But working here and there on the parallel veins were corporations commanding large capital, and when they had worked deep enough to invade the territories of the Comstock mines, the geological question—"Are these surface bonanzas narrow veins separated by barren porphyry, or was all the vein-matter deposited in one gigantic rift in the earth, together with irregular masses of rock?"—became also a legal problem. In the end the decisions of the Courts and the progress of exploration concurred in asserting that the Comstock was a true fissure-vein, and all the surviving east and west locations (the Lode runs north and south) became *ipso facto* untenable. The direct cost of settling this question was \$10,000,000, and five years of litigation were required for its settlement. Of that vast sum (more than 20 per cent. of the gross yield of all the thirty mines during these years, and double the total profit of the nine dividend-paying mines), a quarter was paid away to corrupt judges, oath-breaking jurymen, and lying witnesses ; the rest was shared by half-a-dozen



lawyers, of whom Senator Stewart, a past-master in the art of managing mining-camp juries, was the leader. His professional income averaged \$250,000 a year over the period of litigation, and he actually received as much as \$165,000 from the Belcher Mine in a single fee.

During these five years a number of great mechanical problems were solved by the Comstockers and those employed in dependent industries. In the first two years the incline of the Ophir Mine passed into a huge ore-body fifty feet in breadth and of variable density and great softness. Pillars could not be left in sufficient number to support the roof, and the ordinary systems of timbering proved inadequate in view of the great pressure from above and the bellying of the vein matter. Many lives were lost, and work in the bonanza had to be abandoned.

In this emergency, one of the directors sent for a German mining engineer, named Philipp Deidesheimer, who offered to visit the mine and see what could be done. After many experiments he solved the problem, and began to open up the celebrated "third gallery" of the Ophir. His plan was to pack the empty spaces left as the ore was removed by "square sets" (his own invention), consisting of short square timbers morticed and tenoned at the ends, so that they could be put together in a series of interlocked cribs and built up into a block of any shape and size. These could be strengthened, if need was, by diagonal braces, or they could be framed solidly together, or the cells could be filled up with waste rock. By means of this invention, which might have been suggested by the cells of a honeycomb, an ore-body 200 feet long, 60 feet broad, and 560 feet deep, was completely emptied of ore without the loss of a single life by accidents. In other mines, however, the system was grudgingly used, and huge caves occurred, costing many lives and hundreds of thousands of dollars. The best excuse for this false economy was the rapid increase in the price of lumber due to the speedy destruction of nearly all the timber accessible at that time.

The necessity of obtaining lumber at a fair price (250,000 cords of fire-wood and 80,000,000 feet of timbers were annually burned and buried by the Lode mines) led to another striking invention; the V-shaped flume, by means of which the uplands of Nevada and California, inaccessible to waggons, were stripped of their giant conifers. In steep places, where water could be stored, short chutes of tree-trunks had always been used, and square-box flumes had been carried for small distances. But, in 1866, a Californian lumberman, named Haines, took rough planks,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch thick and

16 feet long, and joined them at right angles, lapping together successive sections to make any desired length. The flume rested on the hillside with props against the lower part, and was carried across cañons on trestles. Improvements, such as the even joining of the sections by a V-joint underneath, and a lining of planed boards, soon followed; and with a small trickle of water and a very small slope, huge masses of timber could be run for miles across the roughest portions of the sheer eastward planks of the Sierras. There were flumes in Nevada 15 miles long, over which 500 cords of firewood or 500,000 feet of sawn lumber could be sent in a single day.

The wetness of the Lode, even in the higher levels, was phenomenal, a fact which led to a speedy improvement in all sorts of pumping machinery made in the west. The lower levels were not only wet, but also full of solfataric springs, the water of which was hot enough to boil eggs, and, but for the construction of the Sutro Tunnel (which was a six-mile drainage adit through which 1,300,000,000 gallons of water passed yearly) they could never have been worked at all. This great piece of engineering was carried through, in spite of universal opposition, by Sutro, who afterwards made a huge fortune as chief of the San Francisco "sand-lotters." He was the friend of another remarkable engineer, whose gigantic inverted siphon-pipe supplied Virginia City with pure drinking-water. Schüssler's pipe, which brought the ice-water of Hobart Creek across a chain of deep valleys, was made to withstand the pressure of a column of water 1,720 feet in height (*i.e.* 800 pounds to the square inch) and was 38,300 feet in length. The total cost of bringing hill-water to Virginia City was \$2,000,000, which was money well spent, seeing that the highly mineralised water of the Virginia Ridge was extremely injurious to health.

During the twenty-one years of the supremacy of the Comstock among Western silver-mining camps a succession of famous captains of industry controlled operations on the Lode. In the early days, Senator Stewart, the "Old Invincible," burly both in mind and body, was rightly called "King of the Comstock," and had the prosperity of the Lode continued without a break into the seventies, most of his successors in that position would never have been heard of. But, whenever a period of *borasca* (the Mexican term for hard times) follows a period of *bonanza*, the control of a great mining-camp is pretty sure to change hands, and, in 1864, William Sharon, manager at Virginia City of the Bank of California, laid his finger on the Old Invincible's silver crown. He loaned money to mill-owners at a rate far below that charged by other corporations; and though, as

long as the mines were putting out ore and the mills were working, the interest was paid, the check in the ore-product of the Stewart group of mines, following the working out of the surface ore-bodies, caused mill after mill to fall into his hands, until he and his bank practically controlled the milling industry. In 1867, Sharon, Ralston, Hayward, and other capitalists bought up the outside mills and increased their holdings (already large) of stock in the Comstock mines, all of which had been carefully studied by Sharon. Sharon's next step was to build a railway from Virginia City to the Carson River, and after a short, sharp contest with "mule-skinners," "bull-punchers," "silk-poppers," and other variants of the freighter, "Sharon's iron mules" cornered the whole of the local traffic. Then came the discovery of the Crown Point Bonanza, and though Hayward, having received secret information, bought up a controlling interest in Crown Point at \$2 a share (in 1872 those shares were worth \$1,825 apiece) on his own responsibility, and seceded from the syndicate, the vast increase in the value of all the other mines due to this demonstration of the fertility of the Lode's deeper levels put Sharon and his group in a dominant position on the Comstock, Hayward and Jones sharing the smaller independent sovereignty of the Crown Point. These men, however, were soon to be ousted from the pride of place by the four Bonanza kings (Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien) whose rise to power is the most romantic episode in the history of the Lode.

Both Mackay and Fair were Irishmen (the former from Dublin, the latter out of Tyrone), who went to California in the early fifties, and afterwards joined the Washoe Rush, arriving at Virginia City in 1860. Both were practical miners who had made an exhaustive study of the Lode for many years; furthermore, both were born leaders of men. Of the two real miners in this confederacy Fair shone as the mining expert born and made, who seemed to be able to see through the solid darkness of the Lode's depths; and Mackay was the painstaking superintendent, who realised his companion's brilliant ideas. Flood and O'Brien merely furnished the capital to back them.

At the north end of the Lode, between the Ophir and Best-and-Belcher Mines, was a neglected series of small locations aggregating 1,310 feet in length. Only small deposits of paying ore had been found near the surface in these claims, and the owners had lacked the capital for extensive exploration. But at either end of this row of despised "coffin-claims" were groups of rich mines, and Mackay and Fair felt sure they were worth exploring carefully.

Before the Bonanza kings took them in hand, 710 feet of these claims had been united under the name of Consolidated Virginia, whose directors spent \$200,000 on vain explorations, until the shareholders refused to pay another assessment. Early in 1871 actual sales of stock showed that the mine was only worth \$26,000—less than a quarter of the value of the machinery—and the four decided to secure control of this unproved mine and the adjoining claims. Though they bought very skilfully and cautiously [for Fair's "fine nose for ore" was famous in all Nevada, and a rumour that he was buying would have vastly increased prices] about \$100,000 were spent before they could announce their control.

The new mine-owners first turned their attention to the development of Consolidated Virginia. A shaft was sunk, and a drift cut at a depth of 1,167 feet from Gould and Curry, through Best-and-Belcher, into Virginia territory. This was done by arrangement with the owners of the mines in question. Fair superintended these operations, and after driving his drift through a wilderness of barren porphyry, he discerned a narrow seam of rich ore hardly thicker than a knife-blade. He ordered his men to follow it inch by inch. This they did, even where only a film of clay showed where the meagre streak of ore had "pinched out." This dark line of silver sulphurets was followed up and down, to this side and to that, for many hundreds of feet. At last the drift was a hundred feet into Consolidated Virginia without any discovery of importance having been made, and the shareholders seemed likely to refuse further help.

Just as Virginia City began to say that the Syndicate had come to grief, the film, so patiently followed, widened to a seven-foot vein worth \$60 to the ton. Cutting across it, and extending the cut on either side, two smaller veins were found. A month later the chief vein was twelve feet wide. Then a shaft to reach the ore-body was dropped, and the exploration thereof was carried on systematically. When this shaft struck pay the ore-body was forty feet wide; and, running a drift south-east from the bottom of the shaft, it cut into a very rich ore-body, obviously a true bonanza; and the reward for years of unremitting toil was in sight. The value of the ore ranged from \$60 to \$630 per ton; and the deeper the miners went the wider and richer was the body of ore.

As work went on (the shifts worked day and night) through the winter of 1873 and summer of 1874, the immensity of the bonanza began to be plainly revealed. The width thereof was from 150 feet to 320 feet, and, in level, below level to a point deeper than ever before attained on the Lode, the richness of the ore increased and the



quantity did not decrease. "The scene within the great chamber," writes an eye-witness, "whence the ore was being removed was a stirring sight. Cribs of timber were piled in successive stages from basement to dome, four hundred feet above, and everywhere men were at work in changing shifts, descending and ascending in the crowded cages, clambering up to their assigned 'stopes,' with swinging lanterns or flickering candles, picking and drilling the crumbling ore, or pushing lines of loaded cars to the stations on the shaft. Flashes of exploding powder were blazing from the rent faces of the stopes; blasts of gas and clouds of smoke filled the connecting drifts; muffled roars echoed along the dim galleries; and at all hours a hail of rock fragments could be heard rattling on the floor of a level, and massive lumps of ore falling heavily on the slanting pile at the foot of the breast." Viewing this chamber and the lower and side cuttings, Diedesheimer, the inventor of the square sets, reported to the Directors that there was \$1,500,000,000 in sight; the Director of the Curson Mint thought the amount was not less than \$300,000,000; and a newspaper reporter, writing in a local paper under the title "Heart of the Comstock" (a phrase which made a hit), figured it out at \$116,748,000. In point of fact the reporter (William Wright, widely known as "Dan De Quille,") was by far the nearest to the mark.

The returns to stock-holders were unprecedented. By the second half of 1879 Consolidated Virginia had paid \$42,120,000 in dividends, and California, the mine made up of the rest of the coffin-claims, \$31,050,000. Towards the end everything gave way to the imperative necessity of taking out ore as fast as possible. The hot clay, feldspar, and ore seethed and swayed as the men worked at it, and the facets of the vast chamber moved as if endowed with life. Forests of timbers, continually needing care and renewal, were rotting, breaking, and being crushed together. A single spark would have made the two mines a chaos of fire. Mackay, awake to the ever-increasing dangers of fire and collapse, left nothing to chance, but inspected the drifts in person night after night. His vigilance was rewarded by the fact that no accident happened till the Bonanza was worked out, and it was not till years later that fire broke out in the abandoned levels of either mine. The timbers smouldered for months after the bulk-heading of the drifts, and to-day the galleries of the "Heart of the Comstock" are a dark and dismal labyrinth of traps and pitfalls haunted by spectral fires—ghosts of the actual conflagrations. As for the "Heart of the Comstock" itself, no human eye has seen that colossal *oubliette* for twenty long years.



To sum up—here is the balance-sheet of the Comstock for the years 1860–1880 inclusive. The assessments made by the various companies on the Lode for that period amounted to \$62,000,000; dividends paid aggregated \$116,000,000, to which \$2,000,000 must be added for unreported profits on mines before they were incorporated. The balance in favour of the Lode is, therefore, \$56,000,000. For the same period the bullion yield of all the mines was \$306,000,000; subtracting the profits, the cost of purchasing, maintaining, defending, and developing the Lode for twenty-one years was \$250,000,000, three-quarters of which came from the mines themselves. Therefore it follows, taking into consideration (1) that original locators received only \$100,000 for their claims, and (2) that subsequent owners paid less than \$1,000,000 as working capital, that the Lode created from its yield at the cost of about \$63,000,000 all the values of towns, mills, mines, machinery, &c., &c.

But the moral value of the Lode in the fostering of Western energy, its political value in the foundation of Nevada, and its intellectual value as a school of practical mining cannot be gauged in millions of dollars.

E. B. OSBORN.

## COUNTRY PARSONAGES.

IN almost every leafy nook of England the clergyman's house, the rectory, or vicarage, as it may happen, nestles next the church. During the first half of this century it by no means followed that a parson did live near the church. He frequently resided in some neighbouring town, and rode out from it every Sunday to "take the duty" at several different benefices. The phrase itself, "to take the duty," shows the limited view taken of clerical work until quite our own time. Parochial work has now largely widened and deepened. "Where are you working?" is the question more frequently asked of a clergyman, and it manifests an entirely different conception of clerical responsibility. In one sense the Church has of late awakened to her duties, and since the middle of the century has built parsonages in almost every parish throughout the land, and required residence in them. From another point of view it may be questioned whether this spiritual activity is needed everywhere, thanks to the general depression in agriculture which has thrown glebe out of cultivation or caused it to be let at ruinously diminished rates, while a great fall in tithes has also occurred. Many a clergyman is now compelled to live in a house which is too large for him, with perhaps expensive grounds to be kept up. Worse still, he may not find sufficient occupation for his energies in a small country parish, where yet he must dwell. But on the side of the parishioners this system of universally prescribed clerical residence brings a general blessing. Individual disadvantages may thus be counterbalanced.

It is the intention of this paper, however, to dwell rather upon the picturesque and material side of the parson's house. Queen Anne is answerable for many a staring red brick parsonage strewn over the land, in which the owner, it may be feared, is not filled with gratitude for his benefactress as often as the annual payment of a thirtieth part of the sum it has cost with interest for the remainder comes round. As a rule, however, the parson's house is capacious and comfortable, dominating a garden, a shady lawn, and perhaps a small orchard should it be situated in the cider-drinking counties.

With its little croft and topiarian yews it often resembles an oasis in the wilderness of ploughed fields around it, especially in the Eastern counties, where the unlovely villages are graced by no pleasant old Hall, with its immemorial elms and the art treasures which have been collected by several generations. Yet the parsonage is almost always a type of progress and a centre of civilisation. It has, of course, still nobler and more divine uses, but this is not the place to enlarge upon them. It may, however, be pointed out that every one in need may and does resort to it. From a time-table for the railway to spiritual consolation for departed friends, all parishioners can and do come to it, and are freely and willingly helped. Should the Church ever be disendowed and her parsonage-houses be acquired by the State, or bestowed on the workhouse, many an out-of-the-way district would be substantially poorer, not only for the loss of material succours but still more from the sympathy of the parson and his family. No greater blessing for a country can be conceived than that the presence of an educated, kindly family should be secured in every small parish as well as in every village and town. It distinctly makes for the happiness of the community.

The same kindly and civilising agency extends throughout Scotland, but its manses are hardly so homelike and comfortable-looking as are English parsonages. Trees and shrubs will not grow so readily in stern and wild Caledonia, while the people are more self-contained and fond of helping themselves. In Scotland, too, there is a greater sameness in the incomes and position of the clergy than in England, where in one parish a lord may be rector and in the next a literate who has, so to speak, risen from the ranks. In both countries, however, it is a matter for extreme thankfulness that the parsonages alike radiate goodness and kindness into the surrounding neighbourhood, that the tender charities of domestic life set a daily example to all, and that clerical old age and the reverence naturally due to it must impress a wide circle round the incumbents with a sense of religious awe which is fraught with much utility and many commendable influences on character.

A glance at different parsonages shows how much of their charm is derived from their irregularity. Projecting bow-windows, study windows which open upon the lawn, twisted chimney-stacks, substantial porches and the like peeping out from ivy, ampelopsis, and *eccremocarpus*, please the eye at once. Here a scholarly incumbent has built out a fine library, there a man who was fond of horses has devised new stables and harness-rooms adjoining the back of the house, with a "loupin stane," as the Scotch call it, conveniently placed;

while yet a third has added an open corridor, with mural decorations, leading to the neighbouring church, because he was apt in the damp days of winter to feel rheumatic did he walk to service down the gravel path. A wide prospect over sheep-walks to blue hills and then a view of the sunset has been secured by one parson from a quaint stone seat he has erected in the garden, and which much smacks of old tombstones placed so as to hide the inscriptions, inasmuch as here by the jessamine a "Hic Jacet" occasionally peeps out, leaving an opportunity for the good man to tell the story how his clerk says, "Ah, there be plenty of that old family of Jacet buried hereabouts." A brand new summer-house bought at the last agricultural show gleams amid the yews in one, while another of elegant proportions and old carved stone-work is connected with the memory of the nonjurors Sancroft and Frampton. Oftentimes he who is searching for well-grown specimens of trees will find them over-arching some rectory lawns; limes and tulip trees, deodars and noble cedars of Lebanon, araucarias and Japanese shrubs, trees recently introduced, with mulberries and medlars so dear to our grandmothers, all are to be found flourishing in clerical gardens. Under their shade afternoon tea has now succeeded to the tankard of ale and long clay pipes so common in the last century. In another garden a noble oak has been judiciously brought in to the lawn by a light wire fence from the field below the ha-ha, and forms a perpetual delight to the parson as he looks through his study window. Even without such features the parson never wearies of the sweet pastoral scene around him, with whitewashed cottages and haystacks and elm trees. He hears the merry shouts of the school children, softened by distance, and then the bell, which at once brings grateful silence upon their prattle. No wonder when the squire lauds Scotch lochs or the Italian lakes that the parson hugs himself at the thought of his own blessedness at home.

Step inside, and the low rooms and dark oak beams at once indicate the comfort and peace which here prevail. The abundance of books and pictures speaks eloquently of the artistic and literary tastes of the house's possessor. It is the parson's freehold, and he knows he will only leave it at death, and only then, he trusts, for "a house not made with hands." So he has indulged his genius. In one man's house may be found, framed in black, a multitude of the political worthies, literary men and singular characters of the last century. Another rector has hung his house with topographical views and old maps, while prints of Winchester College and Christ Church vouch for his attachment to school and college. A few

views of churches and towers carry on his clerical history to the present time. Old parsons mostly affect prints of Raffaele and Tintoretto, while young ones delight in etchings from Millet and photographs of Burne-Jones's work, pictures which more than all others need his graceful accompaniment of colour. In any case a moment's reflection shows, in these carefully collected treasures, a light of art and civilisation burning amid the earthly mists and clouds of worldliness which too often deface a country parish. Clerical house-builders are fond of mottoes, and over the door of many a rural parsonage may be seen texts or sentiments suited to those who are to inhabit these houses. *NISI DOMINUS* is common ; or *NUNC HUIC, NUNC ILLI* ; or *DOMUS ULTIMA ÆTERNITAS* ; while in the hall appears, "I will walk in my house with a perfect heart." The late Bishop Wordsworth, of Lincoln, gratified his taste for inscriptions at the vicarage, Stamford. The very store-room "contained a delicate little warning to the anxious mistress of the house, in the words *MARTHA, MARTHA*,<sup>1</sup> while over his dressing-room door appeared the text, *NOLUMUS EXSPOLIARI SED SUPERVESTIRI*." It is impossible to look at the porch of a rural rectory without reflecting on the many bright and hopeful spirits who have entered for the first time, full of vigour, and determining to work throughout their lives in aiding and civilising the parish. How often have those fair prospects been overclouded ! How often has the general lethargy, so common in rural districts, seemed to creep over and blot out much loving work ! And yet the faithful incumbent, instead of being dispirited, looks on to the end. Call no man happy till his death, said Solon. Wait for the end of all things, thinks the parson.

A less earnest, if equally affecting, train of thought arises at the thought of the many brides who have crossed the threshold at some such country parsonage—brides tall and short, and dark and blue-eyed, who have filled the house with prattling children, and seen them grow up and leave the family nest, and then have themselves been laid by the shady lime-walk south of the church, while their joys and sorrows gave place to other hopeful wives, as the high French sugar-loaf bonnet of the end of last century has given way to the Victorian toque. Death, always affecting, is never so much felt as when it comes to the vicarage, for the clerical widow must leave her home within two months. The bridegroom little thinks of these sombre incidents, and yet in no distant hour—

<sup>1</sup> *Life of Christopher Wordsworth*, by Canon Overton and Miss Wordsworth, p. 134.



“ Another voice shall come from yonder tower,  
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,  
And weepings heard where only joy has been ;  
When by his children borne, and from his door  
Slowly departing to return no more,  
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.”

Of all the rooms in a parsonage the study is the most characteristic. Its atmosphere is heavy with the many sermons which have been composed in it. On entering, the visitor is reminded of a three-decker ; partly by the long shelves full of clerical literature, partly with an odd incongruity by the array of boots and shoes. Should the living be in the patronage of a college the study has almost become a library, and is of fit dimensions to hold a good many volumes. Otherwise it is often littered with fishing-rods and gun-cases, while in one corner are axes and golf-clubs, landing-nets and walking-sticks, piles of the *Field* and stacks of the *Guardian*. Letters and papers are laid on every table, pipes, novels—perhaps they are commentaries—and account-books jostle each other on the sofa and chairs. The parson's wife has given up tidying this room in despair, and the parson is proportionally happier. He can tell amid his orderly untidiness where every paper and book is, though the place seems a hopeless chaos to others. Parochial visitors are shown in here, and the walls have listened to much village gossip, and not a few tragedies. A Scotch terrier generally sleeps on the hearth-rug, and a huge black cat on the elbow of the easy chair. Medicine bottles filled with a variety of drugs stand on the mantel-shelf, for the good man likes to practise the healing art on his poorer parishioners, at which the regular practitioner (his churchwarden) only smiles and loves him all the better. It is curious that this clerical trait should specially be seized on in Germany. We have known of a rector receiving from an unknown druggist in that empire a box of equally unknown patent pills, with a letter requesting the parson to be good enough to try “these very efficacious pills” upon “some of his poorer parishioners,” and then write the results to the sender. Needless to say, the pills were sacrificed to Vulcan rather than to Æsculapius.

Many parsonages are proud of their literary associations. Thus Stanhope-in-Weardale boasts that Bishop Butler's “Analogy” was written within its walls. The proof-sheets of “Liddell and Scott” were corrected at Duloe, in Cornwall. Besides the interest attaching to Epworth as the home of the Wesleys, an eloquent and painstaking canon has recently carried on its literary traditions. A

much larger list of notable parsonages might easily be put together. Eccentric clergymen often reverse what might seem the quiet felicity of a rectory. One will have a room fitted up with boughs of trees, and every convenience for a flock of canaries ; another devotes himself to the breeding of owls ; a third, with more of a sporting taste, keeps a fox in a spare room, or perhaps a litter of them, until they can be safely turned down in some neighbouring wood. There seems no end of the singular tastes and fancies which men living much by themselves develop. *Corruptio optimi pessima*, and when the conception of a parsonage with wife and children inhabiting it as an example of godliness to the parish is once lost or put out of sight, singular instances of unusual habits, amounting almost to scandals, at times occur in clergymen's houses. We knew a clergyman who suspended a long worsted stocking from his bedroom window, in which his letters were morning by morning to be put, and who allowed the tins in which sardines and other comestibles had been pent up to litter the floor of his room. Here eccentricity ran nearer the border line of insanity.

A parsonage garden is frequently highly cultivated, and should the parson be a rosarian, contains an excellent selection of tea and other roses ; but as likely as not it is a delightful tangle of flowers and odours. Owner after owner has planted the shrubs he liked, and they have never been grubbed up by his successors, who merely cut and prune them when necessity demands. Permanent and therefore old-fashioned flowers are much in vogue. Solomon's seal, yucca, white fox-gloves, alstroemerias, York and Lancaster roses, lilies, peonies and the like, give a character to the garden, which is sure, in addition, to possess two or three fine trees on the lawn. The parson smiles as he points out the distant gleam of a river through his trees, which turns out to be a horse-pond judiciously planted out. It is as well to make the most of any feature in a garden. And so a pergola covered with a vine and many more creeping plants takes the parson to his kitchen garden, while in two damp corners on each side of the path are flourishing ferneries composed of old tombstones, from which smile a cherub or two, and a few jambs remaining after the restoration of the church. The asparagus bed, celebrated throughout the district, is more than a hundred years old, and is much junior to the house itself. More charming perhaps of the delights of such a garden is the terrace. Instead of statuary or costly china, or jardinières at its corners, scarlet geraniums mark its proportions, with tall fuchsias, as well as some pots of aloes. There is a good stone seat at

one end, and at the other chairs are placed in the shadow of the large maiden-hair tree, which is a prominent feature of the garden. How many thousands of miles has not the parson walked on this quarter-deck ! How much literary work has he not conceived in these thoughtful rambles, work which is to immortalise him, but, alas ! has not yet done it. How often has he not moralised as he thankfully watched the sun setting over the rain-painted purple of the Welsh hills ! When the old college friend—"the half of his soul"—comes to see him, every conceivable topic is here discussed, from the esoteric theology of Gotama Buddha to the last cricket match with the Australians. A glass door opens upon this terrace, and the parson calculates summer from the first day on which he can breakfast with his door open. Afternoon tea is then set always at a shady corner of this terrace, which forms one of the most pleasant features of the house.

As the years pass on the parson must naturally leave his house. His death affects the parish more than would any other death with the exception of the squire, for the parson has been the firm friend of both rich and poor alike. So that interminable argument which takes place at the Red Cow, as to whether the passage of his coffin down the rectory grass-field to the church does not thereby constitute a public road is now and again interrupted in order to dwell upon each kindly trait or friendly act on the part of the dead parson, and to tell how, being somewhat short-sighted, he once mistook old Billy Lewis in a field of beans for a "maukin." But he is duly buried, and of course his successor once more alters the old house. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi !*

The sadness of his end is best seen at the sale of his effects. The parsonage is overrun by curious visitors and would-be buyers. His household gods are sold in a tent on the lawn. Unsympathetic brokers are presided over by an auctioneer whose object seems to be, in the slang of the day, "to play to the gallery." The books have already been bought and carried away at sixpence a volume all round, but he puts up an excellent engraving of Guido's Aurora and the Hours with a joke upon the horses being indeed roarers. To this succeeds seven bottles of port, "sold without any reserve and not guaranteed any particular vintage." Finding that his previous joke was received with applause, the man of the hammer adds, "Never mind, gentlemen ; seeing how it rains you will probably say 'Any port in a storm' ; what may I say for these 'ere bottles ?" And so the sermon on the vanity of human life continues to be preached until the climax is reached by a purse-proud farmer who

lives in a brand-new, square, brick house. He remarks casually as he turns to go home with his bargains : "Parsonages is mostly poor hold places ; the sooner this 'ouse is pulled down and a new 'un built the better. There's a rare place for it down in Ball's Pond meadow."

M. G. WATKINS.

## THE ODDINGLEY MURDERS.

LIVES there yet in this closing year of the century any ancient inhabitant whose childhood was nourished on the works of that shining light of the early Evangelicals, Mrs. Sherwood? If so, and if we had opportunity to inquire the names of the books which have left the deepest impression upon his memory, he would probably cite the children's tales, "The Fairchild Family," "Little Henry and his Bearer," and some narrative tracts in which we might recognise the originals of the "Washerwoman of Finchley Common." It is hardly probable that he would remember a tract of so local and passing an interest as "The Oddingley Murders," and he would perhaps be as much surprised as we were on first finding the name of that discreet and pious authoress appended to anything of such Newgate Calendar sound. But Mrs. Sherwood, as a native of Worcestershire, might well have youthful impressions of the local mystery, and the pietist who could draw "Mr. Fairchild" preaching to his babes under the gibbet, would be prompt to trace the finger of a long-suffering but vengeful Providence in the tardy revelation of that mystery, and to draw from it a lesson at once for presumptuous sinners, and for weak souls that might be tempted to ask with Ecclesiastes what profit was there in wisdom above folly, when the same event happened to all.

Where is Oddingley? will be the first question of our present-day readers. Let them not expect a reply from those usually unfailing oracles, Bradshaw's Time-tables, the Postal Guide, or the Clergy List, for the little place cannot boast of a post-office, and, therefore, far less of a railway station; and though in Mrs. Sherwood's day the living was an independent one, it was united in 1878 to the neighbouring parish of Hadzor. Oddingley is out of the track even of the all-penetrating cyclist, as it lies at the foot of a steep lane, "nearly impassable in winter," winding down for about two miles from the Worcester road, from which it turns off at a point between two and three miles from Droitwich. It is a hamlet at the present day of about ten homesteads, containing little more than a hundred inhabitants,



but was probably more populous in Mrs. Sherwood's time, since she speaks of three or four good-sized farms, beside labourers' cottages, clustering round the fine fifteenth-century Church of St. James, or stretching up to the smithy and the elm-shaded public-house, which stood on each side of the entrance to the lane. The fields, in their season, were gay with primroses and cowslips; the hedges were rich with nuts and blackberries; the birds, nesting in security, poured forth their songs unmolested; and yet in this sequestered spot, the painter's ideal type of rural innocence, the one word on every lip, from the greatest to the least, was that of murder. "The land was defiled with blood, and filled with images of death and horror."

In 1816, the year of Mrs. Sherwood's return from India, the living of Oddingley was held by her brother, John Marten Butt, and his house was one of the first to offer its hospitalities to his sister and her young family. "He was a holy man," writes his sister, taking advantage of the opportunity of eulogising a member of her family, "and one," she adds, with a significance which will explain itself as we proceed, "who rather sought to perform the office of the good shepherd than to enrich himself with the milk and wool of the flock." Sometimes he accompanied her and her children in their country rambles, and, in language to be reproduced in the mouth of the Fairchild papa, or of Henry Milner's tutor, Mr. Dalben, he pointed out the types of Divine grace in fertilising streams, and of redeemed souls in gentle doves and lambs, or, gazing up to the hills, he indulged in mystical anticipation of the coming of the Divine kingdom on earth, and the banishment of falsehood and violence. And every one of these holidays was sanctified by a visit to at least one cottage, and the bestowal of "some token of his remembrance, of a nature which his parishioners knew better how to value than the holy counsels which fell as dew from his lips." He was wont to return saddened, and despondent of ever seeing fruit from his labours. If only he could have formed a judgment of the degree of guilt or innocence of each individual soul, then he might have known how to deal with his flock. Murder had been done, and the victim was the Rev. George Parker, his own predecessor in the living; but the horror and mystery were enhanced by suspicions of conspiracy, of a bribe to commit the crime, of foul play towards its wretched instrument—suspicions which implicated the chief property-owners in the district, and, in less degree, their subordinates. For among those who shook their heads and said, "If we list to speak," and "There be, an' if they might," it was certain that many

were sympathisers with, or applauders of, the criminals, and it was probable that some were accessories before or after the fact.

In the good clergyman's moderation and charity, there may have been something of policy as well as of Christian disinterestedness. For it was on a question of tithe-charges that the Rev. George Parker had incurred the enmity of his parishioners. The rights and wrongs of the quarrel are now past deciding. The poor spoke of their late rector with respect, and even with affection, as attentive and charitable ; and some of the farmers admitted that he had been known to return part of his tithes. "Parson Parker was well enough in a many respects," was the report of an old parishioner some thirty years later ; "very chatty and free. But how can a man expect to live who takes tithes in kind ?" It appears that he built a tithe-barn on a scale which alarmed the tithe-payers ; and though he was induced to lower his demands, he held out for compensation for the expense of erection. High words passed between him and the farmers at the Easter meeting of 1806, and when the laymen adjourned to their customary dinner at the "Plough," a toast was proposed, "Parker, left-handed." One guest made a protest, and he and another passed the toast in silence ; the rest drank it with acclamations. Among these were the two Barnetts, whose land adjoined the glebe ; Thomas Clewes, of Netherwood Farm, about half a mile east ; and Captain Evans, of Church Farm, retired on half-pay from the 89th Infantry. The last-named, being of gentle birth, and holding the position of magistrate, was a person of consideration among his neighbours. Mrs. Sherwood knew him by sight, a typical fine old soldier, with snow-white hair, and courteous and dignified manners of the old school. He had the reputation, however, of a wild youth, and, like Athos, "had adopted a young man who strongly resembled him in features." This lad, George Banks by name, dwelt with his two sisters in the Captain's house, and acted as bailiff on the farm.

The spark of wrath, once kindled, was quickly fanned into a flame. Various incidents showed the way feeling was tending. One day in May, being the occasion of the spring muster of Volunteers for national defence, two girls who were sitting up—perhaps to see the Volunteers go past—heard sounds of revelry proceeding from the Barnetts' "pigeon-house," as it was called : it was really a summer-house with a room above to sit and drink in, and a cider cellar beneath. Their curiosity was aroused, and creeping out beneath the trees, they recognised the voices of Farmer Clewes and others whom they knew, and heard them drink each other's healths,

and then "Damnation to the parson," and "Death to the Buonaparte of Oddingley." Our readers will recollect that this was within a twelvemonth after the camp at Boulogne, the victory of Trafalgar, the defeat of Austerlitz—

the dread time

When, beholding proud Europe bowed down by her foeman,  
Pitt closed in his anguish the map of her reign !

It was the time when every newspaper poet, according to his style, exhorted patriots to resist "proud Gallia," or John Bull to come on and show his fists to "a Corsican stroller who strolled into France." While the crying child was taught to hush for fear of "Boney," and the barking dog was silenced with the inquiry, "D'ye think the French are coming?" even "the little tyrant" of the village Hampden's fields was dignified by the bestowal on him of the name of universal dread and execration.

Then Farmer Clewes was seen more than once at the "Chequers" at Droitwich treating Richard Hemming, the local carpenter and wheelwright, and the Buonaparte toast was repeated. The Rev. Mr. Parker and Clewes crossed each other in a victualler's shop, and Clewes, looking back, muttered that he would give fifty pounds to the man who would shoot the parson. Barnett's servant-maid noticed that Hemming was constantly lurking about Barnett's field near milking time, and the maid at Captain Evans' found a gun in a bag concealed under the straw of the rickyard. When this gun was observed, Captain Evans removed it to the house, and Richard Hemming, the carpenter, called for and took it away with him a few days later. It was afterwards proved that about this time Hemming's old gun disappeared, and that he professed to have sold it, but that, in reality, he had taken it to be cleaned and repaired. Finally, on the morning of June 24, 1806, being Bromsgrove Fair day, Richard Hemming left his house before six in the morning, carrying his basket of tools, and wearing his usual cords, hob-nailed shoes tied with string, and his long dark-blue riding-coat, which he had particularly asked his wife to find for him, "because he was going to do a dirty job for Captain Evans." On his wife's inquiry, he described the job as "pulling some poles out of a pool"; and on such a business he was employed that morning, perhaps as a pretext to bring him to the spot. Farmer Clewes went to Bromsgrove Fair, and was heard to say "he should be glad to come back and find a dead parson."

Barnett's maid was raking clover towards five o'clock that evening, while the Rev. Mr. Parker, in primitive fashion, was driving

his cows home from the glebe. Suddenly she heard the report of a gun, and a cry of "Murder." Mr. Parker sprang through the hedge, ran some steps down the lane, and fell on the ground. Two butchers, Lench and Giles, who were passing, hastened to the spot, in time to see a man in a long blue coat hiding something under a hedge. "Villain!" cried Lench, "what have you been doing?" "Me? Nothing!" replied the blue-coated man, turning pale and dropping what he held. Then he ran down the road, pursued by Giles; while Lench, guided by smoke-wreaths, perceived the body of the clergyman, shot through the right side, and with the skull battered in. Giles, returning, ran to the nearest house for help, while Lench took up the pursuit, but desisted on the fugitive feeling in a side-pocket and uttering a threat to shoot him. He had advanced near enough, however, to be almost sure that he recognised Richard Hemming.

Hue and cry was raised; Hemming's house was searched, and he was not found there. Mr. Parker's widow, distraught, ran through the parish begging the farmers to ride forth with their men in pursuit of the assassin; but all locked their stables and bade their servants remain within. The victim was buried within his chancel rails, and scarcely had the funeral party left the church when one of the farmers came in, and, looking into the open grave, "laughed, and made a great deal of fun over the coffin, and seemed heartily glad the clergyman was gone."

At the inquest on the body, evidence was given of Hemming's having been seen, after the murder, forcing his way through a hedge, apparently purposely avoiding the gate, and, with his long blue coat-tails tucked under his arms, walking down the foot-path "a fast step, but not hurrisome." An acquaintance met him, and, calling to him by name, asked if he was running for a wager, to which he replied, "There are two men after me; let me pass," and his friend, concluding that he was pursued by bailiffs, made way for him. Then, hot and breathless, in his shirt-sleeves with his coat hanging over his arm, he stopped to drink a pint of ale at the Virgin's Tavern on the foot-path to Worcester, and then passed on hurriedly. He was never seen again for certain, though somebody like him was observed creeping out of a wood towards Oddingley near dawn the next morning.

The coroner's verdict was returned, "Wilful murder by some person or persons unknown," while, in consideration of the circumstantial evidence, a reward of fifty guineas was offered for the apprehension of Hemming, beside the usual proclamation of a pardon and a reward of a hundred guineas to any accomplice who



should turn King's evidence. That there were accomplices was a moral certainty. Hemming, of St. Nicholas's parish, Droitwich, could have no concern in the tithe-quarrel : it was not known that he had ever spoken to the Rector ; while that the Rector had enemies was notorious. Captain Evans, Barnett, from whose field the shot had been fired, and later on the farrier Taylor, were arrested on suspicion, but dismissed for want of evidence. The bag dropped by the murderer in his flight was found to contain a gun, broken, probably in the fall. The bag and its contents were laid up in the coroner's archives ; and at this point it seemed that the matter was fated to rest, and that the new incumbent of the ill-omened parish could never, while that generation remained, have any security which, or how many, of his neighbours might be disposed to transfer to him the grudge which they had owed to his predecessor.

Year upon year hath gone and fled,  
The good old Prelate lies lapped in lead.

Or, to be accurate, Mrs. Sherwood's pious brother had resigned his living, in despair of ever touching such obdurate hearts. Let us hope that he ended his days in Clapham, or Cheltenham, or some congenial centre, the oracle of an adoring congregation of good Evangelicals. More than one incumbent had succeeded him, each in turn to be disheartened with so untoward a generation, and, we may infer, to imitate his judicious moderation in tithe-exaction, as we hear no more of parochial strife. A report had been set afoot, and was diligently maintained by those whose interest it served, that Hemming had made his way to America. But this was powerless to overcome the deep-rooted conviction of the majority that he had been murdered by his accomplices to ensure his silence. The demeanour of the suspected men seemed to mark them as under a curse. The tale went that Farmer Clewes never slept two hours without waking and shuddering. The judgments were literally fulfilled :—

His lands were barren made,  
His cattle died within the field,  
And nothing with him stayed.

"Ere seven years came about," he had not only "pawned and mortgaged all his land," but was constrained to sell it and work as a day-labourer on the very farm he had owned. His troubled conscience let dark hints escape. In 1815, the topic of tap-room conversation at the "White Horse" in Worcester was the return of Buonaparte from Elba. It was remarked that "there would be terrible slaughtering again in the army." Clewes, with tongue



loosened by drink, rejoined that "there would not be half so much fuss about that as there had been about the death of a parson." This brought up the subject of the Parker murder. "Well," was at last the sage conclusion, "wherever Hemming is, he will come to the gallows in time." Clewes said that "he knew better than that. Hemming was safe enough."

These, and such-like circumstances, being repeated to Hemming's wife so wrought upon her that she applied for, and obtained, a magistrate's warrant to search a clover rick which had stood on Captain Evans' farm ever since her husband's disappearance. But when the constables came to the spot in the morning they found the rick totally removed—no one would say by whom or whither. They dug the ground, but found nothing. After this flash, the affair subsided into an old tale, the more so as one witness after another left the place, or paid the debt of nature. Elizabeth Hemming married again, and became Mrs. Newbury; one of the Barnetts and the farrier Taylor died, and, finally, in May 1829, Captain Evans died, aged ninety-five, full of years but not of honours, for it was whispered that he passed away amid all the terrors that wait upon the reprobate. And just at this time, while all traces seemed so rapidly vanishing, behold, the country-side rang with a tale which the newspapers thus headed—"DISCOVERY OF A MURDERED MURDERER."

Thomas Clewes' farm, after many vicissitudes, had come into the hands of Mr. Galton, who let it to a family of the name of Waterson. Mr. Galton ordered the destruction of a barn which was falling to decay. Somewhat oddly, the workman employed was Charles Burton, brother of Elizabeth Hemming. On December 28, Innocents' Day—a day which the guilty might well regard as unlucky—in removing the foundations, he came upon first a pair of shoes, with the bones of feet in them, and then the rest of a human skeleton.

Carefully covering up the bones again, he hastened to inform the coroner, passing on his way through the farmhouse kitchen, where the mother and daughter of the house noticed that he looked pale and agitated, but wisely refrained from questioning him. They continued their household work, when an acquaintance knocked at the door with the news that all Droitwich was talking of the discovery of Hemming's body. However, they were accustomed to such rumours, and when the son came in, bringing a similar report, his sister joined with him in ridiculing it. "Don't ye be too hasty," put in at last the prudent old mother. "The sunshine will fall on that deed, dark as it is." As she spoke, a constable tapped at the door,

told his errand, and brought two men to guard the spot. Consternation fell upon the party. The barn, suddenly become the object of horror, had been the playground of the young people ; labourers had eaten their dinner there ; temporary harvest hands had been lodged for the night ; dogs had routed after rats—and all this within two feet of a murdered body. Thomas Clewes and the old suspicions against him were now brought into discussion ; and the sister remembered that she had seen him passing when the demolition began, and that he had stopped for a while and gazed as if apprehensively. “It was a bitter cold night,” she said, describing it afterwards, “and the men on guard didn’t relish their work at all. They came in from time to time to warm their hands and beg a drink of beer. You can fancy none of us had much rest that night.”

In the morning the coroner arrived, bringing with him a surgeon, who, carefully removing the bones, found that the skull had been smashed to pieces by blows of tremendous force, such as could not possibly have been self-inflicted. Further search brought to light fragments of woollen clothes, corduroy waist-band, and what had been a pocket, from which fell a carpenter’s rule, a rusty knife, an old sixpence, and three halfpence, of the date 1799. All tended to confirm the supposition that these were the remains of Hemming. The bones were those of a man between thirty and fifty—Hemming was thirty-four in 1806—the length was five feet three—exactly Hemming’s height, “an inch under the standard for the militia,” his widow deposed—a significant measurement to wives and mothers in the universally enrolling days of the early nineteenth century. On her way to the inquest the widow said, “If the rule is my husband’s, there will be a crack near the rivet.” And sure enough, as soon as she saw the rule, she put her finger on the crack. When the shoes were shown, she recognised their trodden-down heels and turned-up toes ; and finally, at the sight of the skull, she trembled, and struggled with tears, but steadying her voice with an effort, she said, “I believe it to be the skull of my husband. I will swear to the teeth.” Hemming’s teeth were sound, strong, and projecting, as were those of the skull now discovered.

Thomas Clewes, the ex-farmer, who had dwelt all these years under a cloud, was now arrested as being probably concerned in one murder or the other. He showed no agitation at first, and maintained his innocence of Hemming’s death. But after two days in Worcester Gaol he told the gaoler that he wished to make a confession. As, after the usual warnings had been given to him, he persisted in his desire, a hearing was granted, and in presence of the

coroner and jury he made the following statement, which produced immense sensation throughout the county, and inspired Mrs. Sherwood to write her tract, in which she made use of the "Oddingley Murder," its speedy vengeance, and long-delayed discovery, to

assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men.

Thomas Clewes related that, the morning after Mr. Parker was shot, George Banks, the adopted son of Captain Evans, came down to his farm early and said, "We have got Hemming, who shot the parson, at our house, and I do not know what to do with him; will you let him come down here?"

Clewes, by his own account, replied, "I will not have him here, nor have nothing to do with him," and Banks went away. But in the forenoon, as Clewes was passing, Captain Evans called to him from his garden, and, beckoning him into a field, said in a cautious tone, "I've had Hemming at our house this morning, and somewhat must be done by him. I ordered him to get into your buildings, if possible, about the edge of night. I shall come down to your house at night and bring somebody with me, and we must give the poor devil some money, or do something with him to send him off. Will you get up and come to the barn? It won't keep you a minute."

Clewes again demurred, but the Captain reiterated, "Just come out; it can make no odds to you"; and urged the plea, which all dog-owners will appreciate, that the farm dogs would be hostile to a stranger unless he were accompanied by their master.

Accordingly, at eleven at night, the wretched Clewes, now beginning to recognise his position as a tool in the hands of bolder villains, stepped out from his back door, and met on the threshold Captain Evans, accompanied by the farrier Taylor, and by a man in a smock-frock, whom Clewes believed to be George Banks disguised in husbandman's attire. By the moonlight the four crossed the sixteen feet of yard to the barn, where the Captain, drawing forth a dark lantern, cast a light over the flagged threshing-floor, heaped with hay about knee-high, and giving place to bare earth towards the sides, where the sloping roof met the ground.

"Holloa, Hemming, where be'st?" called the Captain in a clear but not loud tone; and a stifled voice replied from under the straw, "Yes, sir."

"Get up, Hemming; I have got somewhat for thee," continued the treacherous Captain, stepping upon the pile of hay, and holding his lantern for Taylor to follow him. The next incident we give in the words of the horrified witness: "Hemming was rising up an end

as if he had been lying on his back, and as he rose up, Taylor up with a blood-stick,<sup>1</sup> and hit him two or three blows on the head."

Clewes stood transfixed. In a moment he perceived the toils in which he was entangled. He had been tricked into lending his barn for the scene of the crime, and his presence as a witness of its perpetration. He was too much implicated in the former conspiracy to dare to proclaim the truth, and to plead that in this instance he had been more weak than wicked; and while conflicting thoughts struggled in his mind, his lips uttered the feeble protest, "This is bad work; if I had known, you should not have had me here."

Evans paid no heed to him, but bending over the body said, "He has got enough." Enough indeed! The skull was split to the eye socket, and the victim had had no time to utter a moan.

Taylor asked what was to be done next. The Captain muttered an imprecation on the corpse, and replied, "We must not take him out of doors; someone will see us mayhap." Taylor stepped out, returning in a minute with a spade. "It was no spade of mine," Clewes was careful to add. Then Taylor felt round the wall, the Captain lighting him, till they came upon a spot where the dogs had scratched holes after the rats. "This will do for him," said Taylor, throwing out a few spadefuls. The smock-frocked man still kept his post beside Clewes, and by gesture and attitude restrained any movement. "I thought I should have died where I was," was the miserable man's report. Transfixed, he watched the two principals as they dragged the corpse down from the hay, across the floor, and covered it over. "Well done, boy," said the Captain at last to Taylor. "I'll give thee another glass or two of brandy." Drawing Clewes out with him, the Captain whispered a significant promise and warning, "I'll give you anything. [Here one of his usual imprecations.] Don't you ever split." Then, darkening his lantern, he disappeared with his two followers, and Farmer Clewes, by his own account, went to bed. But we may guess that it was from this hour that his sleeplessness began to trouble him.

Clewes was asked about the alleged gifts he had received in consideration of his silence. He replied that, on the very next day, while he, not daring to shun observation, was, as usual, attending Pershore Fair, George Banks called him into a dark corner of the yard at the "Plough," and said, "Here is some money for you that

<sup>1</sup> A piece of hard wood loaded with lead, used by farriers to strike a fleam into the vein of a horse. Its adaptability to the work of man-slaying is obvious, since Youatt (*The Horse*, ch. xxviii) recommends caution even in its legitimate use.



Hemming was to have had." Then John Barnett appeared, the farmer from whose land the shot had been fired. Each of the two pressed into Clewes' hand a parcel of bills, about £27 in all, repeating the injunction "not to split." A few days later Captain Evans sent for Clewes, and said to him, in a significant tone, "If you keep your peace you shall never want for £5; there is £5." Here comes the nearest touch of anything like a pathetic or tender sentiment in all the sordid history. As Clewes was leaving, Catherine Banks, the supposed daughter of Captain Evans, came into the parlour, and falling on her knees, "begged and prayed of me not to say anything, as she feared the Captain had done a bad job, and that some of them would come to be hanged if I spoke." Clewes gave her the required promise. Her fears and those of her supposed father were renewed by the arrest of the farrier Taylor; and the Captain pressed Clewes to take an oath of secrecy, to be administered by himself in his magisterial capacity—an audacity in villainy to be paralleled only with the offer of the Grand Master of the Templars to perform the office of confessor to his accomplice Conrad of Montserrat.

Thenceforth the dread secret seems to have been avoided by mutual consent. Captain Evans spoke again, indeed, to Clewes, advising him to lay some more soil in his barn. This accordingly he did. One of his farming men testified to having loaded a cart with marl, such as was found forming the surface covering of the barn floor, above the original red clay. He noticed that his master drove the cart himself, and performed the unloading and laying the soil with his own hands, contriving to employ his family and servants in different directions at the time. Evans asked eagerly if the work was finished, and on being told yes, said he was very glad of it. Then, some months later, on the occasion of a sale at the Church Farm, Evans told Clewes that, if he wanted anything, "I shall have a deal of money then, and I will make you a present of a trifle." Accordingly Clewes bought "a short-tailed mare" for about twenty guineas, and found that when the auctioneer asked him to settle for the purchase, Captain Evans interposed, "They would settle that between them afterwards," and no more was ever said about it. Farmer Barnett had lent Clewes a hundred pounds, which was not all repaid at the time Clewes spoke.

In consequence of this confession George Banks, John Barnett, and Thomas Clewes were all committed for trial at the Worcester Spring Assizes, as accessories before the fact to the murder of Mr. Parker. Clewes was further charged with being accessory after the



fact by harbouring the murderer Hemming, and as accessory or principal in the murder of Hemming. And at this point Mrs. Sherwood concludes her tract, evidently in full expectation of a complete revelation, and condign punishment for all the guilty.

Alas for dramatic effect and stern pietism ! The "Sequel to the Oddingley Murders," which Mrs. Sherwood wrote after the close of the trial, though conceived in an equal spirit of devout resignation and determination to believe that whatever is, is best, still betrays her disappointment with what was certainly a very lame and impotent conclusion. When, on March 11, 1830, the prisoners were brought to the bar—George Banks, "a tall, gentlemanly-looking man," Barnett, "apparently a respectable yeoman," and Clewes, "a decent man of humbler station"—the indictment against the three as accessories to the murder of Mr. Parker had to be abandoned on the technical ground of the non-conviction of Hemming, the principal. Since the violation of this principle of English law is for ever connected with the remembrance of Judge Jefferies and the judicial murder of Alice Lisle, it is the last which a free-born Briton would think of tampering with. But in anticipation, apparently, of a case like that of Oddingley, in which the principal had predeceased the accessories, the statute of 7 George IV. (1826), "for improving the Administration of Criminal Justice in England," had enacted (c. 24, § 11) that, where the principal in a felony was convicted, but should die, or be pardoned, or be otherwise delivered before attainder, the accessory, if convicted, "should suffer the same punishment as if the principal felon had been attainted." Furthermore, the statute of the next year, 1827 (7 & 8 George IV., c. 29, § 61), "for consolidating and amending the Laws relating to Larceny and other Offences," had allotted to "principals in the second degree, and to accessories before the fact," the same punishment, whether death or otherwise, as to the principal in the first degree. Under these Acts, Banks, Barnett, and Clewes might have been proceeded against for the murder of Mr. Parker had it not been that the murder was committed twenty years previous to the passing of the Acts. Mrs. Sherwood, while admitting that the decision is reasonable, and even scriptural (for it is written, "As many as have sinned without law shall perish without law, and as many as have sinned in the law shall be judged by the law"), is careful to point out the difference between a legal and a moral acquittal. "A day will come when all secrets shall be revealed. It is written, 'Vengeance is Mine.'"

All the prisoners pleaded not guilty, first to the indictment against Clewes alone, and then to the coroner's inquisition charging

all three as principals in the murder of Hemming. It was thereupon decided to defer the trial of the inquisition till after that of the indictment against Clewes alone, and accordingly Banks and Barnett were removed from the bar, and Clewes was left to stand his trial alone.

After the evidence had been heard, first of the witnesses of the recent discovery, and then of those surviving from the time of the first murder, Clewes' confession was put in and read, in spite of "a sharp struggle on the part of his counsel to prevent it." The counsel (Mr. Serjeant Ludlow) made a great point of the fact that the confession alone did not prove Clewes to have been a principal in the crime, and that no evidence had been brought forward to contradict it. This was taken into account by the judge (Mr. Justice Littledale) in his summing-up. All that clearly appeared, said the judge, was that Parker and Hemming had both been murdered, and that Parker had been murdered by Hemming. The prisoner seemed "to have been in a great degree cognisant of the means of Mr. Parker's death." But how far was he concerned in that of Hemming? His confession, which they were bound to accept, in default of independent counter-evidence, implicated him as an accessory after the fact by his helping to conceal the body, and his reception of bribes was "strong evidence of that degree of guilt." But "nothing showed such participation or encouragement" as would amount to aiding and abetting.

The jury at first found the prisoner *guilty* as accessory after the fact, but on the judge reminding them that this was not the charge in the indictment they *acquitted* the prisoner. The counsel for the prosecution of the three on the coroner's inquisition then intimated their intention to abandon that charge.

The acquittal was received with much applause. "Every second man in the court seemed to be a friend to the accused," said some of the London newspapers, quoted by Mrs. Sherwood. Mrs. Sherwood herself thinks this must have been an exaggeration: in her circle the feeling was certainly that of alarm and dissatisfaction, but she has to admit that her acquaintance belonged to the manufacturing class rather than to the agricultural and tithe-paying. Banks and Barnett left the court at once, in company with their applauding friends, and then, by the magistrates' advice, they quietly disappeared from the town—and (as it would seem) from history thenceforth. Clewes, by his own request, remained till the shades of evening. A crowd had assembled before the gaol to witness the hanging of one Michael Toll for a commonplace *crime passionel*, and brought with overpowering vividness to the wretch's mind the picture of himself as a similar centre of attraction.

To the further scandal of the pious authoress, when the result of the trial was known at Oddingley, some parishioners (whom she refrains from naming) straightway set the church bells ringing, and assembled even within the sacred building to celebrate with beer and tobacco the acquittal. This ended in a free fight, "too appropriate a conclusion to the tragedy of yore." The incumbent, the Rev. Charles Tookey, who had been taking a clergyman's holiday in Worcester, returned the next day (Saturday), and straightway silenced the bells, which had just begun to ring again. Then he summoned before him the clerk, who had been a passive spectator of the previous day's orgies, suspended him then and there, and, at the time when Mrs. Sherwood wrote, was contemplating a prosecution in the ecclesiastical court of all persons present. "The horror of these atrocious crimes," so Mrs. Sherwood mournfully observes, "has entirely passed away" from the rising generation of Oddingley, and the prevailing opinion seemed to be that it was hard to come down upon poor men for an offence a quarter of a century old. "Sentiments," she continues, "corrupt beyond what are commonly found in a Christian land"; for the crime outvies even those "which have lately disgraced our unhappy sister kingdom," being without the excuse of poverty, difference of creed, hope of ecclesiastical pardon, and without even "that sort of honour which is said to bind together the worst of characters." Even journalists of respectable standing treated the affair mainly as a peg on which to hang a diatribe against the tithe system. "There would have been much more feeling if tithes had not been concerned." Finally her piety has to content itself with a hope, expressed with not too great confidence, that the guilty may use aright the space which Divine mercy has granted them for repentance, and that "the accents of prayer and praise may rise from these very hills which have resounded with the groans of the murdered and the voice of the blasphemer."

In the Obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1830 (just a month after the trial) appears the following notice:—"Lately—At Lichfield, aged seventy-four, the relict of the Rev. Geo. Parker, Rector of Oddingley, whose murder in 1806 has recently been legally investigated." It was perhaps some comfort to the poor widow to be spared to know that the actual slayer of her husband had met with a summary vengeance. Or must we suppose that the raking-up of the long-buried mystery reopened old wounds and snapped asunder the thread of life?

E. PERRONET THOMPSON.

## AN OLD HIGH TOWN AND AN OLD PALACE.

### BOULOGNE "HIGH TOWN."

THE experienced traveller may smile contemptuously at the mention of Boulogne, which is yet a bright and thoroughly French place. But there are two Boulognes : the one modern and "up-to-date," and the old-world or mediæval one, in its costumes, habits, and mode of life and aspect, altogether cut off from modern life.

This monastic, somewhat forlorn old enclosure, had it been set down several hundreds of miles away, say about Avignon, would assuredly have been enrolled among the curios of the country. Yet within four hours or so we can reach from London this really novel and interesting monument. Here is a contrast—ready to our hand and eyes—between the new and the old. Toiling up the steep Grande Rue, and leaving behind us the chattering but picturesque market below, we reach the dusty Boulevard Mariette with its few skimpy trees. Behind the trees rise the frowning sombre battlements of the old High Town, with vast, burly towers at intervals and a deep arched gateway, and umbrageous trees that seem to grow on the very wall-top. Passing through this there is a strange sudden sense of stillness as we find ourselves in the placid streets and open squares of a little old-world city, quite solitary and deserted, yet smiling and in good sound condition.

In the hilly *Place*, called that of Godfrey of Bouillon, there is a picturesque grouping of irregular houses, incrustated into which rises the grim old weather-beaten belfry, with its corner towerlets and solemnly booming chime. It is a very fortress-like keep, and is said to have been reared in the twelfth century. Besides, it is the old Mairie recently furbished up, and at the bottom of the Place a stately building in the Grecian manner, and which evokes strange memories. For it was here lived Napoleon when incubating his abortive "descent" on England. Its old faded chambers, handsome enough and *rococo*, used to echo of nights to his pacing footsteps, and every day he would descend to the port to survey his enormous

flotilla. It now belongs to a private family, who have thought it prudent to board over the figures and scutcheon of the pediment.

There is a curious pensive feeling in wandering through the many lone and deserted streets of this old High Town. Some are squalid, others full of comfortable, old-fashioned houses, where persons of small income live retired and drone away life at small cost. In these we occasionally see a solitary figure passing hurriedly along, like a person crossing the stage and disappearing. Now we meet two decayed-looking ladies in decent, rusty black, denizens of the old houses, who have retired here to save their purses, or perhaps to save their souls. They are flitting past on a visit to some convent, their only excitement; or are coming from the Cathedral. All the large, more stately buildings seem to be convents—"Ursulines," "Dames Annunciades," "Dames Anglaises," and others; and there are glimpses of trees and inviting old gardens behind where the religious walk and pray.

At the bottom of the Rue du Château we pause before a quaint house, small, though with an air of pretension, having a little courtyard, gateway, and mansard windows. We gaze with interest and veneration; for here died one who, perhaps after Cervantes, most increased the gaiety of the nation—Le Sage. Turning into the Rue St. Jacques, we note a cheerful, gamboge-coloured mansion, where "Tom Campbell" ended his days, driven from England by debts, joviality, and the bottle. I was glad to see on the house a marble tablet, with an inscription both in French and English, to the effect that "here died the celebrated English poet Thomas Campbell." I could not help wondering what the French passer-by would think of it—*que diable fait-il*, &c. It may be said that Boulogne is still a refuge and haven for our fellow-countrymen, and I know of not a few sad histories connected with this condition. To be deep in debt at home is bad enough, but to be in debt abroad is a sadder thing. Poor poetic exiled Tom Campbell, how wearisome must he have found his expatriation in this slow place!

In the Rue de Lille, in the High Street of the place, is that old-fashioned little hostelry, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, evidently an abolished residence of some seigneur, converted to baser uses. For there is the archway and the court within, and a miniature arcade and trelliswork; at the side the tiny *table d'hôte* room, where about thirty may dine. The chambers are comfortable and wholesome, and here is Jeannette herself, who does everything, and is waiter, valet, *fille de chambre*, and, it may be, boots. The fare is good, the charges low. In one's decay, one might look for a worse haven.



Opening a door, as of a cupboard, at the back of the Mairie, there is a pitch-dark cavernous ascent, a circular stair, up which we grope for some moments, the ascent to the belfry. Half-way up, near the top, a door opens and a little wizened old man comes out to do the honours. He is imprisoned for three days at a spell, and at every quarter of an hour has to rush to a rope or lever and make the great bell boom out. He lives in company with the huge monster and the whirring works and dissonant chimes. Even as he is speaking he has to hurry away to perform his function. The view from the terrace at the top is prodigious. We can see all over the fair French country, and even to the coast of England. The Old Tower is a fine imposing thing, quite Flemish—as it ought to be—for we are in French Flanders.

But the real charm of the place is the walk round and on the top of the battlements. One could promenade round and round for half the day under the ancient trees which shade the walls. There is here an indescribable tone of melancholy and retreat; it seems one perpetual Convent Garden. The grass grows luxuriantly, and from the top you can look down into the old-fashioned gardens, large and small, convent and others, with which it is abundantly furnished. At times we meet a poor old exile, in seedy English "shooting coat," taking his invariable course of exercise; to him it must be weary and insipid. I hear him say as he passes, "I told him he did not know how to manage!" Poor soul! Had he himself known how to manage? At each of the gates we see the little deserted streets lying below at one's feet.

Seated on a bench, just behind the Cathedral, there is before me one of the most piquant and original sketches. Here is the great tower and dome rising up beside me. I am on the top of one of the old gateways, and can see the street stretching away below; the roofs of the houses, with their quaint mansard windows, are beside me on each hand. Presently pass me two of the aforesaid exiles—an old man with a grizzled beard, somewhat Carlyle-looking, and that strange mould or decay over him and his dress that is noted in the reduced folk who live in retreats such as the Charterhouse. The girl was bright and gay enough—as girls contrive to be; a dog was with them, a pet, but sharing in the owner's blight. The pair, however, parted beside me—the father going on to continue his walk, she and the dog stopping and turning to enter—what? A cottage that I had not noticed, it was so hidden behind some old umbrageous trees. A cottage on the rampart! And I found, as she entered, it was really the top storey of one of the tall houses in the street below.

A door had been fashioned out of one of the top windows, which gave on to the ramparts *et enfin vous voilà!* There was a something truly quaint and piquant in the notion. No doubt cheap, very; and I sat on and on, hoping to see something more—that old man return, and the girl and dog run out to greet him.

At one corner of the High Town a sort of causeway bridge on arches leads straight to a battered gateway, opening into an astonishing old monument, the great castle and keep, with its impregnable towers and six or eight sides. It suggests the idea of Plessis la Tours. There is a forlorn court within, with chambers, dungeons, *oubliettes* galore. I could see here a perfect replica of the grim Bastille, all in good condition and defiant of time.

I am never tired of admiring the quaint old gates, of which there are three, all highly curious, each of a different design. As in most old French towns, there is the quiet retired street—with rather stately old houses, each with its closed great door opening into a court—where the better sort reside. But what deserts they are! You may stand there a quarter of an hour without seeing a human being. The doors seem never to open. But there is a great air of peace, and perhaps of stupidity.

The great glory of the little town is the Cathedral, dedicated to Our Lady of Boulogne, whose beetling dome seen afar is a landmark for the mariner. This astonishing work is proof of the energy and perseverance of a humble priest, Hafreigne by name, and proves what a potent factor is concentration of purpose in securing the assistance of one's fellow-men. It amazes by its size and magnificence, and is not without some architectural merit, though the late Mr. Fergusson has said truly enough that there is hardly a portion of it that does not shock the artistic sense and defy the rules. All, however, is redeemed by the sincerity of the work and the richness of the materials. It is pleasing to see the fishermen's honest wives, in their quaint costume, finding their way thither, as if on pilgrimage bent. The crypt, too, discovered not many years since, is a strange and curious scene.

Such then is a sketch of an Old High Town.

From this rather forlorn and abandoned old place let us now take a flight across the Straits to another, which is equally likely to arouse a placid, though not disagreeable, melancholy.

#### *KEW PALACE.*

The pleasant, smiling Kew Green still retains its placid old-fashioned attraction. It stands as it was forty or fifty years since—a

good deal in these shifting days. We have, however, to lament the graceful bridge, just lost, which lent such a charm to the river, its elegant curves and grey stone contrasting with the green trees and shrubs lining the water's edge, and the full and silvery stream itself. One cares least for the botanical associations of the place, which have little attraction for the crowd, who are, of course, ignorant of the science of the thing. Personally, I am more interested in the regal traditions. I could wander round and round the Green, now looking at the church so quaintly set down in its middle, and the churchyard, where sleep numbers of the Royal retainers, who are set out as having been "ten or fifteen years in the service" of this or that Royal august personage. I once came unexpectedly on the name of Thielkley—one of the Queen's "dressers" or bedchamber women—familiar to readers of Miss Burney. There is the grim and dingy-looking Cambridge Lodge on the west side, so forlorn and dilapidated that one wonders how any royalty could reside there comfortably, as the late Duchess of Cambridge did till her death. But we know from St. James's Palace how these antique ruined places can be patched up by Boards of Works; the old regal flavour hanging about, hallows and sanctions it. And one looks at its dilapidated portico with interest, knowing that when the place a hundred years ago was in favour with good Queen Charlotte, all the houses about the Green were filled with very important folk indeed.

The Old Kew Palace, of which we read so much in the "Memoirs"—which was the scene of the poor King's disastrous seizure—is often assumed to be the present cheerful red-brick structure, but it was of far greater antiquity. It had belonged to the Cecil family, and was taken on lease by Queen Charlotte in the early days of her marriage, when she had a fancy for the Old Richmond Park. The royal pair so much fancied the simplicity and attractions of that still quaint and pleasant little suburb, that they proposed restoring the Old Richmond Palace near the Green, and fitting it up as a residence. The local authorities, however, refused to give some additional ground, and the King and Queen then turned to Kew. This foolish step the Richmond magnates bitterly regretted, and later offered every concession, but it was too late. A serious loss to us, as the old palace would be in good condition, instead of becoming a mere fragment, as it is now.

In 1781 the Queen had grown so fond of the palace that she bought the entire freehold and began to reside there a good deal. What a settlement must have been the good Old Kew in those days, the London Road being alive with coaches carrying visitors of

ceremony or of business. The Royal pair were familiar figures on the Green while the education of their children went on.

The Old Palace—scene of so many painful, stirring events—was pulled down some time about 1803, and a new one begun under the direction of Wyatt, the architect. This rose slowly, and for many years its progress was interrupted. It remained a sort of ruin until within living memory, when it was finally cleared away. The Old Palace, as we know, was chosen as the place of the King's residence during the disastrous illness. There is no passage more full of dramatic horror in Miss Burney's narrative, more full of suspense and agitation, than that of the critical moment when the poor distraught King had to be enticed from Windsor to Kew, a matter of exceeding difficulty. Great was the relief, as she describes it, when the welcome sound of the arriving coaches was heard. The Palace was a rambling place enough, with insufficient accommodation. But we can really live in it with Miss Burney, so minute is her account of the long narrow passages and the servants' starved rooms, &c., with which the maids of honour had to put up. That poor martyr, the Queen, had to be huddled into a corner, for her proper rooms were over the King's, and any noises over his head were forbidden. The Prince of Wales, who assumed supreme command, himself marked the doors with chalk.

The present palace was over the way, and allotted to equeries, &c., being found very convenient. This sturdy, serviceable building, which will stand for centuries, was useful to the Royal family as a sort of "dependance." When the Queen was bringing up her large and youthful family it became the Royal Nursery, and every day at fixed periods the Royal pair would cross over to pay a formal visit, or would send for their children. By and by, when the Prince of Wales was growing up, it was given to him, and later, as he became a youth, it was devoted to a regular "establishment" for him, and was known as "The Prince's House."

The large red mansion, now seen to the right of the garden gates, having "fayre" grounds behind, was, I believe, used for the younger children. I have some interesting souvenirs of this educational period—"copies" made by the Prince and his brothers to improve their handwriting; some verses, printed by him in red ink at a child's press, with translations, &c., all very fairly done. The most interesting of all is a pencil sketch by the Queen herself of a village house. Bishop Percy was present, and when it was finished she threw it away, when the obsequious prelate carefully picked it up and begged to be allowed to preserve it. I secured it at his sale.



As time went on the Queen seemed to grow more attached to the house, notwithstanding its painful associations. With the King's malady constantly recurring, it was found convenient that he should live in it quite apart, under the charge of Doctor Willis—a change he strenuously objected to. When the Old Palace was levelled in 1803, the family seem to have gone there occasionally. But on the Regency and other changes the Queen began to reside there permanently, and it was in this house that she died. It is indeed a very pleasing structure, with a great deal of character about it, and a *façade* of a Jacobean cast. Its genial rich red, set off by its white sashes, imparts a genial warmth of colour to the greenery all round. It is well worthy of the name "Dutch House," for there is a boldness of treatment and breadth which our modern imitators cannot compass. Over the door is a little scutcheon with the date of erection 1631 and the initials I.C. This makes one suspect that there is some error in the account of its belonging to the Portmans, and that it really belonged to the Capels, who were possessors of the larger building. It is, however, said to have belonged to one Fortrey.

This good old Dutch manner of treatment is truly effective, possibly because it is on a large and lavish scale. There is no stint in the thickness of the walls, and it is the fact that the old Dutch bricks imported specially were finer material than anything we can produce at the present time. Our modern would-be Queen Anne, or William and George, buildings are too "skimpy" and cardboard-like; they betray the attempt at imitation. It is really a stately imposing thing, of many storeys, capped with gables, the many windows with their bright white sashes asserting themselves. It is a fine specimen of the good substantial mansion of the old pattern, such as a noble or wealthy country gentleman might envy. But there is nothing of the palace or palatial. Interesting as it is, it does not excite the slightest interest in its visitors. Of a Sunday you do not find more than three or four people at a time within its walls.

Close beside it are its offices, and one of the oldest and most venerable bits of stabling that we have, with its bent rusted brick walls and long shingle roof. That is to our right; on the other side is a sort of steward's house with garden.

It is a strange feeling as we enter the old house and begin to wander through its narrow hall, which, after the old fashion, passes right through and opens on the garden behind. One is at once struck by the general lightsomeness. The room to the right is spacious, with windows on both sides, a corner room, while the ceilings are comparatively low, as in so many antique mansions. All



the rooms are well panelled, but everything is painted staring white. The deeply embayed windows with their broad seats have quite a "cozy" air. Here is the "King's dining-room," and there beyond is the "King's bedroom" and breakfast-room. One is surprised at the thickness of the walls shown by the door of communication; they must be at least six or seven feet thick. The stair is small and narrow, and leads up to the Queen's room.

The Duchess of Kent was married in the drawing-room. It is curious to think, as we enter and promenade through its deserted chambers, what associations are bound up with it. We can hardly think now of these august persons living in a suburb of this kind, in the full public gaze, and within three-quarters of an hour of town; when, on their return from some expedition, vast crowds would gather on the Green to give them hearty and noisy greeting. The Royal family really lived among their people. They were to be seen of Sundays in their pew in the old-fashioned church so quaintly pitched on the Green itself. The Kew grounds and park were of course secluded and enclosed within a wall like that which runs on to Richmond. The gardens too, though carefully supplied with rare plants, were very modest, and it is only within the past fifty years that they have expanded from eight or ten acres to over a hundred. A road ran in front of the present palace, separating it from the Old Palace. One cannot be surprised at the charms of the place having this attraction, for it is a true *rus in urbe*, and in spite of tramways, and busses, and the crowd of cockneys at the numerous tea-houses, it still retains this antiquated charm. Even these tea-houses contribute, for they are often fashioned out of old dwelling-houses, which in those primæval times were tenanted by personages dependent on the Court. Many years ago we came down for a week or so, and dwelt in one of the small villas hard by the Ccach and Horses, and still recall with pleasure the fresh pleasant mornings, the abundant greenery, and the old-fashioned remote tone of the place. The now lost bridge, with the river, was a constant delight.

The cheerful old house, being thus charged with so many interesting memories, might, I think, be made an object of far more attraction than it is at present. It might easily be arranged, as a sort of memorial of King George III., his Queen and his family. Queen Charlotte is indeed the heroine of the place, and her spirit, troubled or untroubled, must pervade the whole. It might readily be turned into a Royal museum, much as Kensington Palace is a memorial of her present Majesty. The pleasant, lightsome, though not over-spacious rooms, now comparatively bare and unfurnished, could be

filled with many relics and souvenirs which would supply pleasing memories of her old domestic Royal life. The old furniture it would, of course, be difficult, if not impossible, to identify, but the furniture of the times could be supplied, or articles that had been in the possession of the King and Queen. Pictures of the Royal Dukes and Princesses there are in abundance, scattered in back rooms of the various palaces; engravings, autographs, views of houses, palaces, &c. The fine showy full-length of the Queen, after Gainsborough, would be effective. All her daughters should be there. As it was the home where George IV. was brought up, he might well take a conspicuous place with much show and effect. There should be his palaces, Carlton House, and the coloured series of pictures of the Pavilion at Brighton. His vehicles, costumes, fêtes, &c., all might be depicted. In the Queen's room Her Majesty has had a brass plate set up with an inscription in memory of her august grandmother, whose life it has been a gratification to me to write; and this room might be specially devoted to relics and memorials of her.

PERCY FITZGERALD.

## *FALSE MESSIAHS.*

**A**T a time when the deep-seated craving of the House of Israel for the advent of the Golden Age seems to be reviving in the hearts of certain of the descendants of the Patriarchs, when an attempt is being made from within to solve the perennial Jewish Question by putting into operation a scheme that will shield and rescue the down-trodden from the persecutions of the oppressor, and at the same time raise the international status of the race to the dignity of a semi-independent nationality, a brief account of the careers of the various "Messiahs" who attempted in their days to redeem their brethren from degradation and serfdom will perhaps not be out of place.

From the final destruction of the Jewish State until well into the last century dreamers have arisen in Israel whose hope it has been to prove themselves the regenerators of their race and its leaders in the long-prophesied and ardently prayed-for return to the Promised Land. Wherever the Jews had gathered in their exile, a would-be Messiah sooner or later arose. In one quarter of the globe a charlatan, with all the self-seeking ambition of a man whose sole object it was to aggrandise himself at the expense of a trustful and generous-minded people ; in another the unhappy successor to Moses, a being more than human, a hero-saint of the ancient world, who, inspired by a Divine altruism, was willing, nay eager, to sacrifice himself for the benefit of his fellow-Jews and for the glory of what he believed with his whole soul to be a Divine cause. In short, the small class of Jewish pseudo-Messiahs, in common with all other congregations of men, included in its ranks both saints and sinners, men whose sole gods were themselves, men to whom the only source of happiness was the exercise of benevolence towards others.

About the beginning of the present era, there arose in Judea numerous holy men, who announced their Divine missions, and proclaimed themselves Messiahs, but in no instance, with perhaps the exception of Simon Magus, was their influence more than local. One Theudas, in the reign of Claudius, informed his disciples

that he would divide the waters of the Jordan, and thus enable them to cross. When about to perform the miracle, however, the whole party was butchered by a detachment of Roman soldiery.

Simon Magus, the Samaritan Messiah, endeavoured to obtain the assistance of the early Christians in his propaganda. From the Acts of the Apostles we learn that he had a large following, but was converted, with many of his believers, to Christianity by Philip the Evangelist, in 37 A.D. According to Justin Martyr, however, he attempted to form a union with the new sect, but was repulsed by them. During the reign of Claudius he lived in Rome, to which city he had brought a woman named Helena, whom he represented to be of Divine origin. In Rome he recruited many followers.

The death of Trajan and the accession of Hadrian had different effects on the various Jewish settlements within the confines of the Empire. To those who dwelt in the Valley of the Euphrates the exchange from Rome to Parthia proved most acceptable, but by those of the littoral of the Great Sea the stern rule of Hadrian was found far more burdensome than the milder one of his predecessor. The new Emperor's accession was signalised by harsh legislation intended to destroy both the nationality and the religion of his Jewish subjects. To be a Jew became a crime. Among the ruins of the Holy City a Roman colony was established. The site of the Holy of Holies was dedicated to the worship of Jupiter. Israel was once more on the borders of despair, and once more the hearts of the people yearned towards their God and His Messiah. The hour was at hand, and the man did not fail. There appeared upon the scene one Bar-Cochab, the Son of a Star, in fulfilment of Balaam's prophecy that 'a star shall come out of Jacob.' In after days he was termed, in the bitterness of grief, Bar-Cosba, the Son of a Lie. His real name and origin are unknown. He is said to have been a bandit. Whencesoever he came, his strength of character and wonderful achievements attracted supporters from the thinkers of the nation as well as from the open-mouthed, thoughtless mob, in all climes and at all times eager to worship the worker of miracles. He breathed fire from his mouth—the scoffers said that he had first placed lighted tow therein. The whole nation flocked to his standard. Even the Samaritans, the hereditary enemies of their fellow-Jews, held not aloof. Rabbi Akiba, one of the greatest of names in the records of post-biblical Jewry, acted as his armour-bearer.

On the outbreak of the rebellion, the whole province, composed of Judea, Samaria, and Galilee, was evacuated by the Romans. The

army of the Jews at this time has been estimated as high as from 400,000 to 580,000 fighting men. Unfortunately, little is known of the campaign, but it is certain that the Roman garrison and the generals in command at the time of the outbreak proved respectively inadequate and incapable. The services of Julius Severus, the greatest soldier of the age, were requisitioned from Britain, where he had been waging an arduous war with the martial natives, to recover the prestige of the Roman arms. But even he, with unlimited resources, was at first compelled to remain on the defensive, and trusted to his tactics of cutting off detached parties and supplies to wear out his formidable enemy. In the course of the operations fifty general engagements were fought, and as a result of every victory the numbers of Bar-Cochab's followers increased. From the uttermost of the Jewish colonies men came to fight under his banner. Recruits were not even drawn solely from the members of the Chosen People. Bar-Cochab's army included non-Jews in its ranks. Those who could not fight helped to fill the rebel coffers. At first the campaign proved a series of successes for the Pretender. Jerusalem was soon captured, and served as a capital for Bar-Cochab, who was proclaimed king, and duly carried out the duties of sovereignty. For three years the Holy City remained in his possession, and during that time his armies succeeded in taking fifty walled towns and 985 villages. But the tide turned at length. After a desperate struggle, Jerusalem was captured by the Romans, and no two stones of its buildings left standing on one another. Other towns fell into the same hands until, of all the territories of Bar-Cochab, the town of Bither alone remained. Here the hero made his last stand, but not with the undivided support of the inmates of the fortress. Dissensions broke out among the garrison, and on the 9th of Ab, already the blackest anniversary in the Jewish calendar, Bither was stormed, Bar-Cochab killed, and his body brought in triumph to the Roman camp.

During the pacification that followed the males were slain by the thousand, the women and children sold into slavery. Unheard-of and unspeakable tragedies were enacted. In Bither alone more are said to have been slain than those who took part in the exodus from Egypt. The number of dead was counted by the hundred-thousand. All those that were able escaped from a country which offered them the only alternatives of death with torture or slavery. Many fled to Arabia, and the considerable Jewish population of that country, even in this day, may be considered one of the results of Bar-Cochab's abortive insurrection.



Rabbi Akiba, who had been thrown into prison at the outbreak of the rebellion, died under torture at its conclusion.

Three centuries after the revolt against the Romans, one Moses, of Crete, announced himself as Messiah, and induced the whole of the Jewish population of the island to support his pretensions. On a certain specified date he promised to lead them, untouched by the water, to the mainland. On the day appointed his believers assembled on the seashore. At his command they threw themselves into the sea, but no miracle happened, and great numbers were drowned. Of Moses nothing further was heard.

In 720 A.D. Serenus, a Syrian, led a revolt against the teachings of the extreme Talmudists, and promised to restore his disciples to their inheritance. The oppression of the Caliph Omar II. led many of the Jews of the Turkish Empire to join him. His influence spread far and wide with rapidity, until from distant Spain recruits flocked to his standard. When brought before the Caliph, however, he denied any anti-dynastic intention, and pleaded that he was merely playing a joke on his co-religionists, to whom he was handed for punishment.

Thirty years later a similar movement took place under Obaiah Abu-Isa ben Ishak, of Ispahan. His call came to him through a sudden and miraculous cure from leprosy. He did not, however, claim to be the Messiah, but only a prophet to announce his coming. The affairs of the Caliphate were then in a somewhat chaotic condition, and the movement, which soon became a military one, would have had some chances of success if the pretender had not been killed in battle. His following survived until the tenth century under the name of Isavites.

In the same part of the world there arose in the middle of the twelfth century another would-be deliverer, one whose story has served an English statesman and novelist of the same Semitic race as the groundwork of an entrancing romance.

There appeared among the wild uncivilised Jewish tribes of New Nineveh, David Alroy or Alroi. Even in those days there was a Near Eastern Question, and at that particular date Western Asia was the stage on which, on the one hand, the Crusaders sought to recover the Holy Sepulchre for Christendom; and on the other, the turbulent races of the Orient were seething with their perennial commotions. In the midst of the turmoil the new Messiah published a manifesto calling upon the Jews of Asia to assist him in his efforts to regain for them their birthright. He is said to have appeared before the Persian satrap, to have

proclaimed his divine mission, to have been thrown into prison, and to have miraculously escaped.

Alroy found little indulgence at the hands of the official heads of the Jewish community in Baghdad. Their efforts to suppress the movement were, however, unsuccessful, but where the Jews failed, the representatives of the Government succeeded, and David was deprived of his existence by his own father, acting, it is said, at the instigation of the governor of the province.

After the death of Alroy, the scene of the Messianic revelation shifted further west. A century elapsed and no prophet arose in Israel until the birth at Saragossa, in the year 1240, of Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia. His career seems to have been one continual series of romantic adventures. From a very early age his deep reading and thinking unhinged his mind and rendered him not altogether responsible for his actions. In the course of his wanderings in Italy he attempted in 1281 to convert the Pope to Judaism. His Holiness, however, showed no inclination to embrace the faith of the zealous missionary, who speedily found himself under restraint. He escaped the death penalty by what he termed a miracle. "God hath caused a double tongue to grow in me," he said. He managed to persuade the Pope that the doctrines he preached included that of the Trinity, and the sin in consequence was not visited upon his head. For three years after this exciting and perilous adventure Abraham's wanderings continued, until at length he proclaimed himself Messiah, and announced the Millennium for the year 1290. The Rabbis denounced him for blasphemy and heresy, and he replied in abusive terms. His influence, however, which had never been very powerful, gradually waned, until he finally sank into oblivion. The movement was continued for a short time after Abraham's death by two prophets, who had been counted among his disciples.

While the destinies of the Empire were still in the hands of Charles V. there appeared at the Vatican a man who bore the designation of David Reubeni, of whose origin and previous history nothing is known, but who claimed to be an envoy of his brother, "The King of the Jews," sent on a mission from the East to negotiate an alliance against the Sultan Solymán. To Pope Clement VII. he handed a letter of introduction from a Portuguese Consul, and he asked for firearms in order to enable his brother to drive the Turks from the Holy Land. He was invited by the King of Portugal to visit Lisbon, and during his stay at that Court gained sufficient influence to be able to obtain the postponement of a

persecution of the Jews that had long been threatening, and was on the point of coming to a head.

The great respect in which David was held by the King of Portugal, the protection that he without doubt afforded to his long-suffering co-religionists, the rumours of the power and magnificence of the Jewish Kingdom indefinitely located in the mysterious Orient, all tended to endow the ambassador with a semi-divinity in the eyes of a persecuted people, and to raise in them the ever-bubbling hope of the penultimate stage of their troubles having at length arrived. Among the Marranos or crypto-Jews of the Peninsula the interest and excitement aroused by David was not less intense than elsewhere, and as a consequence of his renown one of their number, Diogo Pires, a youth of noble family, high attainments, and holding an important appointment under the Portuguese Government, openly reverted to his ancestral faith and assumed as his new name that of Solomon Molcho. Despite the ameliorating effects of David's presence, it was impossible for a revert to Judaism to remain in Portugal, and acting, it is said, on the urgent entreaties of the envoy, who discouraged all conversions to Judaism, for fear lest he might be held responsible and suffer both in himself and his ideals, Solomon went to Turkey. In that Empire, although previous to his conversion he had been included among the unlearned, he discovered a profound acquaintance with all the sacred works, and attained by an enchanting eloquence and the deep learning which he had so miraculously acquired, absolute power over the minds and bodies of a large school of disciples.

After the flight of Solomon, David thought it expedient to remove from Lisbon, especially as the promise of eight ships and four thousand men for the assistance of his brother, the King of Chaibar, had not been fulfilled. He set out for Rome, passing in his journey through Spain, France, and Italy. His fame preceded him in his travels, and wherever he appeared he was received by his co-religionists with acclamation. He was hailed as the forerunner of the Messiah and even as the Messiah himself. A party of supporters came into existence even against his express desire. The Jews of Italy believed that he was to lead them back to the Holy Land. The fall of Rome was pointed to as a presage of the approaching Messianic Era.

In Rome the Pope acted as his protector and encourager, and among his friends he was able to include members of the College of Cardinals. David, however, did not remain in Rome, but wandered about the face of Southern Europe. In the meanwhile Solomon, who had attained renown, also turned his steps towards the capital

of Christendom, where he was favourably received by Clement VII., and obtained permission—a very unusual concession to a Jew in those days—to settle wherever he wished. He became the *protégé* of bishops and princes. He uttered prophecies which were, wonderful to relate, fulfilled. Among other events, he foretold floods at Rome and an earthquake at Lisbon.

After the lapse of some time both David and Solomon met once more at Venice. But their mutual attitude was not as it had been formerly. In Portugal Solomon had considered David a semi-god, and admitted that to him his conversion and the inception of his mission were due. Now, however, Solomon was disillusioned. At the least he considered himself the equal of his former master, and looked upon him almost as a rival. David's mission was still as formerly—to obtain assistance for his brother, the Monarch of the East. In the hope, once more deferred, of being furnished with an army he had come to Venice.

After the subsidence of the flood, Molcho returned to Rome, retaining his influence, by means of which he managed to obtain the postponement of the introduction of the Inquisition into Portugal. From the authorities of the religious capital of the world he had nothing to fear, but trouble had been prepared for him in another quarter. Certain of his fellow-Jews had long denounced and endeavoured to persecute him. At length they prevailed. In those days one of the most terrible crimes any human being could commit was to revert to Judaism. Molcho had formerly been a Marrano. He was now a Jew, and the only possible expiation for the offence was to be burnt by the Inquisition. The fire was kindled, the victim cast into the flames, the outraged dignity of Christendom satisfied, the enemies of Molcho in triumph; but when all was over, Solomon was found living in the apartments of the Pope, who had provided a substitute for the *auto-da-fé*. The friendship of the Holy Father had prevailed over the bitter enmity of the Jews. The protection of even so august a personage was, however, insufficient, and it was thought safer for Solomon to leave Rome.

The prophet then joined his colleague in a mission to Charles V. on the old errand of obtaining military assistance. There is a tradition that during the course of the mission the conversion of the Emperor to Judaism was attempted. Whatever truth there may be in the tale, it is certain that both of the delegates were deprived of their liberty by Imperial behest, and that after the conclusion of peace with Solymán the Turk, Solomon the Prophet was condemned to be burnt as an apostate Christian.



Recantation was offered to him as a means of escape, but Molcho was one who had long been desirous of attaining a martyr's crown. All unworthy suggestions were indignantly set aside, and as a martyr and a hero Solomon passed away at the post of duty. The fact of his death was not admitted by all. Among his followers were those who denied that the fire had had any power over him, and who contended that he had departed—God alone knew whither. David died a few years later in prison, it is said by some authorities, of poison.

Of all the self-styled successors of Moses and of David that the Semite race has produced the best known and the most remarkable is without doubt Sabbathai Zevi. During the second half of the seventeenth century there dwelt in Smyrna a man who included in his many occupations those of poulterer and broker to some English merchants. Of his numerous family one member differed from the others in that he had been created, as it were, from a rarer earth. The pursuits and interests of his brothers were not the attractions of Sabbathai. In their desire for material prosperity he had no part. While they acted he preferred to dream, and in place of their semi-sordid ambitions he hoped one day to assist in the spiritual resuscitation of his martyred people. From a very early age his learning and asceticism attracted the attention of his fellow-townsmen, and as a consequence before the conclusion of his eighteenth year the coveted position of Rabbi had been conferred upon him, Rabbi with a not inconsiderable following. Strange stories are told of his self-abnegation. He is said to have fasted from Sabbath to Sabbath, to have bathed until his life was endangered. About the year 1666 he first announced himself as the son of David, and in confirmation of his mission did not hesitate to utter the awful name of the Deity. At such a terrible offence against all the canons of Rabbinical Judaism, the highly respectable conventional authorities were aghast. For such blasphemy there was but one punishment ordained. He was denounced, and, in order to save his life, fled, first to Salonica, thence to Egypt and Jerusalem. In the Mecca of the Jews he reaffirmed his semi-divinity, and tarried within the sacred region for the space of thirteen years. Throughout this long period, Nathan, a convert made when passing through Gaza, acted as his faithful prophet. From Jerusalem he returned to Egypt, and there married the daughter of a Polish Jew, a woman with a history even more strange and romantic than his own.

Left an orphan when a very young child, by the massacre of all her relatives, Melisselda had been taken under the charge of the members of a religious order, and had entered a convent. After



years spent in this institution, the spirit of her dead father, it is related, appeared to her one night and carried her away to a cemetery, where she was found by some travelling Jews the next morning. To these she related her story, and added that she had been named in a vision the destined bride of the Messiah. In the company of her protectors she journeyed to the western shores of the Continent. She tarried for a time in many of the cities of Europe, leading a life more free than conventional, but firm through all in the frequently announced belief in her glorious destiny; and it was while living under these conditions that Sabbathai, who had heard of her history, sent for her, saw her, and was conquered.

After the marriage, the Messiah and his bride returned to Jerusalem, but were compelled by the hostility of the Rabbis to flee. They repaired to Sabbathai's birthplace, and were here, in spite of the old adage, accorded an enthusiastic reception. The scepticism of one of the leading men of Smyrna served only to strengthen his position, for a sudden and swift death overtook the doubter, and his punishment was accepted by the populace as a Divine manifestation of Sabbathai's semi-divinity. The Rabbis, the defenders of the established order, had long ago excommunicated the blasphemer, but fear deprived their edicts of all authority. Sabbathai proclaimed himself "King of the Kings of Earth." His brothers were appointed rulers of Israel and of Judah. The remainder of the world was divided among his leading admirers. The Chief of the Rabbis was degraded; the vice-Chief appointed in his stead. Wherever Jews were to be found, the rise of the new Messiah attracted attention. The business of the exchanges of Europe was neglected in order that the latest of miracles might be discussed. The merchants of the North Sea ports wrote to their agents in the Levant for information. Tribute poured in upon the King of Kings. Embassies were sent to him from the four corners of the earth. In the synagogues he was publicly hailed as the Messiah, and those who doubted went in danger of their lives. Even among the Christians, believers in his mission were to be found. In Hamburg, Protestants went to their pastor and said, "We have almost certain accounts not only from Jews, but also from our Christian correspondents at Smyrna, Aleppo, Constantinople, and elsewhere in the East, that the new Messiah of the Jews does many miracles, and the Jews of the whole world flock to him. What will then become of the Christian doctrine and the belief in our Messiah?" Prophets, male and female, in accordance with Joel's prediction, arose and exclaimed in Hebrew, a language with which they were supposed to have no acquaintance:

"Sabbathai Zevi is the true Messiah of the Race of David ; to him the crown and the kingdom are given." The daughters of Rabbi Pechina, Sabbathai's bitterest enemy, blessed the name of the pretender, as had been foretold. In Persia, the Jewish agriculturists refrained from work on account of the advent of their deliverer. In pursuance of his mission, Sabbathai left Smyrna for Constantinople to confront the Sultan. On his landing in Europe, an officer was sent to arrest him, but the presence of the pretender overawed the emissary, and the latter returned to his master trembling and discomfited. A second messenger also returned unsuccessful, but Sabbathai feared not the power of the Ruler of the Faithful. He surrendered himself voluntarily, and was imprisoned in the Castle of Sestos. From this retirement he issued manifestoes to his people. The 9th of Ab, the anniversary of the destruction of Jerusalem, the Great Black Fast, he changed to a day of rejoicing, the birthday of the Messiah. In the place of his imprisonment Sabbathai held his court, and his followers flocked to their master's involuntary retreat to render homage to the promised restorer of their former greatness. At length the Sultan summoned Sabbathai to his presence, but here the determination and strength of mind that he had previously displayed forsook him. Two alternatives were offered him—death, or the donning of the turban. After some little hesitation he chose the less heroic, and was rewarded with honours and titles by the successor of the Caliphs. At this apostacy the followers of Sabbathai were dumbfounded, but their leader, pointing to the example of Moses, who had also dwelt among the heathen, as well as to the prophecies of Isaiah, contended that in his changed condition he was only fulfilling his appointed mission. His explanation was in part satisfactory, and his disciples imitated his example to so considerable an extent that the Rabbis, fearing the approaching end of Judaism, induced the Sultan to interfere and to condemn Sabbathai to a rigid confinement, in which he died in 1676.

His end, however, was not contemporary with that of his sect. Nathan, of Gazah, his leading henchman, had abandoned him on his apostacy, but his great opponent Nehemiah became converted to his opinion and acted as his successor in the leadership. It was prophesied that Sabbathai would return after  $111\frac{1}{3}$  years, when Jewry was either entirely good or entirely evil ; and as the latter state was easier to attain than the former, the wholesale conversion of the Jews to Mohammedanism was openly advocated.

Sabbathai's movement among other effects indirectly gave rise to a Kurdish Mahdi (Mohammedan Messiah) whose mission it was

to suppress the false prophet Sabbathai. This prophet also fell into the hands of the Sultan.

Sabbathatism survived the death of Nehemiah as well as its founder, but rather as a collection of time-honoured customs than of living beliefs. For a century it dragged out a listless existence until its dispersed and half-forgotten threads were collected and bound together by a new pretender, who hoped to build for himself an empire from the ruined columns of his precursor.

Jacob Frank was born in Poland, where his first occupation was that of distiller. His original name was Jankiev Lejbovicz, but he obtained the new surname of Frank from the subjects of the Sultan in whose midst he sojourned for a long time. His career was one unceasing warfare against Rabbinical Judaism, and in the peculiar views to which he gave expression he described himself as the re-incarnation of all the prophets and messiahs that had preceded him. In Turkey he obtained considerable renown on account of his Cabalistic learning, and on the return to his birthplace the remnants of the Sabbathaian party who were known as Zoharites appointed him their prophet. The Talmudists, however, disapproved most vehemently and forcibly of his teachings, and did not hesitate to stoop to persecution in order to prove their opponents in the wrong. The schismatics found a powerful friend in the Bishop of Kaminiek, and with his avowed assistance the tables were turned and the former persecutors were compelled to take up the rôle of the afflicted. With the death of the Bishop, however, another change came over the fortunes of the parties. The Frankists had once more to eat the bread of sorrow, and in order to avoid still greater troubles, the whole party determined to leave their homes and to seek another land where existence might prove easier. They set out under the guidance of their leader for Turkey, but while on the way they were attacked and scattered. Frank himself was imprisoned in the Castle of Czentschow. Of his followers many became unwilling converts to Roman Catholicism, still cherishing the old faith in their hearts. The invasion of the Russians liberated Frank, and he was free to make a triumphal progress through Poland, Bohemia, and Moravia. He lived in state until his death in 1791, in various Continental capitals, with always an immense retinue and a vast treasure at his command, although the source of his wealth was never discovered. His later history, however, does not belong to the annals of Jewry. His teachings had always had a leaning towards Christianity, and it was the Roman Catholic branch of that faith that was finally embraced by him.

ALBERT M. HYAMSON.

## WEST-PYRENEAN LAWYERS IN THE PAST.

**B**ÉARN, Soule, and Navarre, all subject since the year 1620 to the Parliament of Pau, and Bigorre, which then belonged to the jurisdiction of Toulouse, were, about the seventeenth century, alike remarkable for the excellence of their laws and lawyers, and for the barbarity of their judicial practice.

Little Béarn, between 1629 and 1672, that is, within the space of forty-three years, had seven public executioners. A child was tortured and hung in 1657.<sup>1</sup> Many criminals were branded and burned, others sent to the galleys with the money obtained from fines paid by prostitutes. In 1666, the *Chambre de la Tournelle* stultified itself by "adjudging a natural child to a putative father, and enjoining him never more to commit similar acts in the future."<sup>2</sup> Magicians were hunted in three different places in 1667. In 1643, the hangman himself, Simon Marensin, was hung by his assistant, as had happened in another case in 1623,<sup>3</sup> and trumpets sounded to notify the fact that sundry women were about to be publicly flogged. In the following year, *adultères récidivistes* were made to pay a fine of 150 livres, and seducers to marry their victims, and pay forty francs as a fine, to go to the officers of the court. In 1646 the executioner went from Pau into Navarre to flog a woman<sup>4</sup> and to conduct an execution in effigy, a form of object-lesson considered then vastly effective. But lest *insanabile scribendi cacoethes* with regard to such horrors may be thought to have got hold of our pen, this woeful list of penal absurdities shall not be continued.

The object of these pages is to show that, notwithstanding the barbarity of its practice, the humanity of the old criminal law, as well as that of its professors, were in the seventeenth and eighteenth

<sup>1</sup> *Arch. Basses-Pyrénées*, B. 3926.

<sup>2</sup> "Adjuge au père putatif un enfant naturel, et lui enjoint de ne plus commettre de semblables actes à l'avenir."

<sup>3</sup> *Arch. Basses-Pyrénées*, B. 3847 and 3674.

<sup>4</sup> The torture was applied even to women, and generally by three cagots, *i.e.*, descendants of lepers. *Ibid.* B. 3748 and 3756

centuries alike wonderful in their juxtaposition throughout the Pyrenees.

To take the case of Jacques-Antoine de Lafite, Seigneur de Cassaber de Maria de Baigts et de Beyrie, Advocate at the Parliament of Navarre, who took his seat in the States Assembly as Seigneur de Maria in 1654. At the end of the seventeenth century he wrote a valuable commentary on the New For, or Customs of Béarn, as well as a treatise on *Dots*, and another on the Privileges of the Nobles. The Criminal Code then in force was that of Louis XIV., forced upon Béarn in April 1670, and put into operation by the Cour de la Tournelle. Under it advocates ceased to be Procureurs du Roi, eighteen of whom were then appointed. The position of advocate thus became less lucrative but more honourable, because they thenceforth ceased to be mere Court functionaries. The biography of De Maria in Michaud's "Biographie Universelle," vol. xxvi., does not give his Christian name, and errs gravely in its dates. But the analysis of his work is accurate and exhaustive, though taken mainly from the monograph of M. Blandin upon the Old and New Fors of Béarn. It shows that the Court of First Instance had been that of the Jurats and Feudal Lords, the Appeal Court that of the twelve Barons of Béarn, instituted to keep the rapacity of the Feudal Lords and Viscount in check, and to uphold the liberties of the people of the country. Such liberties were, among others, that the *peculium* of the son, if acquired by the work of his own hands, did not fall into his father's power. On the other hand, the son could not force his father to sell property for his support, or to keep him at home, if leading an idle and immoral life. The wife's right, even if she had no children, was at her husband's death to have her dower protected against his creditors. The honest debtor had the privilege of being freed from all legal liability after a lapse of thirty years, though his moral liability was "not at an end in a thousand." No execution could be put in any house where a woman lay in child-bed. But the dishonest man who claimed a debt which was already paid had the sentence nailed to his forehead with tin tacks, and was then marched round the town, the crier proclaiming, "So will it happen to all others who act thus." And afterwards he was exiled for a year and a day. The law then excused theft up to fourteen years of age, but the professional thief, like the husband who caused his wife an injury by beating her when *enceinte*, was wont to be hanged. A striking example of injustice on the part of a judge and its consequences is given in the For of Morlaas<sup>1</sup> though not

<sup>1</sup> For de Morlaas, Rubr. cxxxi. Art. 350.



referred to in the later For, upon which De Maria wrote his commentary, in the following pregnant words: "The Seigneur of Mirepeix gave judgment if a man owe money and cannot pay, that he must pay. And he was deprived of his function as judge, he who was one of the Twelve Barons of Béarn." The same For institutes the Tribunal of the "Bon Baron,"<sup>1</sup> which was a Court of Arbitration by Prudhommes, the appeal from which lay to the Viscount as Bon Baron, and then to the Cour Majour. It was in this capacity that Gaston VI., Gaston with the open hand, acquired the proud title of *Droiturier*. The other subjects besides Justice, Civil and Criminal, dealt with in the Old For, were Religion and the Franchises and Liberties of the people. Such of these as have found a place in the New For are commented upon in its fifty-nine rubrics by De Maria, of whom there is no need to say more here than that he was a liberal-minded and humane man, a Protestant and father of seven children, two of whom were, like himself, advocates at the Parliament of Navarre.

Another great lawyer was David De Labourt, who wrote, like De Maria, Commentaries upon the same New For, in the middle of the 17th century. He was Seigneur d'Aressy and Maître des Comptes de Navarre, his duty being in especial to look after the property and revenues of the King. De Labourt's work is more practical and less over-loaded with dissertations than that of De Maria, and is useful as containing a translation of most of the Articles of the For. It, like the other, has never been printed, though dedicated to the États de Béarn.

In the next century flourished "the Merlin of Béarn," Jean François de Mourot, born in the year 1740. He was the son of a Procureur at the Parliament of Navarre, and grandson of the Hereditary Conseiller-Mayor of the Valley d'Asson, an office created by Louis XIV. in 1694. Mourot was an orphan, neglected by his guardian, who had subsequently to answer for his shortcomings in regard of his ward before the Court of Béarn. Called to the Bar in 1760, he became a Syndic Jeune in 1769, and Professor of the Laws of France in the University of Pau in the year 1774. This University had Faculties of Law, Letters, and Theology. Of Law there were originally chairs for the Institutes, the Laws of France, the Digest, the Code and Novels, and the Canon Law. In 1756, however, eighteen years before Mourot's appointment, the Chair of the Code and Novels was abolished, and its duties incorporated with those of the Professor of the Law of the Digest. In this way

<sup>1</sup> For de Morlaas, Rub. xxxiii. Art. 92, and Renovation de Cour Majour, Art. 20.

the annual salary of each professor, which was originally 500 livres, was raised to 535. In 1775, Mourot became Syndic Ancien, having as confrères Dubosq, Lombart, and Perrin, all members of the brilliant band of juriconsults who flourished at Pau just before the Revolution. He is best known as the author of seven unpublished legal works, namely, treatises on *La Dot*, which was always the great *crux* of Béarnais lawyers, *Les Paraphernaux*, *L'Augment*, *Les Successions*, *Les Légitimes*, *Les Institutions Contractuelles*, and *L'Avitinage*. In 1793, Mourot was elected representative of his district to the *États Généraux*, but he is said to have taken no active part in its deliberations. Anyway, he seems to have returned to his work as an advocate and juriconsult as soon as he conveniently could. And so great was the esteem in which this great lawyer was held, that his chambers quickly became a sort of domestic tribunal, to which litigants used to resort in order to settle their disputes. He died in 1813, *doyen* and *bâtonnier* of the advocates of Pau.

Another eminent lawyer and historian was Faget de Baure (Jean Jacques). He, like so many other legal worthies in the Pyrenees, came of a family of which various members had already adorned the profession of the law. Born at Orthez in 1795, he became Advocate-General to the Parliament of Navarre at a very early age. He wrote a history of the Canal of Languedoc, published in 1805, and historical essays concerning Béarn, published a year after his death, namely, in 1817. Other famous legal families of Béarn were the De Duplaas, the D'Abbadies, the Dufaus, and the De Casaux.

Mention must be made of another lawyer of renown, an inhabitant of Soule, Jacques de Bela, born at Mauleon in 1586. He, too, came of a distinguished legal family. Being a Protestant, De Bela had some difficulty in getting himself received as an advocate. This great Juriconsult continuously distinguished himself by the powerful support with which he upheld the ancient prerogatives of the country that, like a true Basque, he loved with a love that passed knowledge. At the age of sixty-six, Bela rendered himself especially famous by preventing a criminal, who was a defective if not a true lunatic, from being executed, a course subsequently approved by the Parliament of Bordeaux. When a mere child he had saved the surgeon of his town from arrest, for what was then called incest. Had this unfortunate man not been warned by De Bela, he must certainly have been arrested, in which case he would probably have lost his life on the scaffold. As it was, he merely married his niece, all in fact that he ever meant to do. De Bela died in 1667, and on his tombstone are inscribed the following words : " Here lies Jacques de Bela, who

died with these words on his lips, 'Thy will be done.' He wrote a Commentary on the Customs of Soule, which, though learned, is very prolix ; and also a dictionary that he called "Tablettes." It contains a series of learned essays upon words such as Age, Abuse, To Accommodate, Accord, Action, Advocacy, and so on throughout the Alphabet. But neither work was ever printed, though many copies still exist in manuscript.

The same extraordinary state of things, viz., non-publication and consequent falling into desuetude, has been the fate even of the Latin Notes on the Fors, of Pierre de Marca, who died Archbishop of Paris, as well as of the remarks on the Secret Registers of M. de Mosqueros, one of the most illustrious of the judges of the 18th century. Even the "Mémoire pour établir la Consistance et l'Étendue de l'Ancien et Nouveau Domaine de Navarre of the Abbé Barbaste" (1733), that it took him twelve years to compile, and which was practically ordered and paid for by the State, has never as yet been printed. The same oblivion has fallen upon Vignau's Legal Treatise, and most of the Law Reports of the Parliament of Navarre.

Passing on to regulations regarding lawyers,<sup>1</sup> we find the latter in Béarn and Navarre divided into two classes—Advocates (Advocats, Boceros, Abogados, Razonadors) and Notaries ; while these, again, in Navarre, were either Escribanos or Notaris. The Advocate, usually a University graduate, had to pass an examination before being called, and also to take the oath of office every year at the first sitting of the Court after Epiphany. This oath was to the effect that he would not defend unjust cases, or ask for undue delays, or put forward false or futile defences, but that he would do his best for his clients. Under the Old Fueros, no one who knew the Decretals could be accepted by the Alcade as an advocate in Navarre. There, likewise, champerty was expressly forbidden, as well as acting for two parties having interests that might clash, or which were not, in fact, wholly identical. In Béarn, Soule, and Navarre alike, undue lengthiness and repetition were punished by a fine payable by the Advocate, and not, as with us, by the client.

Even under the For of Morlaas,<sup>2</sup> and therefore probably as long ago as the 12th century, as well as under the New For, any suitor that had no advocate could get one, at no expense to himself,

<sup>1</sup> Probably founded on those in Cod. Theod. lib. ii., tit. iv., *cf.* Those in Attaliatae Synopsis (A.D. 1072), tit. xcv.

<sup>2</sup> For de Morlaas, Rub. 33, Art. 97. New For, Rub. "Deus Advocats," Arts. 9 and 10.

on application to the Court. The judges chose whatever member of the Bar they pleased, and if the person chosen refused to act, he was punished forthwith. In Béarn, in the seventeenth century, there was a special advocate of the poor. Some of the Regulations of Henri II. in the Stil of Béarn are remarkable for the time of their promulgation, which was the middle of the 16th century. Art. 69 is as follows: "We desire that those who have been examined and found fit to be advocates, should make oath not to take up or maintain any suit in their judgment unjust. Moreover, if in the middle of a suit they discover it to be unjust, they are to give it up. Advocates are faithfully to defend the rights of their clients, to be contented with moderate fees, due regard being paid to the nature of the suit and the fortune of the client. They are to suggest nothing calumnious, and to guard honourably all professional secrets. They are to show respect both to ministers of justice and also to their seniors."

Art. 72: "Advocates, when conducting a case, are to be the one on one side, and the other on the other, of the Court, dressed decently and modestly, and worthily of their profession. They are to present their clients' case without using superfluous words, or abuse, or introducing irrelevant matter, under the penalty of being suspended from practising for the first offence, and of being disbarred for the second, as well as being liable to an arbitrary fine."

Art. 78: "Advocates are not to be prolix, nor to repeat the same fact twice, either in the pleadings or in their speeches, under an arbitrary penalty, in which we enjoin the judge to condemn them."

In Navarre they were ordered "to sit quiet on their seats and not to get up unless obliged so to do." Also to go away without a murmur, if they lost their case,<sup>1</sup> and this under the penalty of ten livres carlines, or an arbitrary punishment.

France has well been called *Nutricula Causidicorum*, for lawyers galore have flourished and still do flourish within her boundaries. Nor was there ever a time when fees in France were not permitted to be taken. Indeed, this usage, so regretted by Quintilian, began at Rome in Nero's time. In Béarn the fee was ordinarily thirty-six sols each "*Plaidorie*," and never more than three livres,<sup>2</sup> so that it is no great marvel that Béarnais lawyers never grew over-rich. Indeed, the fees of all Pyrenean advocates were regarded with jealousy, and even strictly regulated by certain of the *Fors*. For example, that of Azun in Bigorre provides that the fee in the Court of First

<sup>1</sup> Stil de Navarra, Rub. "Judge et Advocats," Art. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *Arancel, ou Tarif des Droits de Justice*, p. 13.



Instance is to be but five sols Tournois (*i.e.* one-third of five sols Morlaas), and eighteen deniers Morlaas in other courts "for the same man and woman, and nothing more in each court." The usages of the Pau Bar in this and other respects have been detailed by M. Bascle de Lagrèze, but as his account is merely a description of the dress worn, and the various ceremonial attitudes adopted in Court, it is chiefly of local interest. The general drift goes to show that the Pau Bar had at this period great liberty, and constantly assumed still greater, like the *Avocats du Sénéchal d'Oloron* who in 1620 claimed to take the *pas* of all other gentlemen.

The status and doings of the Notaries are not of much general interest. In the 17th century, no one could be a Notary and Advocate at the same time. The position of Notary was still often bought by the nobles and farmed out to a deputy, but as a rule the deputy did his work remarkably well. In Bigorre, under the For of Azun, they were personally liable for mistakes, and held in duty bound, within eight or ten days, to copy in their registers every deed drafted by them, and in Béarn, on giving up their office, to hand over all their clients' papers to their successors. Thus much for the position and standing of the profession of the law.

The problem now is, how to reconcile the excellence of the law and the learning and uprightness of many of the lawyers, of which we have now given sufficient instances, with the cruelty which marked the criminal practice of the 17th and 18th centuries throughout the Pyrenees. Not that such a state of things was peculiar to this district, except in so far as it here marked a falling away from the better condition of earlier Pyrenean days. Liberty under the Old Fors made far greater progress than under the New, as, for example, in that the nobles were by the latter exempted from many taxes and charges, which was not the case before.<sup>1</sup> Louis XIV. completed the downfall of liberty in Béarn, by abetting the judges in their increasing severity. Although, in the olden time, the position even of criminal judge, or jurat, when not elective, was often bought by nobles, and a substitute put in to do the work, both noble and substitute had to be approved by the people, and to take an oath to respect their Fors and Customs.<sup>2</sup> Again, in the case of elected judges, the position was often but a temporary one, as, for instance, at Bagnères de Bigorre, where they were changed every year. When,

<sup>1</sup> New For, Rub. 1, Art. 22. *Cf.* too the ancient liberty of the chase.

<sup>2</sup> For example, in the 17th century, the Abbé of St. Savin bought at auction the high, middle, and low justice of St. Savin from the King. Lagrèze, *Droit dans les Pyrénées*, p. 96.



later on, the magistracy got into the hands of certain "families of the robe," the position of judge became thereby by no means magnified, nor did it increase in repute. On the other hand, the advocate had usually been held in esteem even from Roman times. At first, the priests, as the only learned men in those days, did most of the advocacy. Afterwards, it became the profession *par excellence* of capable and earnest laymen. The Bar held then as now a position relatively to the Bench much more important than with us, owing to the greater merits of the respective members of the former, taken man for man. In England, about the same period, we had a stronger Bench and crueller laws.<sup>1</sup> Besides, our wholesale hangings of criminals had always been notorious, as, for example, in the days of Judge Jefferies. But in the Pyrenees things went from better to worse, and not, as with us, from worse to better, for the judges then had not sufficient ability to be merciful in spite of the law's rigour, though they were not openly unjust. The Bar did what it could to mitigate the horrors of the criminal law in the case of clients, but as the best of the lawyers appear to have taken to civil rather than to criminal work, as being the better paid, what advocates, as such, actually accomplished was not much. And hence the miserable state of things set out at the beginning of this article. That good laws alone do not cause men to be gentle, is made plain by the fact that under some customs, as that of Mauroux, cruelty to animals was punished not only in the case of the offender, but, if he could not be found, in that of the commune too to which he belonged.<sup>2</sup> Yet cruelty to animals seems to have existed as much there as in districts in which there was no such enactment in force. So in the case of Pyrenean crime in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. It existed, notwithstanding the comparative mildness of the older law. Or rather, as what was then held to be crime existed, it was cruelly over-punished, because the judges were too feeble to see that severity does not stop crime. Everything was dragged into the criminal net. Jurats hunted up girls suspected of being *enceinte*,<sup>3</sup> as, for instance, at Monein in 1734, and at Baros in 1642. They proceeded even against the soldiers of the regiment "des Cantabres for leading scandalous lives with strange women." They forbade

<sup>1</sup> Even Ducane (*Punishment and Prevention of Crime*, p. 9) says, "The Romans seem to have arrived at a level of humanity and good order (in punishments), which was not again touched in England till long after the present century had begun."

<sup>2</sup> Lagrèze, *op. cit.* p. 321.

<sup>3</sup> *Arch. Basses Pyrénées*, E. 2307 and E. 2215, DD. 1-6 and EE. 1-32.

cutting wood by the people of Lassewbe in the woods of Monein, under the penalty of death.

To give a few more concrete instances in the seventeenth century of conspicuous judicial absurdities. In July 1637, the Premier President of the Parliament of Navarre, sitting at Pau, and the *doyen* of the Court quarrelled, the latter having in open court accused the former of taking bribes. As a result they interchanged blows, and this circumstance was entered on the register.<sup>1</sup> The same sort of thing seems to have occurred also in Court between two of the judges named De Belloc and De Livron, in January 1651, when they struck each other, because the former made some unpleasant observation upon the habit of snuff-taking, to which it appears that the latter was addicted. For this they were ordered to appear at the bar of the Court uncovered, and to be censured by the President Gassion "*selon le desmerite d'un chacun d'eux.*" Afterwards, De Belloc was suspended for a month. Nor was this, after all, very remarkable, if we recollect that the Parliament of Pau, formed in 1620 by joining together the Sovereign Council of Béarn and the Chancery of Navarre, consisted—certainly in the eighteenth century—of eight presidents, two chevaliers d'honneur, and forty-six councillors, besides seven public prosecutors and fifteen greffiers. Indeed, so numerous seem to have been the members of the Court, that in 1624 the great Pierre de Marca, who was one of its Presidents, had to "make humble application to the *Chambre des Comptes*" for the payment of his honorarium of 935 livres for the preceding year.

Many curious incidents are recorded in the registers of this Court. In 1630, for example, one of the greffiers writes to the gaoler of the Château of Sauveterre, telling him to offer a pardon to a criminal sentenced to death who was then in his hands, if the latter would be prepared to accept the post of public executioner in exchange for such pardon. In this event he was to be well fed, and the letter ends thus: "Awaiting your reply, I am your affectionate servant." It would seem that the public executioners were perpetually demanding payment for their ghastly work, or their wives petitioning for something or other. In 1634, one of the latter, having learnt that her husband had just been killed, begs that his clothes and the little money he had may be given her, and his murderers punished. In 1660, the widow of one executioner who was mother-in-law of another, petitioned the Court because a carpenter had put up a gallows that fell down and hurt her son-in-law, and

<sup>1</sup> *Arch. Basses Pyrénées*, B. 4538.

made him look ridiculous in the eyes of the attendant mob. The same woman, who was apparently a shrew, in 1662 managed to get from the *Seigneurs de Parlement en la Tournelle* twelve francs for blows received from the then executioner, "the same to be deducted from his wages." In this very matter, too, the surgeon who attended the woman got twenty livres from the same source, instead of the fifty he demanded, for "attendances during five whole weeks, thinking of the matter twice a day, and furnishing and supplying all the medicines and apparatus necessary" for the wound in the head she seems to have received. Again, it is sad to see how universal at this time torture was. In 1656, three carpenters were constrained by the Court to apply it to the Marquis de Luzignan; and the same sort of thing was constantly occurring.

Passing to other judicial shortcomings in the succeeding century, in 1765 a chairman was sentenced for "tapage et rebellion" against an officer of the Court, to be placed in the hangman's hands, and taken by him to the principal entrance of the Court, barefoot and in his shirt, with a rope round his neck and a candle in his hand, and there to beg pardon of God, the King, and Justice. Afterwards to be sent to the galleys for five years and branded G A L. In 1726 a woman, said to be possessed by the devil, was ordered to be interviewed by certain "moral philosophers."<sup>1</sup> In 1731 a surgeon of Osse was banished for five years for "impiety, irreligion, and other things."<sup>2</sup> In 1763, the Curé of Assat, accused of "spiritual incest," was sentenced to be hung and then burned.<sup>3</sup> And lastly, as late as 1770, a surgeon was accused of, and tried for, "adultery, double adultery, polygamy, and armed rebellion against justice."<sup>4</sup> Protestants were arrested for having their children baptised by their own ministers in 1767,<sup>5</sup> and imprisoned for not abjuring their faith in 1769,<sup>6</sup> and refused burial in cemeteries. Also for "*Sortilèges, diffamations, et autres désordres*," in 1778.<sup>7</sup> The Pau prisons were full of gaol fever as late as 1763,<sup>8</sup> although, bad as was the condition of things with us, even in crowded Newgate, the last outbreak was in 1750. Debtors were kept in prison, and their food paid for by the creditors at the rate of only seven livres a month, till 1775, when the sum was raised to ten livres.<sup>9</sup> Prisoners escaped

<sup>1</sup> *Arch. Basses Pyrénées*, E. 4817.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4826.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4919. Cf. Process against the Hermit of Asson in 1701. *Ibid.*

5374.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4948.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4933 and 4375.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4941.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4991.

<sup>8</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4922 and 4543.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* B. 4975.

perpetually, and were often helped to do so by the gaolers, one of whom was, in 1741, flogged and banished for five years for so doing.<sup>1</sup>

From all this it will now be sufficiently clear that, whatever the merits of the law and of the men of the law, the demerits of its procedure and practice, both at and after trial, were excessive, even at a period like the middle of the eighteenth century. Comparing this condition of things with that existing in the Middle Ages in Béarn, Bigorre, and Navarre alike, we cannot but come to the conclusion that the movement was retrograde, notwithstanding the high standing and attainments of contemporary jurisconsults. This is obviously not only unusual but eminently regrettable, and forms a blot on the fair fame of the Pyrenean legal executive, at a period when most others were on the up grade. So that we can readily picture a man of the Pyrenees complaining in the year 1750 :

Aetas parentum pejor avis tulit  
Nos nequiores ;

and, having regard to the Revolution so soon to fall upon the land, perhaps even adding with prophetic truth :

mox daturus  
Progeniem vitiosiore.

A. R. WHITEWAY.

<sup>1</sup> *Arch. Basses Pyrénées*, B. 4854.

## TABLE TALK.

### KING ARTHUR.

THE discussion whether there ever was an actual personage known as King Arthur would lead one far, and I do not propose to take any personal part in it. Whichever theory one adopts—whether one treats Arthur as a real monarch or a mythical being—the difficulties seem about equal. One great trouble in the way of the believers in his existence is that there is no place for him in chronology. If he ever lived and reigned, it seems to have been within a given period. In order to fit him into that period you have to accept things innumerable which only a devotee can swallow. Suppose, then, you dismiss him as non-existent, you are not a bit better off. He is, if he is at all, too near in date to be treated as Mr. Frazer treats Sardanapalus, as being the same as the god Sandon, and we are scarcely justified in regarding him as “a solar myth.” It has, however, been pointed out by Dr. Howship Dickinson (“King Arthur in Cornwall”<sup>1</sup>), the latest writer on the subject, that the devil is the only personage who can claim so numerous, or even more numerous, associations with place-names in Britain. Compared with either of these worthies, both “Julius Cæsar and Oliver Cromwell sink into insignificance.” On the strength of these things Dr. Dickinson holds Arthur to have been as real a person as Cæsar or Cromwell, “though less advantageously circumstanced for the recording of his deeds.” His period, it is naturally held, must be placed “in the dark interval between two civilisations—between the departure of the Romans from the island and the establishment of the Saxon polity.” This practically resolves itself into the fifth and sixth centuries, though writers such as Dr. Cobham Brewer, who in works of reference treat Arthur as a real person, are careful not to compromise themselves by dates.

<sup>1</sup> London : Longmans.



## ARTHURIAN PLACE-NAMES.

FROM the Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, Dr. Dickinson gives a list of Arthurian localities in Cornwall, Brittany, Wales, and Northern England, extending to Scotland. Some are, of course, well known in legend, as King Arthur's Castle at Tintagel, where the king is said to have been born ; Caerleon-upon-Usk, where, according to Nennius, a great battle was fought ; and Arthur's Seat, to which it has been vainly sought to give a Gaelic meaning. According to the latest authorities, the district between Penrith and Strathmore is the richest in such associations. There are three Arthur's Seats, and two Arthur's Round Tables, besides Arthur's Stone, Arthur's Oven, Arthur's Chair, Arthur's Camp, &c. &c. There are also Merlin's Fountain and Grave and Mordred's Castle. This is far indeed from exhausting the list. Are we, then, to suppose that all these names are bestowed in connection with people who never lived ?

As I stated at the outset, I shall not attempt to decide a question still eagerly contested. Every sympathy I have is in favour of establishing Arthur as King of the Silures, and accepting as real personages Sir Bors, Sir Gawaine, Sir Galahad, Sir Tristram, Sir Lancelot, Guinevere, Merlin, Vivien, the Knights of the Table Round, and even the

Faery damsels, met in forest wide  
By Knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
Lancelot or Pelleas or Pellinor.

Not without a pang would I sacrifice the stories which are amongst the fairest things in literature, which inspired the prose of Malory and the poetry of Tennyson, Morris, Swinburne, and a score others, and were selected by Milton as a fitting subject for an epic poem.

Concerning these beings, Miss Jessie Weston very pleasingly says : "Children of a land of eternal youth, Arthur and his knights are ever young." It is indeed a special attraction about the heroes of the Arthurian cycle, which roused the bile of splenetic Roger Ascham, that they constitute a domain in which one is never weary. As Thomson says in "The Castle of Indolence" :—

A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it was,  
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye ;  
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,  
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

To employ once more an assertion of Leigh Hunt concerning "The Fairy Queen," which is equally applicable to the Arthurian romances, a lover of poetry would no more tire of them than he would of

repose on summer grass. They are written as if the "world would never grow old," and as the lady I quote above says, they never do grow old. The knights themselves are said to have died. Witness the lament of Sir Ector over the death of Sir Lancelot in Malory, one of the most priceless things in literature ; but the world preferred to believe them still in Avalon, whence the return of Arthur was for centuries anticipated.

The Celts are naturally the firmest upholders of the view that Arthur and his principal knights are real, and efforts are made to connect Gawaine with the Cuchullin of Irish legend. If we could indeed transfer the scene of the Arthurian exploits from Cornwall to Ireland many difficulties would vanish, but the references to Cornwall and South Wales are too numerous and too direct to permit of any such transference of scene.

#### KING ARTHUR IN SCOTLAND.

ONE school of antiquaries would find in Cumbria and Scotland the scene of Arthur's principal exploits, and notably that of his death. According to its members, Glein is Glen in Ayrshire ; Dubglas is not, as is held by Geoffrey of Monmouth, in Lincolnshire, but Douglas in Lennox ; Coit Cebidon is on the Carron in Tweedale, Castle Guinnion is in Wedale, Leogis is at Dumbarton, Treuroit on the banks of the Forth, near Stirling, where Arthur's Round Table is still shown. Agnet is a name for Edinburgh, and Badon Hill is not Bath on the English Avon, but Bowdon Hill in Linlithgow, on the Scottish Avon. These views, expounded in Mr. W. F. Skene's "Four Ancient Books of Wales" and Mr. Stuart Glennie's "Arthurian Scotland," are well summarised by Mr. C. F. Keary in the life of Arthur in the "Dictionary of National Biography." Dr. Dickinson favours the view that Arthur's last battle, which was fought, it must be remembered, against a confederacy of Picts, Scots, and Saxons, or renegade Britons, took place at Camelon on the river Carron, in the valley of the Forth. That names and superstitions connected with Arthur and his associates abound in Southern Scotland is clearly shown.

#### ALLEGED IGNORANCE IN ARTHUR'S COURT.

BEFORE quitting a subject which has always exercised a great fascination over me, I must deal with one view of Dr. Dickinson, that I should like to be able to resent and reject as a heresy. It is maintained in his book that the fighting men of Arthur's Court

"were only less illiterate than the Saxons with whom they contended." That there was, as he says, no Xenophon among them to leave behind a record of their actions is certain. It is uncomfortable to accept the theory that there was none who could read or write—a proposition put forth by Dr. Dickinson conjecturally. Reading and writing were, of course, until a much later period, practically a monopoly of the scribes. It is a fact, moreover, that "no manuscript has come down to us from Arthur's time and place." Manuscripts of the assumed date of Arthur are not common, the deeds of heroes being then and subsequently recounted in oral recitations rather than in MSS. There was but little time for reading with those constantly occupied in carving the casques of men, and the hours in which there was light enough in a building erected for defence to peruse a MS. must have been few.

The recitation of a ballad or the feats of a jongleur were entertainments better suited to the post-prandial enjoyments of the warrior. It is no cause for marvel, then, that references to any attempt at reading are few. Letters, however, pass between ladies and knights. Witness that which Dame Bragwaine delivered to Sir Tristram from La beale Isoud. Now, these might, of course, have been written by a scribe. Sir Tristram waited, however, for no scribe to translate them, but, as the chronicler says, "Then anon Sir Tristram read them, and wit ye well that he was glad, for therein was many a piteous complaint"—concerning separation, it is to be assumed, if his joy is to be intelligible. Among the games which the knights practised according to those Breton *lais* which preceded the romances there was the game of chess, which is not likely to be played by the wholly uncultivated. As I stated at the outset, the whole question bristles with difficulties.

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*LAVENDER.*

BY F. P. WARREN.

WHEN William Jenner, "fruit and vegetable merchant," had pushed his barrow through the iron gates which separated Clovelly Court from the rest of Walworth he stopped a moment to look up at the little third-floor window on the first staircase. The little dirty blind was pulled down, and there was a light burning down in the right-hand corner of the window. By a prearranged telegraphic code this arrangement of blind and light conveyed a message to Jenner, who, after gazing up at it intently in order to grasp its full signification, drew himself upright out of his slouch and squared his shoulders with an air of relief. He pushed his barrow into a shed and went up the stone steps. A little girl was waiting for him on the third-floor landing.

"I heard you coming up the stairs, uncle," she said. "Aunty's all right, an' there's been a lot of people here to-day. The doctor's brought a bottle of med'cine, and a clergyman's been with a lot of papers with stories on them. Oh! an' Mr. Griffin, what you brought in one day, took me in to see his birds: he's got such a lot, green an' yellow an' brown and all colours, and he's going to give me one to take back when I go."

The little girl remained behind in the parlour, while the man entered the bedroom, a dingy, stuffy room smelling of old clothes, dirt, and paraffin. In one corner was a bed on which lay a woman whose thin, drawn face lit up with a smile as her husband entered.

"Well, Liz," said Jenner, bending over the bed, "'ow goes it?"

"I don't know. Doctor's been to-day, an' 'e says I'm getting along all right, but——"

"That's right, old girl. When you're well agin, and the weather's warmer, we'll go somewhere for a day down in the country, Sunday 'scursion, you an' me an' Sal's little girl."

"Will, don't. I don't feel like that. Some'ow I don't think I'll get over this."

"Now, what d'you know about it? Don't a doctor say you're better? An' 'e's been to a 'ospital, an' all that, an' 'e knows."

"Yes, Will; but 'e's a doctor; 'e ain't never been a patient, an there's something tells me it's a job."

Jenner was sitting on the side of the bed now: he made a negative nod in answer to his wife, and thought for a second or two on the possible disadvantages a doctor might suffer under through not being a patient. His wife raised herself and put one arm round his neck and clutched a shawl round her with the other.

"Will, dear, when I'm gone you'll bury me all right, won't you? So as the neighbours can't say nothing about us. You promise, won't you, Will? There'll be the club money to draw, and you'll be able to do the thing respectable. But don't go to Cassidy. I couldn't abear it to be done by 'im. You promise me you won't?"

"Why, Liz, of course I should do the thing all right. But that's a long way ahead yet. We shan't be down here next year. Moses' foreman's leaving soon, starting on his own, and Moses said I could have the job if I liked—thirty-five bob a week. We'll go up to Enfield and have a little house of our own. Rents is cheap there, and the railway brings you up for tuppence return. The doctor says this air don't suit you, though I didn't know as there was any. Hows'-mever there's only one thing you've got to do, and that's to get well sharp. See?"

"I don't think I shall, Will."

"Now, that's just like you. Remember a little event what took place three years ago? At a little church?"

"Yes."

"An' didn't you promise, among other things, to obey? Well, I tells you you've got to get well, an' when I says a thing I means it. I told you afore that I'd got a devil of a temper, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you was talking without your book."

"There you go again. Jus' as if I ever talked without my book. You know well enough when I says apples is thrippence a pound, they're thrippence a pound; they ain't two pound for fourpence, nor three for a tanner, neither."



"But you'd let 'em 'ave seven for a bob."

"That's when they ain't partic'lar keen on them, and then it's 'arf a pound short."

He made a knowing inclination of his head towards the door. His wife gave him a little hug and laughed ; and at that Jenner knew he had been fooled again. He thought for a moment, and then exclaimed with unfeigned admiration : " Why, Liz, old gal, you've caught me agin. That was through saying three pounds for a tanner ; took me off my guard. You're a corker, you are. Wonder 'ow many bob I've been cheated out of since you was taken ill. P'r'aps it's quids."

Just then there came a tap on the outer door, and Jenner and his wife hastily composed themselves. Mrs. Jenner sank down on to the bed, while her husband, assuming an air of callous indifference, sat down on the safest chair, the stability of which was assisted by a Tate's sugar case over which a newspaper had been spread with artful carelessness ; but the girl had torn away a strip at the bottom, revealing the words " 112 lb. net." There was a little whispering in the other room, and then the door opened, and a neighbour came in nervously, holding a basin of steaming liquid in one hand and trying to hide a black mark under her eye with the other.

" Ah, Mrs. Harper," said Jenner, looking up, "'ow are you ?"

" Oh, lor', Mister Jenner, I didn't know you was here," replied Mrs. Harper in a squeaky voice. " I just popped in to see 'ow Missis Jenner was, and to bring'er a basin of soup. You don't mind, do yer ? It's lovely an' strong : I stooed the bones all day yesterday on my little oil stove, an' it'll do 'er good. When you've finished don't trouble about the basin ; jus' send it back as it is. I'll wash it up."

" Thank you," growled Jenner ; " it's very good of you." In want of something to say he added, "'Ow's the old man ?"

Mrs. Harper flushed and shot her hand up to her eye again, but ignored the question.

" I was thinking, Missis Jenner," she said, " if you liked you could send young Sally into my room for an hour or two any afternoon till you got well. Children like a change. I hear as 'ow the Board School Inspector is about, and 'e knows I ain't got any children, an' I'd like 'er to come in : it would be a bit of company for me, an' I don't see nobody, except some one comes in for a bit of a chat, till Ja-ack comes home at night."

Mrs. Harper spoke these words in a squeaking crescendo which with her usually preceded tears. The sight of a woman in tears

was one of the severest tests that Jenner had to undergo. He always felt sorry in his way, but if he ever said anything it was sure to be something that made the woman worse. So he looked up at the ceiling, and Mrs. Harper went on with her cry until a well-known voice was heard quarrelling in the court below, when she dried her tears, said "Good-night," and ran out.

"Cheerful sort of a party to talk to an invalid," remarked Jenner to his wife as Mrs. Harper was heard welcoming Ja-ack home in a series of squeaks. "Good sort, though. Pity 'e's such a brute. Same time it must be miserable her crying like that. Makes 'im stop away long's he can in the pub; he gets cannoned—drunk I mean—and then there's more punching. No one can't interfere, 'cause they'd be bound to upset 'er. But it's a rum thing when you come to think of it. I had a fag somewhere. Oh! pertaties is going to be riz next week—Moses told me so himself to-day." A church clock chimed the three quarters. "I'm going to try a fresh lay to-morrow, Liz, twelve mile out, and I want to be off early, so I shall turn in soon."

When the clock chimed the three quarters again the little girl had been packed away into a cupboard dignified by the name of a bedroom, and the man was fast asleep on the sofa in the parlour, whilst his wife was trying to stifle her cough that he might not be disturbed. She fell off into short periods of sleep, but heard most of the well-known bells chime the quarters and boom the hours with their hateful pertinacity. When she had first fallen ill she had been nursed by her husband's sister, who had quartered herself and her child on the family. As this sister's ideas of nursing were centred rather in the nurse than in the patient, Jenner had in the blunt, tactless way of brothers sent the woman away; but the child, to whom his wife had taken a fancy, remained. During the day the girl made herself useful, and considerable help was given by Mrs. Harper, who owed a debt of gratitude to the Jenners for help given when her only baby had died and her husband had gone into a long drinking bout. At night a table was drawn up to the bedside, and on this the lamp was placed, together with a jug of water, a footless wineglass, a box of bread pellets that a persuasive quack had cajoled Jenner into buying, and the remains of a bottle of rum that had been won in a Christmas raffle. These were deemed the most necessary articles for an invalid, but in case anything else should be needed Jenner had fitted up a bell which was never used save when he pulled the string to see whether it was still in working order. He was a light sleeper and came into the room two or three

times during the night and at any time when his wife had an unusually bad and prolonged fit of coughing and was unable to stifle it in the blanket ; but these occasions were rare now. Sometimes the two would talk together, but more often Mrs. Jenner would pretend to be asleep and watch her husband through her eyelashes as he gazed down at her.

At five o'clock the next morning Mrs. Jenner knew the wind had veered round towards the east because the usual indistinct murmur that came from the goods yard was now split up into its component noises. While she was wishing her husband had a warmer coat Jenner entered and approached the bed asking how she felt. Then he bent over the bed and kissed her, and she, as usual, told him not to, and he did it again, as he always did. "Blooming idiots" a neighbour called them.

An hour later Jenner had drunk the last of the coffee he had himself made, and then told his little niece to look after her aunt, which oft-repeated injunction the girl listened to with an air of self-importance with which a certain amount of incredulity was mingled. Of late the idea of her importance had been the most prominent, but this morning her uncle winked at her, which reduced her to her old state of uncertainty. Looking round at his wife as he opened the bedroom door, Jenner said, "Apples is thruppence a pound, Liz," laughed, and left the room.

Thinking over various things, Jenner loaded his barrow up and pushed it out through the iron gates. Early as it was, ten minutes had not gone by before he sold 2 lb. of apples, making an extra profit by the use of false weights. He pushed along through side streets and across main roads until he reached Clapham, where he bought a crust of bread and a bit of cheese, and then pushed on again. In three hours he had arrived at the scene of his labours. He pushed his barrow slowly up and down the principal street and round the market-place with an arrant disregard for the growlings of the small tradespeople who had paid for a pitch and regarded him as a trifle worse than a thief.

It seemed, though, as if the law which he had so often evaded was determined to have its vengeance that day. Every time he stopped he was moved on by the police. At last he so irritated one member of the force that he marched him off to the police station. Here he was detained while his address was being identified, and it was not till five o'clock that he was allowed to leave. Only richer by 11*d.* he pushed his barrow back in high dudgeon. At Clapham an inspector nearly caught him using his light weights. Jenner saw him coming along, and thinking he looked rather suspicious just

slipped the weights into an apple basket in time. After this, reckoning he was safe for the rest of the evening, he committed more offences than he had done for many a Saturday night.

The next day Jenner was in an unusual state of depression, which yielded but slowly before the flow of his wife's spirits. He had heard people talk of clouds having silver linings, and he was wondering "where it came in." His wife chaffed him more than she usually did, telling him she was going out with him herself the next day, which made him wince. Then, more serious, she demanded to be helped across the room.

"Why, I'm getting 'long fine!" she said as they proceeded slowly to the window. "Where was it you said you was going to in the summer? Enfield? Somewhere out Hampstead way, ain't it? Ain't the sun shining fine? Remember that day you an' me an' Sam an' that funny fellow with the concertina went down to 'Ampton Court? It was a good job you an' me had settled things, 'cos Sam came round that night and asked me to marry him. Do you hear? You're a fine man—don't care a 'a'porth of milk. If I said I wish I'd had 'im I don't believe you'd care. Don't. Now take me back again. I feel cold."

Jenner wanted to know if his wife knew anything about what had happened the day before. If she knew, he was going to tell her all about it; but if the address had been identified without her knowledge, he was going to say nothing till it was all over. In the meantime he was glad his wife was so much better.

The club doctor came, nodded to the husband, examined the woman, and said nothing, for after working for the club for over five years he had learnt how the members appreciated medical truths. He talked a little while with the wife and walked out with Jenner. The two men walked down the court, the cynosure of all eyes, Jenner feeling the dignity of his position when the doctor took his arm when they were half-way down the court.

"If your wife has a fancy for anything," said the doctor, "you can give it her."

"Very well, sir, I will," replied Jenner.

"It won't make any difference now."

"No, sir? I'm glad she's to be allowed to take what she likes."

"Hum," said the doctor to himself. "Shall I give him the pill to swallow plain? He won't take it sugar-coated. Perhaps it won't make any difference whether I speak or not. If I knew him etter——"

"Good-day, sir," broke in Jenner; "I'm going t'other way."



"Good-day."

Still pondering the matter the doctor walked on for about twenty yards and then turned and looked back, but Jenner had disappeared down a side alley to fetch the Sunday dinner from the baker's.

When they commenced eating the dinner Jenner tried to get his wife into his own line of thought. Growing irritated because his clumsy innuendoes failed to elicit the slightest perceptible response, either verbal or facial, Jenner finished his dinner in dissatisfied silence, and then took his little niece into the front room and found out from her that while she had been playing on the door-step the afternoon before a man had come and asked who lived there, and that she had told him, and had made him go away very quietly because her aunt was asleep. Then she stopped to breathe.

The doctor came twice again that day—in the afternoon to bring a bottle of medicine, remaining awhile but saying nothing, and in the evening in a state of excitement to take it away again. He acted it very well before the woman, and then when he went into the front room with Jenner dropped into his natural calm manner, emphasising the change, with the suddenness of it. He thought that would make Jenner suspicious, but Jenner was thinking about something else.

"You're looking run down," said the doctor, looking Jenner steadily in the eyes. "You ought to take a holiday, and the sooner the better. In fact, you ought to take a holiday to-morrow for your wife's sake."

"Well, sir," replied Jenner, looking away, "I don't know about being run down, but I was thinking about taking a 'oliday to-morrow."

"That's right. Good-night. . . . Pah! What a fool I am," said the doctor as he went down the stairs. "Why do I always choose these roundabout ways? Half of them don't care a toss which way it is, and I might just as well tell them straight out."

The next morning Jenner got a lift in a carrier's van to the place of his holiday-making. Even if he were let off, as he expected to be, it would be a serious thing to him. The week before had been a bad week, and now there would be a day out of this one gone and nothing to show for it.

The first case on the charge-sheet was that of a drunken and disorderly labourer. He was sober and repentant now, and was



severely cautioned and let off. Then William Jenner was called on a charge of loitering. The constable was there to prove the charge and to answer any questions the justices might ask.

"Well, what have you to say?" asked one of the justices on the bench, looking towards Jenner.

"Beggin' your pardon, your honours, I'm very sorry. I didn't mean to do any harm. I pushed my barrow all the way down here from Walworth, fourteen mile, an' I only took elevenpence. I promise you I won't come down again. I wouldn't then only I've got a sick wife at home."

The constables in the court grinned behind their hands.

"We," said the chairman, bending towards the reporters, "my colleagues and myself, are determined to put down this loitering with barrows in our streets. It's becoming an intolerable nuisance to the town, and on any future occasion we shall notice the offence more severely. Half-a-crown."

"But I ain't got 'alf-a-crown, your honour. I've got to walk all the way back. Can't your honours let me off? If you do, I won't come back to your town again. Couldn't you bind me down, or something, not to come? I wouldn't ask you, but for my sick missus at 'ome."

"One day," said the chairman, noticing the policemen's smiles.

Jenner was led into a room where some constables were warming themselves before a fire. As soon as the door was shut the man in charge of him burst out into a laugh and then said :—

"Another sick wife."

The others laughed too. "Why, that's the fifteenth already this month. It's getting stale down here, old chap," said one, addressing Jenner. "You'd better try another game."

"'Pon my word, gen——"

"Now just listen to him, 'upon his word,' and 'e's got a sick wife at home."

"'Pon my Bible oath, then, I've 'ad the club doctor in to my wife for the last two months. You needn't believe it. I don't suppose you will. People don't believe nothing now. I wouldn't care a rap for myself, but I've had a bad time last month, and there's things to pay just the same, and she wants to be took special care of. Doctor said yesterday, 'Let 'er 'ave what she wants !' an' comin' all together it's rough."

The hollow voice silenced the men, and before Jenner left that day the man that had brought the charge got up a whip round for him. Some of the older members were still a bit

sceptical, but Jenner had half-a-crown handed over to him when he left that night.

When Jenner reached home he met Mrs. Harper's husband in a state of half-drunken madness on the stairs.

"Oh, that's you, is it?" said Harper. "Just the man I want. Look 'ere, I'm a working man, I am, an' I 'ave to work for my living. I don't make my wife go out with a fruit stall and git it for me. No. An' if I wanted anything I should 'ave to go withart; no one would giv' it me. I comes 'ome 'ere to-day early an' I finds my wife taking things in to yourn. I won't 'ave it. Understan' it once fer all. An' if I find 'er doing it agin, I'll bash 'er." Jenner pushed by; the other tried to follow him, but fell on the stairs and screeched out: "An' you too. An' if I find that kid in my room I'll wring 'er neck, an' you won't stop me neither."

In the outer room the doctor was waiting. As soon as he had nodded to him Jenner noticed the peculiar expression on his face.

"What's the matter, doctor?" he asked.

"There's a lot the matter," replied the doctor, nodding toward the room.

Jenner opened the door and entered. The doctor waited a few minutes, expecting the man to come out and make some sullen, callous inquiry about the certificate. Then he quietly entered the room. Jenner was kneeling at the side of the bed, clutching one hand of his wife, his face buried in the counterpane and his shoulders twitching. Many encounters with death and thankless efforts to save its victims had embittered the doctor. He had been thinking what a brute the man had been in going off, as he supposed, on some drunken carouse with his pothouse companions while his wife lay dying. He looked down at the man and tugged his moustache. Jenner was groaning now as it all came home to him. The doctor put his hand on Jenner's shoulder and spoke what words of comfort he could. After a while Jenner became calmer.

"Oh, sir!" he said in a broken, faltering voice, "I see now what you meant yesterday. But I was worried at thinking about something else. Oh! why didn't you speak plainly?"

"Believe me, I am very sorry; I thought you understood. But you must not go on in this way; you'll make yourself ill."

"Never mind me, sir; I suppose you meant it for the best; but me and Liz was as happy as a pair of birds, an' if I'd only known I wouldn't 'ave gone to-day, not for all the judges in England. It

was only a little thing—police-court job—but Liz was always thinking about me and anxious like, and she was getting—getting better, as I thought, an' I wouldn't tell 'er till it was over. Thank you, sir. I'd take it kindly if you was to leave me alone, now, along of—Liz."

. . . . .

A week later Jenner had buried his wife and had sent his niece back to her mother. He had sold his barrow and his furniture, such as it was. His rent was paid, and he had given up the key. Then he walked out into the streets and the jostling world. At night he found himself on the Embankment. He peered over the edge of the parapet and pulled out some weights and threw the heaviest over. Then he hesitated, and finally put the others back into his pocket. He walked on a little way and then suddenly stopped, dashed his hand into his coat pocket, and drawing the weights out scattered them into the water. Then a Colt went whirling round and round to find a resting-place beneath the surface of the mud. And then—and then Jenner stopped. He peered down at the water, watched intently by the crew of a police boat that had crept up into the shadow of a bridge close by. After a few minutes he turned slowly away, went up a side street, crossed the Strand, and dived through some more side streets until he came to a police station. He went in and was taken before the officer in charge, a man who had won his promotion by a clever piece of detective work.

"H'm," said the police officer, looking at the build of the man and the poise of his head, "you're a deserter."

"Come to give myself up," added Jenner, wondering how the other knew.

"What regiment?"

"Northumberlands—out in Egypt."

"When did you desert?"

"Three year ago."

"H'm, what's your name, and where do you live?"

"William Jenner. Don't live nowhere. Number was four, six, ought, three."

"Married? Anyone dependent on you?"

"No."

"Well, I shall have to put you into cells."

He rose and called one of the men, and then turning round quickly said, "Why are you giving yourself up now?"

"'Cause I want to get out of England."

As Jenner was led away the official watched him narrowly.

"H'm," muttered he, "what's he running away from?" He turned over a sheaf of official notices. "H'm, don't think it's anything there—may be, though. It isn't family troubles; he isn't a gentleman. Got a woman into trouble, perhaps, and trying the cheap hero game on. H'm, h'm! 'Prisoner was remanded for inquiries'—that's what'll be in the papers, I suppose."

## ANTON GREGOROWITCH RUBINSTEIN.

Dieu ne puis,  
Roi ne daigne,  
Artiste je suis !

A. G. RUBINSTEIN.

### I.

IT belongs to the nineteenth century to have produced exclusively as its own—in so far at least as concerns their mortal span of life—a galaxy of great musicians. Glinka (1803-1857); Berlioz (1803-1869); Mendelssohn (1809-1847); Chopin (1809-1849); Schumann (1810-1856); Liszt (1811-1886); Wagner (1813-1883); Rubinstein (1830-1894); Brahms (1833-1896); Tchaikovski (1840-1893). And from amongst all these names, representing every phase of modern music, not one stands out with a bolder relief or a more dominating force than that of Rubinstein.

It is now six years since his death, and considering the important position which he occupied in the musical world during a period of over half a century, as well as the singular attraction of his original and fascinating individuality, one can only be surprised that no adequate biography of Russia's musical Titan has yet appeared, at any rate in English. In Russian one or two interesting and fairly exhaustive sketches exist, notably a volume by Sophia Kavos-Dechtereva. Perhaps it is the unusual conflict of elements in his character which deters the would-be biographer. He is bewildered by what may be termed the utter chaos of Rubinstein's nature. There seemed indeed no connecting link between the vices and virtues of this man. His extremes of strength and weakness never met gently, the one absorbing the other, and so gradually forming a consistent entity such as retreating years can reveal in Wagner, for instance.

It were useless to attempt to describe him with that grace and refinement of touch which one instinctively feels necessary the instant one comes within the charmed circle of Chopin. For



Chopin, metaphorically speaking, we need the medium of a delicate pastel or a miniature on ivory. For Rubinstein's portrait we want the vivid lights and deep shadows of a Rembrandt, and his faults must be there every whit as much as his virtues, for if we attempt to gloss over a single one of them, we immediately weaken the outline and texture of his temperament. His failings give substance to his character; they form the woof to a web of magnificent power and nobility.

In his life, as in his music, there is the highest aim, a ring of passionate sincerity; yet over and over again, if only by a hair's-breadth, we feel that he failed to grasp that perfect consummation which his splendid physical, mental, and emotional gifts ought to have secured for him easily. He was endowed with a fine constitution, a frame brimming over with health and vitality, a large heart and a large brain. He was blessed moreover with a broad sense of humour; it may be that his keen feeling for the ludicrous was his chief stand-by, for it often helped him to be merely amused when otherwise he might have been crushed under a weight of disappointment and bitterness. He had a fund of inexhaustible energy; not by any means, though, that quiet persistent energy which surely, if almost imperceptibly, advances step by step to its goal, but rather an intermittent torrent of volcanic impetuosity which darted forth in leaps and bounds, often to its owner's undoing, since the very ardour which would have been a priceless boon to most men invariably made him altogether too eager of result, too impatient of detail.

He was fully alive to his own shortcomings. "I am always making mistakes," he avowed, "so often, indeed, that I haven't time to repent of them."

And his glaring inconsistencies were constantly coming home to him. "What am I?" he would exclaim, with an almost comic despair. "Jews count me a Christian, Christians a Jew; to Russians I am a German, to Germans a Russian; to the conservatives I am a radical, to radicals a despot."

His fame as a pianist is now surrounded by such a halo of celebrity that the generality of people will probably imagine his career to have been one long series of uninterrupted triumphs. As a juvenile phenomenon he certainly attracted much attention; he was petted, caressed, and laden with presents, which his mother (eminently practical Jewess that she was) promptly pawned or sold, to buy her large family the necessities of life.

As a man Rubinstein spent years of struggling hardship, making a scanty living out of badly paid piano lessons. He was nearly

forty before his playing brought him in anything like a steady competence. For this tardy recognition his own conduct was chiefly to blame. The very fact that he had a duty to perform at once roused in him a perverse spirit of opposition, and made him particularly anxious to evade his obligation. He invariably studied his inclinations before his interests, nor was he a respecter of persons. Unlike the suave Abbé Liszt, who contrived to be king and courtier combined, Rubinstein only understood how to be a king, and if he encountered other royalties, and found them dull or uncongenial, he did not hesitate to show that he was excessively bored. It is probable that one of his worst enemies in his worldly advancement was his bitter tongue, with which he readily lashed whatever savoured to him of injustice or hypocrisy.

A Christian by birth, a thorough Jew by descent, he was yet totally un-Jewlike in his absolute disregard of all commercial details. He had no eye whatever for the "main chance." It never so much as occurred to him to toady to purveyors of music, and it was thoroughly repugnant to his every instinct to play to order.

During his one American tour he bound himself to give so many concerts at stated terms. But he declared afterwards that the whole time he felt like an automaton, and began to heartily despise himself and his art. When later on he was offered £25,000 to repeat the experiment, nothing would induce him to accept the proposal.

At the zenith of his fame he must have gained a princely income, a large portion of which, it must be confessed, was no sooner earned at the piano than it was dissipated at the card table, for he was an incorrigible gambler. It should be added, though, that an equally large, if not a larger, portion of his earnings was lavished upon charity.

We most of us associate his playing with thronged concert halls, priced at a guinea a stall. Infinitely more characteristic of the true Rubinstein are the reminiscences of hundreds of grateful students and music-lovers "unable to pay," for whom he repeatedly gave gratis lectures and recitals in different cities of Europe.

A lasting monument also to his generosity and enthusiasm is to be noted in the marvellous development of musical culture throughout Russia during the last sixty years—a development which has given Russian musicians a foremost place amongst their colleagues all the world over, whether as performers or as composers. The conservatoires of St. Petersburg and Moscow, with their affiliated branches in different centres of the empire, were first planned and organised by Rubinstein, their success being wholly due to his energetic

expenditure of time and money. To this day, though, Russia as a nation does not appear to have fully realised all that he accomplished for her artistic welfare. He did the work, and then, with his habitual carelessness, he stood aside and allowed others to take the credit.

A volume of psychological reflections might be put together by any student who cared to collect a graduated series of Rubinstein's photographs, from his boyhood onward to within a short time before his death. Time engraved some very harsh lines on that face, but also some very beautiful ones. It is remarkable to note the gradual obliteration, little by little, of so much that was animal and sensual from the clean-shaven lips and chin.

As an object-lesson of one who strove not wisely but too well, his life deserves to be chronicled. In an age when materialistic considerations are more and more inclined to engulf all the ideals and poetry of art, we can least afford to lose ken of a fellow-being and an artist who, however imperfect his realisations, could nevertheless from beginning to end say simply and proudly :

Dieu ne puis,  
Roi ne daigne,  
Artiste je suis !

## II.

RUBINSTEIN and his less known brother Nicholas would seem to have been the only two members of their family specially gifted for music. Nicholas filled the unenviable position—as regarded the glorification of his own talents at least—of brother to a genius. He was in reality a far greater teacher, or rather patient and systematic trainer, of pianists than Anton, a fine performer, and a composer of some merit. A strong tie of fraternal love always existed between these brothers, the one constantly deprecating his own accomplishments in favour of the other. It has been aptly said of them that “they resembled two plums in size and flavour, but whereas Anton was a plum covered with bloom, Nicholas was just as good a fruit without it.”

Both boys received their first music lessons from their mother. Madame Rubinstein had been a governess. Without any very artistic pretensions, she was a capable amateur who after her marriage had still what is commonly called “kept up her music.” She had a great idea that each of her children should do as much as she could. There was no money to pay for instruction, therefore she taught

them herself, perching one after the other upon a music stool, and guiding stumbling fingers or recalcitrant wills with a box on the ears or a sharp application of the ruler ; for, according to her children's accounts, her instructions were distinctly more energetic than patient. Anton, as may be readily gathered from his disposition, was idle and diligent by fits and starts, but always brilliantly clever, and soon quite beyond his mother's tuition. With the promptitude and determination which characterised her every action she immediately decided that he should earn his living by music, and that the sooner he could bring a little grist to a by no means flourishing family mill the better. To do this she felt that he must have serious training. At that time the Rubinsteins were located at Moscow, where lived Villoing, a Frenchman, then reputed the best teacher of the piano in Russia. Accordingly Madame Rubinstein took her son to Villoing, explaining that she could offer very little remuneration, but that the boy was evidently of exceptional musical ability, and might possibly prove a first-class advertisement to any professor who took him in hand. Villoing speedily discovered that it was unnecessary to subtract any discount of maternal fondness from these remarks, and taught the child up to the age of thirteen, after which, with the exception of two years' theoretical training under the German contrapuntist Dehn, Rubinstein was his own master.

His brotherly affection has been touched upon : equally gracious was his lasting remembrance of all that he imagined he owed to Villoing. "He was my friend, my second father," he was wont to say ; "in all my subsequent experiences I never met with a better piano teacher ; he based his instructions upon a correct position of the hand and right tone production"—two vital principles in the technical side of the piano, beyond which no further advance has apparently been made.

Villoing would not accept a penny for his services to his pupil. Doubtless though, as Madame Rubinstein had predicted, he derived a very substantial benefit from his connection with the child, whom he was soon able to exploit throughout Europe as a prodigy.

Whilst with this master every available hour of the boy's life was devoted to piano practice ; how he ever even learnt to read or write he scarcely remembered. Yet in spite of this piano cramming, Rubinstein's musical education was a very meagre one, since all outward application ceased when he was fifteen.

And here we light upon one of the many paradoxes, not only in Rubinstein's personality, but such as assail us at every turn in Russia's, up to the present date, very brief musical history.



Before his day, music as a profession was pretty well unheard-of in his country—he was about the first avowed Russian professional destined to music from the outset of his career ; but on the whole he received far less training than the astounding amateur musicians with whose names we are gradually becoming more and more familiar upon our concert programmes. He was the king of pianists, but also the prince of amateurs.

Two important outside factors in his musical development were the playing of Liszt and the singing of Rubini. He endeavoured to catch the brilliance of the one, the luscious full *cantilène* of the other. Liszt he heard during that first prodigy tour with Villoing. So completely did the Hungarian virtuoso dominate his youthful fancy that Rubinstein used to declare that for years he was little more than a clumsy caricature of his hero, aping even his gestures and bow. Later on, when he had learned to analyse his impressions, he gauged Liszt and his performances to a nicety. In vulgar parlance, Rubinstein saw through Liszt completely ; at the same time he seized the calibre of his genius and praised it with all his own large-hearted generosity. "Liszt," he remarked, "is the demon of music, inflaming, intoxicating by his fantasticalness, bewitching by his grace, raising one with himself in his flight to the highest realm, and dragging one down with him to the lowest depth ; taking on and off all forms ; at once ideal and real, knowing all *and* able to do all, but—false in all ; insincere, contentious, theatrical, and bearing within himself the evil principle. A contrast of Liszt's fantasia with that of his contemporary, Thalberg, on themes from 'Don Juan,' reveals at once the difference—wide as heaven—that distinguishes them. Thalberg, the bedizened, polished, insignificant, and perfect man of society ; Liszt, the poetic, romantic, interesting, highly musical, imposing individuality—with long shaggy hair, with a Dante profile, with a captivating personality. His piano-playing, words are far too poor to describe—incomparable in every way ; culmination of everything that pianoforte rendering could require. What a grievous pity that the phonograph did not exist in the years 1840 to 1850, to receive his playing, and hold it for the future generations who can have no idea of real pianoforte virtuosity ! Added to his greatness as virtuoso, Liszt has the inestimable merit of having helped by word, pen, and his art, many an unknown, forgotten, or unappreciated composer to recognition, and to have presented them to the public. His period of composition—from 1853—is, in my opinion, of a very sorry kind. Programme music carried to the highest extreme ; eternal posing—in his church music before God ; in his orchestral



works before the public ; in his song transcriptions before the composer ; in his Hungarian rhapsodies before the gipsies. Enough, always and in all, posing. *Dans les arts il faut faire grand* was a common expression of his—hence the sprawling nature of his compositions.”

Rubinstein would never appear to have had an ambition to shine upon any other instrument except the piano ; in fact, its very touch seemed able to call forth and bring to a climax all that he failed to express as man or composer. He thought it the most beautiful of all instruments, because he said : “ I find it a musical entirety ; every other instrument, even the human voice, I find but a musical half.” Undeniably much of his greatness lay in his exquisitely subtle feeling for musical characterisation ; he caught each composer’s peculiar individual traits, and for the time being made them his own, playing himself into their works exactly as an actor reads his rôle. In this way his interpretations became genuine musical creations. Who that has heard him will ever forget his stupendous conception of the Schubert-Liszt Erl King Fantasy, in which he was father, child, storm fiend by turn ? Or again, with what enchanting grace he could imbue the Chopin “ Berceuse ”—suggesting nothing so much as Oberon watching the slumbers of his fairy queen ?

As a testimony to his truly colossal memory and knowledge of musical literature may be cited his seven historical lectures and recitals, in which he sketched and illustrated pianoforte music from its earliest beginnings down to its latest utterances in the various national movements so conspicuous in the present day. He made England the cradle of the pianoforte, by the way, heading his list of pianoforte composers with the uncompromisingly English names of William Byrd and John Bull.

In citing these two composers he of course included under the heading of pianoforte everything written for virginal, clavecin, clavi-chord, and spinet, and announced that Elizabethan music was the natural outcome of the splendour of the English court of that period. Elizabeth had a predilection for music, and especially for the instrument named after her, the virginal ; hence composers were encouraged to write for it amusingly, and, according to the standard of their day, with no small amount of interest.

“ Vocal music, too,” he adds, “ occupied a foremost place in England, notably the madrigal and chorus, but it is as though this nation, with Henry Purcell, had given expression to everything of which it was capable in music, for after him there reigns complete silence ; and with the exception of the oratorio and the opera (both

styles kept going and represented by foreigners, though), it has remained dumb almost to the present day, when it shows signs of awaking again. One thing is a complete puzzle to me—what could Shakespeare have heard of music there, in his time, that so inspired him for this art? Is he not, among poets, the one who expresses himself the most often and the most beautifully on music, even (in his sonnets) on piano playing?"

Rubinstein regarded music as of all the arts the one most susceptible to outside influences. He maintained that as soon as it had reached the stage in its development in which it became an independent definite language, its best and noblest efforts must inevitably reveal not only the personal spirit and emotion of its composers, but that it would also be the echo or refrain of the ages in which those composers lived, reflecting clearly historical events or the state of society and culture. He sums up the nineteenth century thus:—

"Our century begins either with 1789, the French Revolution (*musically with Beethoven*), or the year 1815 is to be looked upon as the close of the eighteenth century—disappearance of Napoleon from the political horizon, the Restoration, &c. (*musically the scholastic-virtuoso period: Hummel, Moscheles, and others*); flourish of modern philosophy (*third period of Beethoven*); the July revolution of 1830, fall of the Legitimists, raising the son of Philippe Egalité to the throne, the Orleans dynasty, democratic and constitutional principle in the foreground, monarchical principle in the background, 1848 in sight (*Berlioz*); the Æolian harp of the Polish rebellion of 1831 (*Chopin*); romanticism generally and its victory over pseudo-classicism (*Schumann*); flourish of all the arts and sciences (*Mendelssohn*); the triumph of the bourgeoisie, in the sense of material existence, a shield against all disturbing elements of politics and culture (*Capellmeister music*); Louis Napoleon becomes Emperor (*Liszt, the virtuoso, becomes the composer of symphonies and oratorios*); the reign of Louis Napoleon (*the operetta a branch of art*); the Franco-German war, Germany's unity, the freedom of Europe resting on ten millions of soldiers, change in all formerly accepted political principles (*Wagner, his music drama, his art principles*); the present condition of Europe, the awaiting and seeking to prevent a frightful collision, uncertainty, general feeling of instability in the politics of the day (*condition of music foreboding of its downfall, transition period, longing for a genius*); division and conflict of the ever-increasing political, religious, and social parties (*representatives and defenders of all schools of music: classic, romantic, modern, Nihilist*); striving of divers nationalities and races for autonomy, or federation, or political

independence (*more and more striving for reflective nationalism in music*)."

Rubinstein considered that, with regard to composition for the piano, Chopin and Schumann reached the summit of perfection; beyond these two he could not possibly imagine any further advance. His remarks upon these composers are worth the study of every music lover. The rugged grandeur and massive strength of Beethoven's greatest sonatas, their intensity of passion and dramatic force, their infinitude of sweetness and tenderness, would naturally be well calculated to make special appeal to such a nature as his; hence his memorable readings of the "Appassionata," the "Waldstein," the Opus 106 (which he called a "Ninth Symphony written for Pianoforte") or the Opus 110.

Of Beethoven he could write: "Mankind thirsts for a storm; it feels that it may become dry and parched in the eternal Haydn-Mozart sunshine; it wishes to express itself earnestly, it longs for action, it becomes dramatic; the French Revolution resounds. Beethoven appears! Beethoven is the musical reverberation of the French Revolution, not of the *guillotine*, of course; but at all events of that great world-drama; in no wise history set into music, but the tragedy echoing in music, which is there called 'Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.' He, however, consistently carries on the style of Haydn and Mozart, at least in the works of his first period, in which his forms are those then reigning, but his line of thought even in the works of his youth is a wholly different one. The last movement in his *First* Pianoforte Sonata (F minor), more especially in the second theme, is already a new world of emotion, expression, pianoforte effect, and even pianoforte technique. So, too, the adagio in the Second Sonata (A major), the adagio in the First String-quartet (F major), &c., and the treatment of the instruments in his first three trios is another treatment altogether from that then in vogue. In the works of his first period altogether, as I have said, we recognise only the formulæ of the earlier composers; for although the garb still remains the same for a time, we hear even in these works that natural hair will soon take the place of the powdered perruque and queue; that boots, instead of buckled shoes, will change the gait of a man (in music too); that the coat, instead of the broad frock with the paste buttons, will give him another bearing. And even in these works resounds, besides the loving tone of Haydn and Mozart, the soulful tone (with Haydn not very apparent), and very soon after, beside æstheticism (as with them), an ethic tone in them wanting, and we become aware that he supplants the minuet with 'the

scherzo,' and so stamps his works with a more virile character ; that through him instrumental music will be capable of conveying dramatic, even tragic, feeling ; that humour may rise to irony ; that music in general has acquired a new art of expression. In his adagios he is incredibly great—from the most beautiful lyric expression to the metaphysical. Yes, he attains the mystical in this art of expression ; but he is most inconceivable in his scherzos (some of them I would compare with the jester in 'King Lear'), smiling, laughing, merry-making ; not seldom bitterness, irony, effervescence, a world of psychologic expression is heard in them, and that not as from a human being, but as from an invisible Titan, who now rejoices over humanity, now is offended, now makes fun, and again weeps ; enough, wholly immeasurable ! I consider 'Fidelio' the most beautiful opera in existence, because it is the true music-drama in every particular ; because with all the reality of its musical characterisation it has always beautiful melody ; because, notwithstanding all interest in the orchestra, the latter always allows the persons upon the stage to speak, and does *not* speak for them ; because every tone of it comes from the depth and truth of the soul, and must therefore reach the soul of the hearer. And still it is the generally accepted opinion that Beethoven could not be an opera composer. I do not regard his 'Missa Solemnis' as one of his greatest creations, because, aside from the purely musical in it, with which in many ways I do not sympathise, I hear in the whole composition a being who speaks with God, disputes with Him, but does not pray to Him nor adore Him as he has done so beautifully in his 'Geistliche Lieder.' Neither do I share the opinion that the use of the vocal in the last movement of the Ninth Symphony was a desire on his part for culmination of the musical expression in a technical sense for the symphony in general ; but, on the contrary, that after the 'unutterable' of the first three movements he intended to have something utterable, hence the last movement with addition of words and voices. I do not believe that this last movement is intended as the Ode to Joy, but the Ode to Freedom. It is said that Schiller was moved by the censure he received to write *Freude* instead of *Freiheit* (Joy instead of Freedom), and that Beethoven knew this. I believe it most decidedly ; joy is not acquired—it comes, and it is there ; but freedom must be won—hence the theme begins *pp* in the *bassi*, and goes through many variations, to ring out finally in a triumphant *fortissimo*. And freedom, too, is a serious thing ; hence again the earnest character of the theme. 'Seid umschlungen, Millionen' (Be embraced, ye millions), is also not reconcilable with joy, since



joy is of a more individual character, and cannot embrace all mankind. What we call Beethoven's third period is also the period of his deafness. What would music be without this third period? The last pianoforte sonatas, the last string quartets, the Ninth Symphony, and others were possible only because of his deafness. This absolute concentration, this being transported into another world, this vibrating soul, this lament never heard before, this bound Prometheus, this spirit of tragedy—in no opera even approximately present—all this could only find means to express itself because of his deafness. He had written beautiful, indeed, unrivalled works before his deafness; for example, what is the Hell scene of Gluck's 'Orpheus' in comparison with the second movement of Beethoven's G major piano concerto? What is any tragedy ('Hamlet' and 'King Lear' excepted) in comparison with his second movement of his D major trio? What is a whole drama in comparison with the Cöriolanus overture? But yet the most exalted, the most wondrous, the most inconceivable of Beethoven's work was not accomplished till after his deafness. As the *seer* may be imagined blind—that is, blind to all his surroundings, and seeing with the eyes of the soul—so the *hearer* may be imagined deaf: deaf to all his surroundings, and hearing with the ears of the soul. O! deafness of Beethoven, what unspeakable sorrow for himself, and what unspeakable joy for art and humanity!"

Perhaps the attribute in which Rubinstein excelled over every other pianist, either before or since, was his extraordinary spontaneity, which imparted a wonderful flavour of improvisation to his readings. Until he was actually seated in front of his instrument with his audience around him, he never quite knew what his mood would be. It may be safely said that he never played the same piece twice alike. He was not the kind of player whom the listener follows, music in hand. "Of course," he would say with a laugh, "I play a great many more wrong notes than right ones; can't you hear them?"

Where he showed his consummate musicianship, his "pianoship" if one may coin the word, was in his mastery of harmony and his instinct for pedal effects. When he lifted both his arms and crashed down on a wrong chord he was never once at a loss to immediately change the following harmonies to suit his error, or to keep his progressions floating with a dexterous use of his pedal; the latter he defined as the soul of the piano; without it the instrument was only a body.

When past his prodigy days Rubinstein was often obliged to suffer rude handling from the critics. No matter what his nationality,



the average music critic has seldom been conspicuous for discovering the right people and helping them on just when they needed his aid.

Rubinstein's interpretations were quite beyond this individual ; the playing of such pianists as the late Sir Charles Hallé came much more within his comprehension. Hence the general impression conveyed by the press was of a mere vulgar thumper who could not distinguish between wrong notes and right ones. Still in Rubinstein's case (as in Wagner's) the critics were not without their uses of advertisement, since they could rouse the public's curiosity, many flocking to the scene of action expecting to find there a cross between a monstrosity and a mountebank. And, in the end, the public proved to be Rubinstein's best critic, realising that it was in the presence of a master who played upon its every emotion, even as sunshine and wind alternately caress or ruffle the petals of a flower, and, to its praise be it said, the public rose to the occasion and pronounced him to be the greatest tone poet on a piano it had ever heard. And the critics ? The critics could then chime in.

His influence as a performer is still lively, albeit to the younger generation his playing can be little more than a tradition ; nevertheless it is the desire of every budding pianist to rival him. The ambition is laudable enough, but it has its dangers. The very essence of Rubinstein's genius lay in this, that he was no imitation, no reproduction, but absolutely and solely himself ; should his rival ever appear, it is probable that the two will differ as widely as a pearl does from a ruby.

### III.

THERE exists a good-sized volume of some forty-eight pages which is an incomplete catalogue of Rubinstein's music. He is the one composer on record who has not left a single posthumous work. His compositions run into hundreds, and embrace every form in which music has yet been couched—piano music, chamber music, songs, symphonies, operas, or oratorios. He always composed in feverish haste, dashing down his thoughts and despatching them then and there to a publisher without any attempt at revision. *If* he could have schooled himself to finish as well as he could begin, *if* he had been content to bequeath us fifty works instead of hundreds, he might have soared to the heights of that Beethoven whom he so well understood and revered. It was not that his heart and brain were lacking in material ; on the contrary, the ideas were there in super-

abundance, only he had not sufficient concentration and perseverance to sift them properly—to develop here, to prune there. Having plenty to say, he cared little how he said it. He could be as verbose and prolix as Liszt, but even at the height of his loquacity he still retained an underlying thrill of truth, a naïveté which is absent in the Hungarian.

Devoid of that graceful delicacy, that instinct for finish which constitutes so much of the beauties of Chopin or Tchaikovsky, he has the compensative attribute of being far healthier in tone, far more robust and virile than either of them. A full-pulsed throb of vitality at once attracts in his pianoforte trio (Op. 52 B major); the cello sonata (D major); or the piano and violin sonata (Op. 13 G major); or again the sparkling pianoforte duet "*Le Bal Costumé*," or his quartet for wind instruments, or his octett for strings and wind.

Of his five pianoforte concertos, two at least may rank amongst the best examples of their kind, the one in D minor, the other in E flat. To a composer possessed of melody and inspiration, but, on the other hand, wanting in sustained effort, the lyric can offer a wide field. And out of some sixty songs Rubinstein rarely disappoints us. "*Azra*," "*Es blinkt der Thau*," "*The Dream*," "*Klinge, klinge, mein Pandero*," "*The Enigma*," "*A Resting-place*," "*The Prisoner*," "*The Rose*," "*The Lark*," "*A Floweret yearns with Sorrow*," or "*The Angel*," not to mention others, all exhibit their author at his best and deserve to become standard works. They are most of them settings of first-rate Russian poets, such as Pushkin, Lermontov, Mihailov, Davidov, or Kolzov.

Of Rubinstein's more important orchestral works, one would like to preserve the "*Ocean*" and "*Dramatic*" symphonies, both thoroughly characteristic. In the "*Ocean*" it was the limitless, restless, intangible aspect of the sea as a part of the natural world which impressed itself upon his imagination. He has caught its atmosphere of grandiose tragedy finely. Amongst "*sea*" utterances in art it may be placed beside Wagner's "*Flying Dutchman*," Byron's "*Ode to the Ocean*," or that more modern work "*Das Meer*" of Jean Louis Nicodé. His compatriots reproach Rubinstein for lacking in the characteristic national traits which stamp the Russian school of music so unmistakably. In the main the reproach is just. Rubinstein's work is too personal, and yet also curiously too cosmopolitan to be very national. We must, however, except the gruesome, and withal vigorous, orchestral character sketch "*Ivàn IV.*," which none but a Russian musician could have composed, and three of his numerous operas which merit special attention, namely, "*The*

Merchant Kalachnikoff," "The Demon," "The Children of the Heath."

These, all of them, perhaps, attain to the extreme of being too essentially Russian in thought and spirit to excite the interest of listeners unacquainted with Russia and its people. "The Merchant Kalachnikoff" is brilliant with musical comedy and sarcasm. Its satire upon various Russian manners and customs banished it for a time from the Russian répertoire, but "The Demon" is immensely popular upon every Russian operatic stage. It is built upon Lermontov's poem of the same name, its very dramatic music being enhanced by a romantic background of Caucasian scenery. It contains many beautiful numbers, particularly the opening series of choruses of: one, evil spirits; two, winds; three, waters; four, fountains; five, trees; six, flowers; seven, rocks; eight, all created things; and the final act in a cloister where the principal character, "The Demon," declares his love for "Tamara," the heroine. In "The Children of the Heath" a gipsy as well as a Slavonic element is introduced.

If yet another opera "Feramors" could be produced in this country, there can be little doubt that it would be heard with a great deal of pleasure and interest. It is a short lyric comedy. With its story we are most of us familiar, its "book" being a very successful adaptation from Moore's "Lalla Rookh." It graphically displays Rubinstein's vein of fun and humour, and is written with a continuity of design to which, as we have already remarked, he did not often attain.

In one branch alone did Rubinstein endeavour to develop a new form. During his later years, what he termed sacred opera, that is, a staged and acted oratorio, became his *idée fixe*. In ordinary oratorio as now given he found something very incongruous, if not actually irreverent. To see vocalists in modern garb impersonating Biblical characters with music in hand struck him as singularly ludicrous. England being the chief home of oratorio, he fondly imagined that here, more than anywhere else, his theories might find ready acceptance. But the very fact that English audiences have for generations been listening with unabated enthusiasm to oratorio renders them all the less willing to welcome any innovation to their traditional opinions. This Rubinstein speedily discovered, to his chagrin and surprise. A sweeping revolution in English taste would have to take place before we should care to witness "Elijah" or "Saul" acted as well as sung. There are even many who look askance at Saint Saëns's "Samson and Delilah," denuded of all stage

appurtenances to suit the exigencies of British audiences. Not till our Triennial Handel Festival at Sydenham has ceased to exist are we likely to give a favourable hearing to Rubinstein's "Christ," his "Moses," or his "Cain and Abel." It may be mentioned that the finale to the second act of his "Maccabees" was given at the Crystal Palace in 1877, and that he himself conducted his "Tower of Babel" in concert form in the same building on the 11th June, 1881; also his sacred opera, "Paradise Lost," was brought forward at St. James's Hall, 1882, under the auspices of the Philharmonic Society. As a man is, so will his works be. Summed up briefly, Rubinstein's music has exactly the same glaring inequalities that we noted in his character. Would it not be possible, it may be asked, for some skilful musician to edit and revise these inequalities, and smooth them away? We doubt it. It was Rubinstein's own personal stamp of individuality which made as much as it marred him. Remove this stamp from his creations, and they at once must lose their characteristic flavour; for in spite of all inequalities and blemishes his music still has so much dash, originality, and power that we can ill afford to lose it. Just at present (barring the permanent favour accorded in Russia to the operas already mentioned) Wagner and Tchaikovski would seem to have totally eclipsed and supplanted Rubinstein the composer. It is still to be hoped, though, that it may one day occur to some popular conductor, pianist, violinist, 'cellist, or vocalist, to rescue him from the undeserved neglect to which he is for the time being condemned. The action would be worthy the gratitude of a music-loving public.

A. E. KEETON.

## DIPLOMATIC ETIQUETTE IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

THE oft-quoted epigram, "An Ambassador is a good man sent abroad to lie for the sake of his country," was fatal to the author, Sir Henry Wootton. It lost him the chance of becoming Secretary of State. The *mot* was seized upon by a Roman Catholic writer to prove that Protestants could employ casuistry. James I., who had a keen scent for theological controversy, read the work, was deeply offended with the epigram, and gave the Secretaryship to another man.

Up to the 17th century there was nobody at the English Court, whose sole business it was to look after the Ambassadors Ordinary and Extraordinary, and their trains of attendants, whose presence caused James many qualms when he thought of the bills he would have to pay for presents and entertainments. It was in his reign that it was decided to create a new departure for dealing with foreign envoys. The office of Master of the Ceremonies was instituted, carrying with it the duty of watching over and providing for diplomatic dignitaries during their stay in England.

The first person to fill the office was Sir Lewis Lewkner, whose salary was fixed at £200 a year of the money of that period, a sum equal to at least six times the amount in the present day. The salary, however, did not represent the whole of the emoluments of the office in those free and easy days of giving and taking, when a gentleman did not think it beneath his dignity to accept money and jewels like a *valet de chambre*. On one occasion the Master of the Ceremonies called upon the foreign representatives to contradict a false report of the King's death. The Spanish Ambassador "was ravished with a soddaine joy, and gave unto Sir Lewis Lewkner a very great *chaigne* of golde of a large value." The Master of the Ceremonies claimed the right of conveying the King's presents to the Ambassadors on leaving, and it was an understood thing that the Ambassadors should acknowledge this attention in a suitable way. Sir John Finett, the Deputy Master, openly grumbled at one "close



handed" Ambassador—a Spaniard—whose parting gift was "an old guilt Livery pot that had lost its fellow, and was not worth above twelve pounds, accompanied with two paire of Spanish gloves to make it almost thirteen."

One of the most punctilious of Ambassadors was the magnificent Duc de Sully, who was sent by Henri IV. to congratulate James I. on his accession. He thought the Lord High Admiral ought to have been at Calais to receive him, and was not quite pleased when he found that he was to be shipped across by the Vice-Admiral. There were not enough carriages at Dover to convey his enormous retinue to London, and he complained that he was forced to pay extortionate charges for hire. On the road Lord Sidney came to meet him, and that was a fresh cause of offence. Why Lord Sidney, when a nobleman of superior rank, Lord Howard, had gone to meet the Ambassador from the Archduke? He was not appeased until he reached Gravesend, where Lord Southampton was in waiting with a royal barge to convey him to the Tower.

Once arrived in London new troubles ensued. Sully himself was lodged at the house of the resident French Ambassador, the Marquis de Beaumont-Harley, but there was not room enough for the retinue, who had to dispose of themselves as best they could for the night. The lodging-house keepers, exasperated at the conduct of the attendants of a former Ambassador, M. de Biron, refused to receive Frenchmen at any price. The result was that the Duc de Sully's servants were wandering about the streets all night, and got into a brawl, in the course of which a young French gallant killed an Englishman. The next day Sully, determined to show a rigorous impartiality, had the offender hauled up before him, and sent a message to the Lord Mayor saying that the culprit was in his hands, and desiring that his worship would have him instantly executed. The Lord Mayor was for milder measures, but Sully was inexorable. In the meantime the Marquis de Beaumont-Harley discovered that the youth who was hanging between life and death was a relative of his own, an only son, and the heir to a fortune. He rushed in to Sully, and poured forth unavailing remonstrance. The Ambassador's dignity was at stake. He would not revoke his decision and mitigate the sentence. But he was at length induced to hand over the criminal to the keeping of the Lord Mayor, who speedily set the man at liberty.

Sully was never at his ease in England. He could not understand the national character, whose dominant traits seemed to him to be "*la fierté, l'outrecuidance, la présomption*"; and he used to say

that the difficulties of his task, as a negotiator anxious to bind England to France, were much increased by the temperament of the English people, "non moins inconstant et variable que les ondes de ce grand océan au milieu duquel il est enclos."

Emanuel van Meteren, who visited England about this period, writes :—

"The people are bold, courageous, ardent, and cruel in war, fiery in attack, and having little fear of death ; they are not vindictive, but very inconstant, rash, vain-glorious, light and deceiving, and very suspicious, especially of foreigners, whom they despise."

Bassompierre made similarly disparaging remarks when he quitted England. "I have," he said, "received condescension from the Spaniards and civility from the Swiss, but I have never been able to overcome the arrogance of the English."

Sully, in his haste to quit England, suffered greatly on the return journey. The day he proposed to embark at Dover the weather was so bad that the Vice-Admiral even advised him not to start. But he could not be induced to wait. "The least delay appeared no less insupportable to all my retinue than to myself ; especially to those city sparks who find themselves out of their element when they are off the pavement of Paris ; they all pressed me with such eagerness immediately to quit Dover. . . . Repentance soon followed our precipitation. We met with so violent a tempest that we were in the utmost danger. We were the whole day in crossing the Channel ; and so extremely sea-sick that though we were three hundred of us, had a vessel with only twenty men attacked us, we must have surrendered."

Similar ill-luck befell Marshal Bassompierre when he was returning to France after his embassy to Charles I. While he was in England he spent 40,000 francs in clothes, which he had packed away in a couple of carriages. But the sea was so tempestuous between Dover and Calais that both carriages had to be thrown overboard.

The French Ambassadors invariably claimed precedence over everybody else as a traditional right. M. de la Boderie, to support his claims, used to quote the practice of Queen Elizabeth, a habit which greatly irritated James I., who hated to be reminded in any way of his predecessor. The late Queen, said James, simply managed matters so that the French and Spanish Ambassadors should never be in the same place together to run the risk of a collision.

Ambassadors Extraordinary were always troublesome. They contested every inch of ground. M. de Cadenet, who came while

M. de Tillières was the Resident, took exception to everything. He was deeply offended at not finding De Tillières in waiting at Dover. It being the custom for an Ordinary Ambassador to go only one day's journey to meet an Extraordinary Ambassador, De Tillières halted outside Rochester. The next difficulty arose with the Earl of Arundel, whom M. de Cadenet did not consider sufficiently obsequious in the manner of his reception when they met on the road. Then a nice question arose as to whether the Resident Ambassador should walk beside the Extraordinary Ambassador, or in front, with the Master of the Ceremonies ; and finally De Cadenet was incensed at hearing that De Tillières had not started off himself to apprise King James of his, M. de Cadenet's, arrival, but had sent his secretary.

The pretensions of the French Ambassadors reached their height at the funeral of James I. There were two in England then, and they demanded not only priority over all other representatives of foreign States, but over every one in the kingdom. They claimed the right of walking one on each side of the new King, and this being flatly refused, they hung on to the skirts of the Archbishop of Canterbury as the next person of importance.

"So jealous were they of the least shadow of any man's incroaching upon their rights, as they would not suffer any other to be neere to the Bishop of Canterbury, either behind or on either side of him, than his page that carried his traine, and one that walkt at his left hand now and then to ease and support him, being aged and infirme."

The Venetian Ambassador refused to come at all, although "blacks" had been sent him in which to array himself, because he considered the manner of the invitation was not sufficiently formal and respectful. The Master of the Ceremonies, who was ill at the time, sent apologetic messages all to no purpose. Another official, the Marshal of the Ceremonies, was even put into the Marshalsea for some days as a punishment for the negligent way in which it was averred he had performed his duties. But this was not sufficient to appease the Venetian, who sent an express to Venice relating the whole matter. He did not recover his temper in time for the coronation, and refused to be present, but being in reality very eager to see the show, "he examined all wayes possible how he might have a sight of it without notice of any man in some corner."

English Ambassadors during the reign of James I. had good cause to complain of their lot. James was the most unpunctual of paymasters. It was quite common for his Ambassadors' salaries to

be nine months in arrear. In June 1619, the Archbishop of Canterbury expressed his opinion that the Ambassadors would all be posting home, leaving their missions unaccomplished, if money were not sent out to them, and three months later Thomas Locke writes, "If something be not done soon the Ambassadors will petition the King." It was not much use petitioning the King, for his Majesty was in debt to the extent of £800,000, and had anticipated his income by £117,000, for which he was paying £20,000 interest per annum.

Sir Dudley Carleton, writing from The Hague, says that he has not received one penny for a whole twelvemonth, and for three years and a half he had been entertaining the Elector Palatine and his family at great expense. The Elector Palatine, as the King of England's son-in-law, thought he had a claim upon the hospitality of the English Ambassador when troubles befell him.

As soon as the Queen was dead, her jewels were collected to pay the Ambassadors' expenses. This was done two days after her funeral. No improvement in financial matters took place under James I.'s successors. Sir William Temple, Ambassador to The Hague under Charles II., and one of the best Ambassadors England ever had, complained wofully of irregular payments throughout his embassy, and mentions on one occasion that he was £2,000 out of pocket.

France paid her Ambassadors no better than we did. It was said that under Mazarin "few Ambassadors were paid, and not one punctually." At Venice it was a moot point as to which country should defray the expenses of an Extraordinary Embassy. One English Ambassador, sent on an Extraordinary Mission, boasted that he had, by dexterous management, contrived to make the whole cost of his entertainment fall on the Venetians, and had fared sumptuously withal.

In England the visits of Ambassadors Extraordinary were a great expense to the Treasury. Each one cost on an average £200 a day; that is to say, this was the sum allowed for lodgings, diet, and coaches in the reign of James I. Lambeth Palace was entirely refurnished to receive the French Ambassador, Marshal de la Verdyne, who was appointed to England on the accession of Louis XIII. James grumbled at the expense to which he was put by the representatives of his brother monarchs, and intimated that he was quite willing to dispense with the honour of an Extraordinary Embassy to condole with or congratulate him as the case might be. It was quite against his inclination to receive a special envoy from the King of



France when Prince Henry died, and when Princess Elizabeth was betrothed to the Elector Palatine. Fortunately, in the interests of economy, both events occurred so close together that one Ambassador could fulfil the double mission.

The English Court officials were scandalised at their Sovereign's small expedients to save money, such as refusing to comply with the usual custom and send a coach for an Ambassador's first audience. At last James declared that he would not pay any Ambassador's expenses for the future. There were so many of them about, he was determined to make a stand. The Master of the Ceremonies must tell them that, except on certain specified public occasions—the conclusion of a peace was one—there would be nothing allowed out of the English Treasury. There were four Ambassadors from Spain alone in England at that time.

It reads rather oddly that the King proposed to reduce the diplomatic expenses by making the Ambassadors provide their own secretaries, considering how little he troubled himself about paying them at all. An Ordinary Ambassador was to have £4 a day, and an Extraordinary £5 to £10, according to his rank.

Charles I. followed in the footsteps of his father in cutting down the expenses connected with foreign Ambassadors. He found seven or eight French Ambassadors in London at the time of his accession. Orders were given that if any more Ambassadors arrived, they were not to be met at Dover, as formerly, but at Gravesend, to reduce the expense of coaches. Marshal Bassompierre, who was one of the first to come under the new rules, and had to hire and furnish his own house, was surprised and indignant at the want of hospitality shown him. As a compromise the King ordered provisions to be sent in, but the haughty Marshal would accept no grudging bounty. "If," he said, "the King would have been pleased to have assigned him a house, he would have received also the favour of his diet, but to eat at an other man's charge in his own house, he desired pardon if he refused it ; so were the King's provisions that had been already served in turned back again."

The Marshal was rather unkindly being made the victim of a species of retaliation. Our Ambassador, Sir Dudley Carleton, had not been very hospitably treated when he went to France on an Extraordinary Embassy to compose the differences arising from the ejection of the Queen's Roman Catholic attendants. A French Ambassador was, in consequence, not exactly a *persona grata* at the English Court.

Bassompierre took up an attitude of lofty aloofness at his first



audience, and resolutely refused to touch anything at the feast provided, but on leaving he condescended to receive a jewel worth £7,000.

It was a very unpleasant duty to carry out the new orders respecting Ambassadors, and the Master of the Ceremonies was obliged to temper their rigour at his own discretion to avoid friction. Every Ambassador naturally expected to receive the same kind of entertainment as had been granted to his predecessor, and it was difficult to make it clear that there was no personal slight intended. Charles I. made a radical change in the etiquette. He decreed that no resident Ambassador should sit next to him or eat with him in public. The Master of the Ceremonies went to explain this to the Venetian Ambassador, Contarini, and to the States' Ambassador, Joachimi, but they both protested so much against giving up their accustomed privileges that at the next mask the point was waived, and the two Ambassadors sat with the King, on the understanding that they must not expect the like favour again. Then the Ambassadors' ladies created a difficulty at the mask. They complained that they were thrust into a corner, because they were assigned a box at the upper end of the banquetting chamber. Madame Joachimi in particular was hard to please; she objected to being placed with other ladies who were not of her nationality, and requested that she might sit apart, as "she wanted language." Poor Sir John Finett says, in his self-defence, "I had brought the Ambassatrice a liberty of election from my Lord Chamberlain, whether she would be pleased to sit amongst the great ladies or apart, and she had chosen to sit apart with her own company. . . . So the fault was hers, not mine, if she were unsatisfied."

Charles I. had a summary way of dealing with troublesome Ambassadors. A certain M. Bleinvill having complained very unreasonably of the place assigned to him to view a public procession, the King ordered that he should not be admitted to the royal presence, "which he storming at, and excepting against as an indignity offered to his representative quality, demanded by two or three severall messengers audience of his Majesty for knowledge of the reasons of his restraint." He was told very plainly that "if he had any business to discuss he might come, but if he merely wished to set forth his grievances, the King would not see him."

Ambassadors in the 17th century reversed the maxim, "*Il ne faut être ni grand dans les petites choses ni petit dans les grandes.*" They threw their whole souls into the question of paying and returning visits, and were ready to break off the most important

negotiation if they were received at the head of the staircase instead of at the foot. The articles of the marriage treaty between Prince Charles and Princess Henrietta could not be discussed until it was ascertained how Cardinal Richelieu would receive the English Ambassadors, and how far he would accompany them out of the room when the interview was over. It was found impossible to come to an agreement on these points, and the marriage might never have taken place if someone had not suggested to the Cardinal the expedient of illness. Richelieu obligingly took to his bed, and the English envoys were enabled to visit him without danger of risking their dignity.

There was great discussion at the conclusion of the Peace of Vervins over the question of precedence. The French and Spanish Ambassadors contended hotly for the place of honour at the right hand of the Pope's Legate, who sat at the end of the table. As it was useless to expect that either of the combatants would give way, the Pope's Nuncio was sent for to occupy the disputed seat. A choice of places was then offered to the French Ambassador, who decided to sit on the left of the Legate. The Spanish Ambassador, comforting himself with the diplomatic maxim that the last place of a superior degree is better than the first place of an inferior, took the second place at the Legate's right hand.

Our Ambassador, Sir William Temple, wrote most anxiously to the Earl of Arlington for advice as to "how he was to treat any English lord as to the *hand* and *door* in his own house ; for though he was ordered to follow the French example as to public ministers, yet there was nothing specify'd as to other persons. Therefore he thought it prudence to have something from his Majesty's positive commands to bear him out, as the French Ambassadors had, and as he thought the case deserv'd."

One of the chief duties of the Master of the Ceremonies at the English Court was to prevent a clash between the Ambassadors of different nations. If two Ambassadors had an audience on the same day, the most elaborate precautions were taken. It happened once, says Sir John Finett, that "the two Spanish Ambassadors were assigned an audience for two of the clock, and the States at four ; when, to prevent their encounters, the Spanish were introduced by Sir Lewis Leukner through the Parke and Privy Galleries to the King in his withdrawing chamber, where they had a lowd and long expostulating audience, and I in the meantime (as I had directions) received the other Ambassadors of the States at the Court Gate, and conducting them to the Councell Chamber on the

late Queen's side, they were (immediately upon the Spanish departure) called to the King's Presence in the same place, and making their entry by the other end of the Privy Galleries, they had a faire audience, returning (as the other did) by the way of their entrance."

But this was nothing to the trouble involved in disposing of the Ambassadors at a public festivity. When the Master of the Ceremonies brought the invitation, the Ambassadors, instead of replying civilly, would ask who else had been invited, and what places had been allotted to them, and then perhaps in the end give a conditional and grudging acceptance. At the marriage of the Princess Elizabeth with the Elector Palatine, the French and Venetian Ambassadors demanded chairs, although the Prince of Wales himself was only provided with a stool. Chairs were not in general use at that period. Benches and stools were thought sufficient, as a rule, for everyone except kings and queens. Then the Lord Chamberlain, in trying to seat the ladies, threw the whole arrangements into disorder. He ventured to place the wife of the French Ambassador next the countesses and above the baronesses. This was the signal for disturbance. The English Court ladies were not going to be interfered with by the Lord Chamberlain. Lady Effingham was particularly incensed. Sir John Finett, Deputy M.C., writes :—

"The Viscountesse of Effingham, standing to her woman's right, and possest already of her proper place (as she called it), would not moove lower, so held the hand of the Ambassatrice till after dinner. The Ambassador, her husband, informed of the difference and opposition, tooke it for an indignity, and calling for his wives coach, that by her departure it might be seen he was sensible, she was by others' perswasions stayed, and was at supper placed beneath the Countess of Killdare, and above the Viscountesse of Haddington, who made no scruple of it, the Lady of Effingham in the interim forbearing both her supper and her company."

It was impossible to invite the French and the Spanish Ambassadors to the same entertainment, and equally impossible to invite one without giving mortal offence to the other. Accordingly when there happened on one occasion to be a newly arrived Spanish Ambassador to whom the King desired to show a special mark of courtesy, there were great consultations over the approaching Twelfth Night mask, which would be attended by all the Court. It was decided that a royal message should be sent to the French Ambassador, asking him if he would, for once, be so good as to absent him-

self, in order that the Spanish Ambassador, who had never seen a mask, might be present. But the French Ambassador was not in a complaisant mood. He took up an injured tone, and replied that he had been asked to do the same thing two years before; he had given way then, but "if he should now againe do the like, he shou'd in the sight of the world put a scorn upon himselfe, and do an unanswerable wrong to the King his master . . . he humbly beseecht his Majesty to proceed plainly and fairely without useing any more colourable or alternative invitations (as he had done), which might imply a parity in no sort to be yielded to by the King his master, in whom was the absolute right of priority. That if his Majesty intended to invite him, he hoped he would intend also to entertain him with fitting respect, for come he would, if he should be invited, and if he should not, and the other should, he would protest against it, and immediately returne home to the King his master with the account of his treatment."

As soon as the Spanish Ambassador got wind of the affair, he "instantly sent for the Master of the Ceremonies, and in a storming manner gave him a message (repeating it twice or thrice) to be delivered to his Majesty by him in this sence . . . that since it was both his right and his turne to be now invited, he would expect it, beseeching his Majesty not underhand to invite the French Ambassadors . . . but to invite him directly and openly first," and much more to the same effect, "in an high Spanish stile," adds the unhappy Deputy M.C. No agreement could be arrived at, so the mask had to be put off, as the only way out of the difficulty.

It was not only in England that it was found impossible to keep the peace between the French and Spanish Ambassadors. At whatever Court they met they created disturbances. In 1667 Cardinal Pallotta organised a solemn procession to Loretto from Rome. The city was profusely decorated, and spectators swarmed in the streets and filled every available balcony and window; but just as everything was in readiness the Cardinal was told that the members of the French Ambassador's suite were preparing to take the place of honour in the procession. Knowing that this would be fiercely resented by the Spanish party, the Cardinal sent messages to the respective Ambassadors begging them not to allow their attendants to be present. The French Ambassador refused point blank, and the aspect of affairs was so threatening that the Pope forbade the procession.

It happened once at Madrid, in the year 1671, that the French Ambassador sent six of his pages with torches to attend the proces-



sion of the Holy Sacrament. Some Spaniards seeing the French pages pressing to the front beat them back and drove them away by main force. But the Frenchmen presently returned with reinforcements and firearms, and a desperate struggle took place. Two Frenchmen were killed and several badly wounded. The Spaniards, once their blood was up, were uncontrollable, and were with difficulty prevented by the soldiers of the Queen of Spain's own Guard from pulling down the French Ambassador's house.

The "ill-correspondence" between Ambassadors was a source of infinite trouble in London to the Master of the Ceremonies, to whom each in turn poured forth his grievances. The Ambassador from the Duke of Savoy took offence because, as the latest arrival, he had not been visited by the Venetian, Danish, or Dutch Ambassadors, who refused to recognise Savoy as an equal. The Venetian Ambassador and the representative of the Prince of Transylvania never exchanged visits, "both of them pretending to precedence," and not being able to agree to give one another the title of "Eccellenza." The Ambassador of the Emperor flatly refused to address the Venetian Ambassador as "Eccellenza," saying that he would never consent to meet him on equal terms, whatever the other Ambassadors might choose to do, and insisted on using the title of "Signoria Illustrissima." He went further, and declared that if the Venetian spoke to him as "Illustrissima," he would in return address him simply as "Signoria."

Sometimes this "ill-correspondence" went to greater lengths. Two Ambassadors from Persia who happened to be in England at the same time came to blows. Sir Robert Sherley, the first to arrive, was a travelled Englishman employed by the King of Persia on missions to European Courts. As the couplet runs :

He is the child of Fate, and highly sings  
Of kingly "ambassies to none but kings."

Presently news was brought that a ship belonging to the East India Company had sailed into Portsmouth harbour having on board a Persian Ambassador. The merchants of the Company made the most ostentatious demonstrations of respect towards the new Ambassador, and this exciting Sir Robert Sherley's suspicions, he determined to pay an early visit to the Persian, and find out how the land lay. Taking his letters of credit with him, and accompanied by a nobleman to whom he was related, and an interpreter, Sir Robert made his way to the house occupied by the newly-arrived Ambassador. The Persian received his visitors, sitting on a chair



with his legs tucked up, and did not deign to offer any kind of salute. Sir Robert approached him with the usual forms prescribed by Persian etiquette. He first unfolded his letters, then held them over his eyes and kissed them before presenting them to the Ambassador. This ceremony was hardly completed when the Persian jumped up suddenly from his chair and dealt Sir Robert a blow on the face. Before Sir Robert could recover from the surprise of this attack, the Persian's son, who was sitting near, struck in and knocked him down. Sir Robert's friends rushed at the assailants and forcibly held them back, to their great credit forbearing to use their swords because the Persians were unarmed. Recriminations followed, the new Ambassador denouncing Sir Robert Sherley as an impostor who had counterfeited the King of Persia's signature, and Sir Robert stoutly denying this and other charges. The matter was brought to the Court, and the King (Charles I.) having seen the antagonists in turn, decided to send them back to Persia. They started in different ships, but strangely enough they both died on the voyage, and the dispute was never settled.

Great efforts were made in the 17th century to protect the honour and dignity of foreign Ambassadors in England. A proclamation was issued in 1621 by the King and Lord Mayor to prevent anyone offering affronts by gesture or word to any foreign representative. The London mob were not disposed to deal gently with foreigners, and an unpopular Ambassador ran some risk of personal violence. There was a certain Don Pedro de Zuniga whose presence was particularly unwelcome. He was driving in his coach drawn by six mules through Holborn one day, when his hat, which had a valuable jewel in it, was snatched from his head by a man on horseback. The crowd laughed and cheered, and allowed the thief to ride away.

To prevent such indignities as this being committed, the aldermen of the City were charged with the duty of watching over the sacred person of an Ambassador.

Endeavours were made also to save foreign representatives from being robbed and charged exorbitantly for the necessaries of life, and severe punishments awaited anyone found guilty of taking advantage of an Ambassador's ignorance of the value of the goods supplied him, or of deliberate cheating. On the other hand, nothing was done for the protection of tradesmen whose bills were left unpaid by a departing diplomatist. Sometimes the exasperated creditors, after fruitlessly dunning the Ambassador in his lifetime, laid hands on him after his death. The corpse of a Spanish Amba-

sador, in the reign of William and Mary, was arrested, and lay unburied for seventeen years in a chapel in Westminster Abbey.

“Poor Don Pedro de Ronquillo, who served Spain so long and faithfully as Ambassador to this Court, is like to have the honour of lying unbury’d amongst the *English* Kings for ever ; his corpse being arrested by his creditors, and kept in this chappel above ground till his relations redeem it ; which can hardly be expected from a Spaniard ; not but they have the honour, if they had the capacity of doing so just an action.”

GEORGINA HILL.

*TALES OF THE MIST.*

JOHN BENNETT, the doyen of English fell guides, gives the following as one of his most arduous experiences: "I left Dungeon Ghyll one wet afternoon guiding a party to Scawfell Pike. At the top of Rossett Ghyll one of the ladies was too tired to go further. I did not care to leave her without a companion, but she insisted that all the others should complete their walk. We left her resting by a large boulder, and soon were out of sight in the mist. A couple of hours later we returned, but there was no trace of the lady. As it was very probable she had already returned to the hotel, this circumstance did not then trouble us much. But when we got home the lady had not been seen, so I set out again up the ghyll to Esk Hause, and there turned down the head into Borrowdale, as it was apparent that the lady had somehow strayed from the path. At Seathwaite, Seatoller, and Rosthwaite I visited all the inns and outlying houses, and, still unsuccessful, turned up the pass to Wastdalehead. After a seven-mile tramp through very dense cloud, I came to old Will Ritson's, but could hear of no visitor. I ascended Scawfell Pike, and searched closely and unavailingly as I returned. The lads of the dalehead had been out scouring the hillsides in the meantime, and I got in just after they had completed their task. It was now past midnight, and a wild night. After some supper—no one in the hotel would go to bed that night—I made another attempt, almost in despair. There was not the slightest answer to my calls. I climbed into Eskdale, hoping that my lady had found her way there, and with the intention of raising the alarm thoroughly. At about four o'clock I knocked at the Woolpack, near Boot, and was told that a lady, in a very exhausted condition, had struggled to the door three hours before. She was then in a dead faint, but I was speedily satisfied that my weary hunt was finished. It appeared that the lady, feeling less tired, had followed from Rossett Ghyll less than an hour after we left her. For awhile she had followed the path with ease, then lost it completely. Whilst trying to find it again among the mist,

she became hopelessly confused as to direction, crossed streams, climbed and descended huge rocks, and walked over much rough ground. At length she found herself by a fence, and following this a good way saw the lights of the Woolpack in the distance."

Such an incident is not uncommon even in these days when paths are so well worn that any stranger may keep on them. But even if the route be lost there is little peril to anyone who knows the fells. The only really awkward possibility that I know of is the danger of coming without warning upon a precipitous descent. Nearly every accident recorded is due to the fact that most people in such a predicament attempt to descend the face of the crag, often coming to grief. On one of his thirty or forty annual ascents of Helvellyn, for the purpose of measuring the density of its atmosphere at various altitudes, John Dalton and his companions suddenly found themselves enveloped in a dense cloud, which had swept up and closed round them unawares. They attempted to move, and stepped a few feet in advance, holding by the skirts of each other's coat, when the old philosopher suddenly drew back, saying, "Not a step more; there is nothing but cloud to tread on!" It was true; their unconscious feet were on the very edge of the precipice which plunges sheer down to the Red Tarn.

There are, however, abundant indications to give warning of the edge of a precipice, as well as, if the route be more familiar, to determine exactly the position of the rambler. These signs are in the air; the different notes sounded by the wind to right and left are of great value. A breeze rushing up or along a wide expanse of grass has a seething note in it, whereas if rising suddenly from a deep dale-head and encountering many crags there is a harsh roar in the sound. Once when wandering along Helvellyn our only proof that we had not involuntarily taken a wrong direction—by no means unusual in a dense mist—was the rattle of the wind among the cliffs on the Patterdale side of the mountain. The edge of a precipice is always heralded by a line of outcroppings, and when travelling in the mist watch should always be kept for these. A shepherd of my acquaintance started from Wastdalehead one wet afternoon to reach a farm in the Grasmere Valley. His proper route was by Styhead Pass to Esk Hause, thence to Angle Tarn, when a short cast to the left would bring him to the caern at Stakepass Head. A direct north-easterly course from here would bring him home. However, after leaving the tarn he failed to touch the caern, but keeping on for an hour he came across the splintered edges of projecting strata among the short bent grass. He guessed that he was too far

north, and standing by a craggy slope of Wythburndale. When, however, the hill seemed to turn back on his route, he knew that something was amiss. The wind, happily, was now blowing the masses of mist away, and every minute the light increased. When the air cleared sufficiently the shepherd found himself standing on the brink of Pavey Ark, a tremendous array of scree and cliff adjoining Langdale Pikes, with the tarn of Stickle brooding twelve hundred feet below, some six miles from his supposed position. Had he carried out the intention, which he formed on approaching the edge, of descending, he would have undoubtedly gone into serious danger. Indeed, last autumn a fatal accident occurred at the very same point.

The liability of tourists to go astray among the misty clouds is great, and one of the few exciting incidents of dalehead life is to be called upon to search for missing tourists. The number of such hunts, however, does not represent the total of "losts." Parties or individuals working from some hotel and starting with the avowed intention of returning the same evening, or sending their luggage beforehand to another hotel, purposing to follow by a more circuitous route, are easily missed, but the Bohemian of the fells, who defines to himself no route, is seldom traced. A couple of visitors to the Lake District arranged to walk from Dungeon Ghyll and Grasmere respectively to meet on the fells near Sergeant Man. The day was very wet and misty, but the man from Grasmere reached the rendezvous, and, after waiting a long time, pushed on to Dungeon Ghyll, where he found that his friend had started, as arranged, some hours previously. The tourist searched the way carefully down to Grasmere, where he stated the circumstances to the inhabitants. Evening was fast drawing on, and everyone turned out to the quest. Not till the last gleam of light faded from the skies did the wearied parties return, when at his hotel the Grasmere tourist found a telegram from his friend, stating that, after climbing into the mist, he had changed his mind and struck along the hillside to Windermere. Many tourists, when lost in the mist, try to await the raising of the cloud curtain. Certainly this is the safest method, but the fog banks close in for days at times, and human endurance is limited. A gentleman and his sister, staying in Mardale, essayed to climb Kentmere High Street one misty day. Soon after reaching the shoulder of the ridge, however, they got into difficulties, and finally, lest worse should befall, decided to wait. They were missed from the hotel, and Mr. Baldry, with two or three others, took different tracks up the mountain. After three hours' search, the couple, now half-frozen with the chilly mist, were rescued.



The Scarf Gap district, near Buttermere, with its many rocky hillocks of almost similar contour, is well known in misty weather for "circular walking." Some years ago a party of ladies going from Wastdalehead to Buttermere were unexpectedly caught in the mist. For hours they wandered about the fell sides. One of the ladies dropped her pocket-book, and recovered it again about two hours later—conclusive proof that they had been walking in a circle. It is pleasant to add that when, just before sunset, the mist lifted this party found themselves quite close to the path they had so utterly lost.

Though we have many times had the pleasure of walking on the fells during dense mists, we have never had the temerity to go crag-climbing under such conditions. The rocks are usually very slippery, and a false step at any point of a steep climb would be fatal. There is little danger of losing your way among the rocks if in the first place you correctly hit off the entrance of the climb, but that is difficult when there are many similar openings in the cliff. Once fairly on the right track, however, you can follow the route marked by the white scratches of the hobnails of your predecessors. The mist, though burying any distant landmark, seldom interferes with your view of the work close at hand. People there are, however, who are dead to all discomfort and who occasionally go climbing even in the densest mist, and the account of an ascent of the Napes Needle, a familiar crag on Great Gable, will be of interest.

"As the weather was unpromising and I wanted an easy day, I strolled out for a solitary scramble towards the Napes rocks, to make a mere bowing acquaintance with the Needle, and with the virtuous intention of doing nothing rash in the way of venturing upon a single-handed attack upon it. At the moment of leaving the grass and taking to the rocks I stepped into cloudland, and there came on a miserable drizzle that was not far removed from rain. There was nothing for it but to get wet. No one can climb in a waterproof, even though it be only a cape; and as for any other protection against such weather, you may as well offer macintoshes to a family of otters. Somewhere up above was the Needle, but whether I had passed the place or not I could not tell. So I ensconced myself in a sort of cave among some huge boulders to consider the plan of campaign with the aid of a quiet pipe, and had almost given it up as a bad job and made up my mind to return when I heard voices through the mist. Setting up a halloo and getting a response, I shouted, 'Is the Needle up there?' 'Yes, we're on it, come up,' was the answer. I had been sitting all the time at its very base. So up I went; and scrambling up a steep but easy gully soon gained the

narrow rock-platform a few feet below the crack which marks the beginning of the climb of the Needle. I found here two first-rate climbers who had just been to the summit of the rock, and were discussing lunch. They very kindly expressed their willingness to go up again if I wanted to make the ascent. Here was a chance not to be lost, so I gladly accepted the offer, and we were soon roped and ready. R. was leader, I middle man, and M. came last. The ascents were very difficult, and with muscles out of training for a gymnastic feat such as mounting the last piece of the slippery rock—comparable only to climbing and adhering to a narrow mantel-shelf—I was glad to avail myself of a 'shoulder up.' Accordingly M. crouched down on the narrow cornice, and, stepping with my left foot on to his right shoulder, I mounted in sybaritic fashion on to the ledge. The mist was boiling up all around us, so that we could not see the foot of the rock-shaft, and R., who ought to have known much better, shouted just as I was making the dangerous step up, 'Come, hurry up, down there; this beastly weather makes me think of sunnier climbs.' Sidling along, I found round the corner of rock a jutting ledge eighteen inches higher that offered a good hold for both feet. The next foothold was for the left foot, a small projection about an inch wide and several inches higher on the face of the rock. This was about the most ticklish part of the whole climb. It is necessary to step with the left leg confidently up on to this projection, which slopes slightly the wrong way. To make a false step in doing so might entail serious consequences, as the hand-support is of the slightest. A boot edged with good ice-nails would get a firm grip on the projecting ledge, but my boots were merely studded and the rounded leather edge felt insecure enough on the wet and smooth stone. However, the step was successfully accomplished, and I was then able easily to grip the right hand and top edges of the boulder in close embrace. A final pull up, and I lay on my chest across the summit, and after a gasp of relief drew my legs up after me."

In winter the mists are horrible. I don't suppose many of my readers have ever crossed the desolate snow-covered uplands; it is dreary enough work when the pallid sun glints along the even surface, lighting up the air with an unwonted shimmer, and the great crags loom out on the fellsides, the most intense black contrasts with the purest white. The passes between Buttermere and Wastdalehead—Scarf Gap and Black Sail—may be a case in point. As the snow is crunched up towards the narrow depression from which the former is named, the darkness of the afternoon increases. A foot

of snow has already obliterated the path, and it now seems apparent that there will be a further fall. In a second the sky seems to fall around us; we barely feel the extra chilliness of the air before the scene is darkened with falling particles, and we look around to find ourselves immured in the grey cloud-walls. A circle of twenty yards of uneven snow is all we can see, the view of lake and mountain being alike blotted out. Perhaps for ten minutes we did not realise the danger of our position, but soon after crossing the ridge toward Ennerdale it dawned on us. Now, however, retreat was more difficult than advance. With every danger signal masked on the braise, with the path lost and undiscoverable, and the wind sending the white storm full in our teeth, our position was one of extreme discomfort. We threw away all idea of getting near the caerns and huts at the foot of Black Sail, devoutly hoping to reach the valley bottom in safety. Drifts of various depths had to be struggled through, and descents of scree and moraines of boulders negotiated. It was a most anxious time. A slip on one of those abrupt breasts of snow might end with us, as with more than one other wanderer of the fell, in a broken leg. How some poor fellows must have suffered before death's kindly sleep fell upon them! Unable to get away, perhaps with their poor tortured limbs jammed between immovable boulders, they had simply to freeze or to starve. By carefully following the deepest drifts we got on to a corner of rock whence all but a thin coating of snow had been whirled by the wind. It was no precipice, and, though the descent was hard work indeed, we could yet see our way, and found this route much preferable. We got into daylight again at the head of the Ennerdale valley, and stayed an hour there in the old hut, while the snowstorm passed. There was nothing to make a fire of, and we were glad to note the clearing of the pass in front. We just got over the top of Black Sail before the clouds closed down again behind us.

WILLIAM T. PALMER.

*COTTON MATHER, WITCH-FINDER.*

There be no beggars in this country, but witches too many.

Josselyn's *Rarities of New Eng.*

THE "roomthy" meeting-house of a New England village rears its squat "turrets" blackly through the tarnished dusk of a winter's day. Below, in the elm-bordered street, the snowflakes splutter through the chimneys of the gambrel-roofed houses, within which spinning-wheels whirr, and a spinner perhaps, stepping to and fro over the yellow-painted floor, casts wishful looks at the group closed about the walnut fire, the red glow of which flickers a dumb accompaniment to the eager cadences of voices. Tantalising scraps—"a high black man abroad in the forest," "a cat that cried *Amen* to godly Master Sewall"—rise at intervals above the buzzing spindle, till the spinner fairly breaks into the circle, and with nervous backward glances tells in a curdling whisper of Ruth Blaye, the Ghost Child, or of the wicked dancers of New Jersey gambolling for ever to their fearsome unknown fiddler.

Beneath an outward mask of practicality, spiritual activity has always existed in the New England character, "a capacity for faith in the most transcendental possibilities." Perhaps the unswerving belief demanded for the grim Puritan creed developed into credulity, the mental gullet, after gorging a camel, ceasing to strain at gnats. Even to-day, when men gladly recognise at last—

. . . . no immortal selfishness

Plays the game of curse and bless,

a vein of credence remains in the descendants of the fathers, breaking out into such manifestations as the Temple of the Second Advent, or the "Disciples of the Newness"—yearnings to erect a premature sail on the oceans that beat upon the rocky coasts of life, translated into displays of magnetism and spiritualism.

Superstition was indeed rampant in "the advance guard of Christendom," *acclimated* perhaps by the surroundings. The hobgoblins which arose from the smoke of the Valley of the Shadow were no more uncouth than the Indian beliefs, mingling insensibly with the homely folklore that flitted from Old England in the *May-flower*. Yet the craving for sensation in humanity found satisfaction

during the first dreary winters in the whispered rehearsals of such "nefandous and very devilish" legends, while the bark of seeking wolves sounded from the field where already some settlers lay in the graves the New World had held for them, or the tap of a redskin's arrow scarred the clamped basswood doors. That innocent relations of *Puckmeedjinies*, the little vanishers who footed it as blithely under the bronze boles of pinetrees as ever on a wild thyme bank, or *Wetuomanit*, dusky brownie of the young squaw's wigwam, should soon merge into deadlier fancies, is not to be wondered at in the lives lived at high pressure, creation to the Puritan mind being tinged with "no rose-pink or dirty drab views," but singed with the smoke of the pit. As a New England writer suggests, "the Fathers, feeling themselves to stand, like the gamekeeper in 'Der Freischütz,' in a charmed circle, *anticipated* supernatural manifestations," such manifestations unwittingly enhanced by the women, apt to manufacture for themselves the excitement which men's more active lot brings unsought. The spell of the Unknown was strong upon these earlier settlers in a world where the uncomprehended properties of the very herbs in their woods and pastures may in some cases have produced strange effects, cunningly turned to account by the Titubas of many a household—

Here's monkshood, that breeds fever in the blood,  
And deadly nightshade that makes men see ghosts,  
And henbane that will shake them with convulsions.

Even after the passing of the days when the howitzer was wont to be planted on the roof of the meeting-house, and wheat sown on the "hill of death" to hide the increasing graves from Indian scouts, the relish acquired for hearing and telling of eerie grapplings with the Enemy did not pall. Debarred from the playbooks and junketings of the ungodly, the constraint of the Puritan life—where once hasty-spoken Mr. Dexter was actually "putt in ye billboes for prophane saying" (let us hope at least in a moment of excitement), "*Dam ye cowe!*"—found relief in unbridled exercise of the imagination, the wildest fancies gaining reality from recital. Cotton Mather indeed relates credibly of a raven somewhat rigorous, in England, which fowl, overhearing the villagers quarrelling, cried from his tree, "very articulately and unaccountably, '*Read third to Colossians and the fifteenth verse!*'"

In Cotton Mather, truly, superstition found a zealous champion, one near as fatal, however, as Don Quixote proved to chivalry. Born to Increase Mather and his wife in 1662, Cotton—in an age when children of three were wont to enjoy spiritual experiences that



might reasonably stagger an Archbishop—at twelve was a proficient in Greek and Latin, and at nineteen found himself appointed co-pastor with his father to the North Church, Boston. No lightness of youth was to be feared from the edifying young minister, no risk assuredly of his emulating that Samuel Whiting, of Lynn, of whom—Reverend Snellicci in gown and bands—it is recorded that, “at a partie he kist all ye maydes, and said yt he felt all ye better for it !” “Staid Master Cotton, looking on Heav’n for Direction, and not omitting ye Counsel of Friends, selected a yokefellow in ‘comely and ingenious’ Mrs. Abigail Phillips, of Charlestown.” As might be expected in a union so dispassionately entered upon, the affection of familiar habit alone existed between the couple ; and on the death, in 1702, of his “agreeable Consort,” the widower, with fitting resignation, “looks up to heal ye Breach Providence has made,” a repair happily effected in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, a widowed gentlewoman.

But it is with the witch trials of Salem, in 1692, that the historian chiefly connects Cotton Mather as one of the foremost inquisitors in those complex phenomena of trance, insanity, and hysteria. When the death of Charles II., “king rotten as a pear,” freed New England from the impending fear of Kirke and his “lambs,” Mather in thanksgiving conceived it his duty to procure “Testimony yet further to rout ye Serpent nibbling atte ye Heel of Tyme.” Upham may consider that the emotional divine did more than any of his contemporaries to aggravate the tendency of the age ; yet it must in justice be remembered that epidemics of superstition have frequently appeared at various periods of history, though few so lurid in development as what Lecky styles “the tragedy of humanity,” the Salem excitement.

That such excitement should have crystallised into its form of witch-hunting was, as has been already suggested, the outcome of circumstance. The popular mind was preoccupied by ideas of a Devil, in all respects of power and omniscience the counterpoise of the Deity, allusions to him in the preacher’s discourses being often in the proportion of ten to one of God. Mather’s theory that “ye Olde Wretch was rendered desprate by hearing Scripture expounded in congregation”—naïvely confident, good man, that his two hours’ exercises in the *scaffold*, as Grandfather John Cotton termed the pulpit, were worthy of an effort at churchgoing even on the part of the Fiend—was supported further by the common conviction that a “last attacque would be made on the bold usurpers of the Divel’s New England territory by means of a dreadful knot of witches.”

With the prevalence of such notions, [s]uspensions of witchcraft

were formed into an actual science. Cotton Mather particularly, like Tom Sawyer, positively "*spreads himself*" in speculations on the abilities of *Divels*. Considering the educational advantages enjoyed by some fiends would naturally tell on their career, as he concludes it unlikely "every Divel do's know every language," he conceives linguistic talents lead to their infernal owner's commission for foreign service. Other *Divels* again would seem to possess a pretty taste in chemistry. Mather suspects them of "impregnating the air with malignant salts," by which, unpleasantly enough, mankind is cast into fermentation and putrefaction, and the vital ties utterly dissolved within. Such imaginations as linger for us in the pages of the "*Magnalia*" but tithe the witch-lore which inflamed the blood of the day. "Everyone," says Upham, "knew how a witch should behave." One Master Gaule kindly furnished the community with certain irrefragable tokens: "long eyes" in a supposed witch being criminating, but a reprehensible habit of not weeping (whether with or without cause is not stated clearly) calling instantly for the casting of witch into water, thumbs and toes ty'd across. Mr. Perkins considers one should distinguish presumptions from proofs, such as *wizzard* undertaking to show in a glass a face, the owner presumably not present, or mischief following on cursing and banning; while the judicious Bernard of Batcombe decides that the trove of a witch's pictures, poppets made up of rags and *Hog's Brussels*, with headless pins and other hellish compositions, should prove damning.

The cyclone of fanaticism broke over Salem, "pleasant old seaport on Massachusetts Bay, where the green sea forces its way unchecked up the slippery, grass-grown steps that once echoed all day long to the tramp of sailors' feet and the shout of sailors' songs." Encouraged, if not absolutely inaugurated, by Cotton Mather, a positive reign of terror ran its course; the dreadful tentacles of the Salem dogma (which ruled that the *spectres* of witches could work their wicked will in spite of the bodily absence of the suspects) winding themselves about the most innocent. A fearful joy that their village should be accounted worthy of "the Tye-doggs of the Pitt running loose in it" prevented, one supposes, the inhabitants rising *en masse* against a time—

When every word was made an accusation,  
When every whisper killed, and every man  
Walked with a halter round his neck.

But grim fears float into mind that many petty spites and jealousies found deadly revenge when a Torquemada-like lust of blood possessed the fanatical temper.

That the conscience of the period had been seared by cruelties practised on Quakers and Anabaptists by the men who formulated right into might cannot be doubted in face of the barbarism attendant on witch trial, such as the pins used to detect the *devil marks* on a suspect's person—those shrivelled callosities whence, men asserted, the witch's familiar drew sustenance—or the iron hoofs employed in "waking" an obdurate, not to speak of the tongue being transfixed by prongs, while the tortured creature, fastened against the wall, was for half a dozen nights together kept awake by the pricks of her accusers, a draught of water even denied to her blackened throat. Yet, to the Puritan mind, capable, as that later Jonathan Edwards with vision of hell paved with span-long unbaptized infants, of conceiving a God demanding worship for a destiny of damnation, physical cruelty may well have seemed a mere deliverance "unto Satan . . . that the spirit might be saved."

Such excuses one would fain make for Cotton Mather, in private life "more ready to serve enemies than friends," in public, a persecutor! He himself denied having witnessed any witch trials, and he distrusted spectre evidence; but the good divine admits attending the execution of a slave, who, he remarks innocently, "dy'd in a frame extremely to the satisfaction of them which were spectators"—such satisfaction being a foretaste of the joys of the hereafter as expressed in a certain epitaph:

How grand 'twill be to sit in Heaven  
And think on friends in Hell!

And it is to be feared that testimony still lacks to clear Mather's memory from the stain of having ridden round the gallows on which his brother minister, George Burrows, was dying, hanged as "male witch" for the strength with which he was wont to carry a barrel of cider from canoe to shore, or travel on foot as fast as a horse.

How far spectral illusion, that but partially understood disease of the organs of vision or imagination, may serve to explain the testimonies in which at least some of the Salem witnesses themselves believed, is a vexed question. That much of the mischief was caused by the vaunted Puritan ignorance—the prayer of the Puritan mother being that her child might "never learn to think"—is, considers the author of "*Psychology of Salem Witchcraft*," undeniable. "If," remarks Mr. Beard, "the involuntary interactions of mind and body, including trance, muscle-reading, insanity, hysteria, and allied nervous phenomena, had been understood as we understand gravity, chemistry, astronomy, and physics, there would have been no trials in Salem." Certainly it can hardly be questioned that such mani-

festations could only have been possible in a settlement of religious enthusiasts, born of a generation of mothers weakened alike by physical privation and cerebral excitement, and themselves accustomed from birth to view the stages of hypochondriacal melancholia as milestones of spiritual progress, till lads of seventeen declare, as did Cotton Mather, that "Death itself would be a welcome release from Sin's heavy Burden."

The most remarkable feature, however, in the Salem excitement was unquestionably the Afflicted Children, whose testimony was so fatal to so many of their supposed tormentors. In an epoch when children were in most cases only tolerated as evils inherent in the race, it is bewildering to find grave justices and learned ministers placing absolute credence in these "victims," stimulating their relations to increasing fulness of detail, much in the way that Pip was induced by Mr. Pumblechook to mention the dogs that fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket !

One more accustomed to child-study than were the Puritans can imagine how, in the inordinate services, little "Yet-Once, Hate-Evil, and Shear-Jashub," weary of nibbling caraway and dill, or staring at the enormous ominous eye painted on some New England pulpits, should in the lusty bawling of a metrical psalm delight themselves in original illustration of such a line as—

They grin, they mow, they nod their heads !

and waxing bolder perhaps in escaping the tithingman's staff, would venture on infusing some realistic vigour into fuguing repetitions of—

With reverence let the saints appear,  
And bow-wow-wow, and bow-wow-wow,  
And bow before the Lord !

Such sport could, not improbably, initiate the discovery among restless youngsters of delightful methods of creating excitement in meeting, where otherwise frivolous Tabatha Morgus "was fyn'd three shillings sixpence for larf<sup>ng</sup> and play<sup>ng</sup> in Service, thus disturbing the peace of our Sovereign King"; or a boy acting "unsivill" was liable to be led solemnly from "ye boy's seet on ye pulpitt steppes to his much humiliated mother on the women's side." That, as the phase developed, the feminine element should predominate is comprehensible. The "raps and blows" of the tithingmen, and in darker cases sound thrashings on the horse-block outside the meeting-house, existed in emergencies for "ye wretched boys," but no such wholesome sedatives were at hand in the cases of excited girls, doubly excited by the credulity which, especially



displayed by Cotton Mather, would appear to have transformed unconscious mischief into trickery often passing beyond the agents' power of control. An artistic appreciation of dramatic situations seems to have been displayed by these impish connoisseurs. Poor Minister Lawson, be sure, long remembered the day when Ann Putnam, whom A. Morse Earle styles "best and boldest actress among these cunning young witch accusers," shouted, "There's a yellow bird sitting on the *minister's* hat as it hangs on the pin in the pulpit!" In spite of what Mr. Lawson mildly terms "so unusual" an interruption, Miss Ann's ornithological observations failed in that instance to curtail the service.

In studying the history of the manifestations, the presence of hysteria almost certainly reveals itself. That protean affection, of which, Oliver Wendell Holmes observes, "a slight hint in the nervous system will change a girl into an absolute Macchiael the waiting-maid," seeming to blunt the moral sense while it inspires a morbid craving for notice, is in all probability accountable for the frenzied outcries of the band of girls from nine to twenty years of age who posed as afflicted by the demoniacal arts of the witches. Propagable as it is considered to be, by moral contagion, the disease—now assuming corporal aspects, as the victims cried of bites and pinches inflicted invisibly by the accused (isolated though these last might be), now optical, inducing accounts of yellow birds, or toads "which flasht like gunpowder when thrown on fire," now mental, as in the recollection of unholy midnight flittings—found ample pasturage in the systems of consumptive New England girls.

Confronted with the diabolical inventions of such witnesses, it is small wonder that the confessions extorted from some of the terror-stricken accused should be startling enough even to gratify popular expectations. One "Rampant Hag," Martha Carrier, declared herself to be "Queene of Hell"; another, Anne Bishop, dilated circumstantially on the appearance of her especial familiar, with the body of a monkey, feet like a cock, but the face much like a man's—a description which recalls that once given of *toves*, those zoological rarities something like badgers, something like lizards, and something like corkscrews! History, however, fails to record what avowal was extracted from Dorcas Good, the poor baby of four years committed to prison as witch, on the charge of "biting, pinching, and choking," accounts which one hopes only served to prove discipline was lax in Mrs. Good's nursery.

Credulity notwithstanding, Mather's direct action in the case of individually afflicted persons undeniably appears philanthropic,



though partaking of the universal want of common sense. He certainly inclines overmuch to the use of prayer as a patent medicine, but it is gratifying to find him enforcing *fasting* on the Goodwins, the afflicted children he kept in his house for argument and observation. One inclines to think that the striking argument of a birch rod might, in crises, have ensured him fuller success ! The fasting only appears irritating to the diabolic temperament. Cotton relates how "ye Divil in ye girl flewe att and tore his grand sermon on Witches," the inner man incited thereto perhaps by the savoury odours of succotash or beans and brown bread wafted from the kitchen.

But when, in the virulence of excitement, the accusers marked down the wife of Governor Phipps as present in the "Hellish rendezvouzes," the blow struck at high places recoiled upon themselves. With cessation of condemnations came cessation of accusations. As one shaking off a nightmare, New England arose, dizzy, amazed, but with sight purged from the phantoms of late deluding her. The Salem murders were the last struggles of witch superstition in civilised Christendom.

With return to the normal duties of pastorate life, the undeliberating religious enthusiasm which during the excitement had positively inflamed Cotton Mather into a perpetual ecstasy, seems to have left a deposit of a haunting dread in its burnt-out ashes. The secret terrible fear which through the years drove Justice Sewall at last to that pathetic scene in Boston meeting—where the white-haired judge entreated public forgiveness from God and man for the delusion in which he had sent the guiltless of Salem to their death—appears to echo heavily through Mather's cry, "If a drop of Innocent Blood should be shed in the Prosecution of Witches among us, how unhappy are we !" It is as though the thought may have scourged him on in the ceaseless activity of his life, in which the rule was that at least one good action should belong to each day, and prompted the utter despondency with which he reviews the year in which he had kept twenty-two vigils and sixty fasts, written fourteen books, published seventy-two sermons, visited his congregation diligently, prayed for the members in continually recurring "Parcels," mastered Iroquois, and made daily extracts of his private reading.

The religious temper of the age, strikingly resembling the disposition of Brooke's second little silver trout, inasmuch as "it kept itself in continual frights and alarms, lest it should be taken napping," certainly tainted Mather's peace of mind, but his home-life appears to have been sufficiently congenial. Notwithstanding

the orthodox didactic attitude of seventeenth-century parents, he was kind and gentle to his children, the "little birds" whose worst punishment was a day's banishment from him; and his Boston reputation as a good husband is amusingly established by the decidedly alarming advances made to him, when a widower for the second time, by a lady styled by the evidently somewhat flattered Cotton, "an ingenious child!" This young person, apparently scorning the adage "*Man proposes,*" became, he states modestly, "charmed to such a degree that she could not but break in upon me with the most Importunate Requests," which only the discovery of a set of her relations less desirable than even those of "Mrs. Judge Jenkins" (*née* Maud Müller) hindered Mather, after three nights' fasting and prayer, from granting. The prayer and fasting, unfortunately, do not seem to have been requisitioned when he met Mrs. George, a third matrimonial venture, in whom, whether owing to slight periodical insanity or natural disposition, Dr. Mather's own standard, "a woman worthy to be the wife of a priest," was not attained.

It is to be feared that Cotton Mather saw an incursion in public opinion of the "Bugges of Atheism" he deprecated, before in 1727 the freestone slab, which covers the dust of the Mathers in Copps' Hill burial-ground, had sealed him to his long sleep. Even as "the wind out of the sea" sweeps on that "breezy summit" among the furrows ridged by the ploughshares of Time, so the breath of modern science and thought blows freely through the mouldering layers of tradition. To the quiet sleepers in the past, the men, women, and children hounded out of life by the watch-dogs of the Lord, or to those persecutors with the very spirit of Dominic lurking under Genevan gown and bands, theories of to-day matter nothing; yet it is as though, freed at last from the "dance of circumstances," Puritan witches, justices of the peace, and godly divines might well join with the thinkers of the present in the but slightly altered exclamation of another sufferer from the tyranny, old as Cain, of man to man: "*Religion*, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

K. L. MONTGOMERY.

## SHAKESPEARE'S DOGS.

THERE were no shows and no "fanciers" in the days of the bard. Then, hounds and dogs were mainly kept for purposes of sport and utility. Some pet animals were to be found in the houses of the great and in the bowers of noble and gentle ladies. We gather from a soliloquy of Iago's—that arch-villain referring to Cassio—that the fair Desdemona kept a lap-dog of the snappish order: "He'll be as full of quarrel and offence as my young mistress's dog." But "fancy" animals were certainly caviare to the general. For sufficiently obvious reasons one finds no mention in Shakespeare's works of griffons, borzois, schipperkes, chow-chows, Pomeranians, Japanese and Chinese varieties, and a host of other breeds now so familiar to doggy people. The fox-hound, the harrier, the otter-hound, and the pointer too are lacking. As regards these last-mentioned hounds and sporting dogs, more anon.

Naturally enough the poet refers several times fittingly to the mastiff, which is, with the bulldog, our national and typical dog. And, equally strangely, the bulldog is not once directly mentioned. True, we read in "Titus Andronicus"—one of the doubtful plays—"As true a dog as ever fought at head" (ii. 2)—not necessarily an allusion to the bulldog. As for the mastiff, that will also be dealt with in due course.

Shakespeare himself enumerates his own list of dogs—most of them, that is. Twice he does it.

Mastiff, greyhound, mungril grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brache or lym,  
Or bobtail tike, or trundle-tail. . . .

*Lea*r, iii. 6.

As hounds and greyhounds, mungrils, spaniels, curs  
Shoughs, water-rugs, and demi-wolves, are clepèd  
All by the name of dogs: the valu'd file  
Distinguishes the swift, the slow, the subtle,  
The house-keeper, the hunter, every one. . . .

*Macbeth*, iii. 1

For convenience these two schedules may be treated as one.

And first of the mastiff. This we have ventured to dub "national." Not a few authorities have stated it to be indigenous to Great Britain, though "Stonhenge" doubts that position. The most notable passage bearing upon this branch of our subject is the following:—

BEFORE AGINCOURT.

*Rambures*.—That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orleans*.—Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples! . . .

*Constable*.—Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on; leaving their wits with their wives.

*Henry V.* iii. 7.

There is another French tribute to the valour, sometimes exceeding discretion, of British mastiffs: "They called us for our fierceness, English dogs" ("I. Henry VI." i. 5).

Elsewhere this truly national animal is introduced as watch-dog, house-dog, ban-dog, and the like.

Proceeding with "the valu'd file," we take the "water-rug" to be a rough-coated water dog. "Rug" is of Scandinavian origin = shaggy (cf. Ic. *roggr*, a bitch). Then of "shoughs" Halliwell says: "Shocks, demi-wolves, dogs bred between wolves and dogs." That explanation hardly seems correct, seeing that Shakespeare also mentions "demi-wolves," and not in such close juxtaposition to "shoughs" as to be regarded as alternative. "Shoughs" were, according to better authorities, wolf-hounds. As for "demi-wolves," the wolf and dog, like the fox and dog, cross succeeds once, but the progeny does not continue to be fertile, if crossing be further pursued; just as inter-communion of birds of different order and of certain of the equine race is not lasting.

"Brach" meant female hound, and "lym" a bloodhound (or lime-hound)—properly a dog held in leash. Some authorities give brach=a beagle, others a "short-tayled setting dog, ordinarily spotted or partie-coloured."

And here we may fittingly introduce the setter, which, as we now know the animal, did not exist in the Elizabethan era. Shakespeare says ("I. Henry IV." ii. 2), "'Tis our setter, I know his voice"; but the allusion was probably to the setting spaniel (or "brach"). Daniel, in his "Rural Sports," gives a copy of a bond signed by one John Harris in October 7, 1485 (just a century anterior to the period now under consideration), in which he covenants to keep for six months and break a certain spaniel to "set partridges, pheasants, and

other game." Thus, 400 years ago, the setting spaniel existed in this country. Later, on the general introduction of firearms, the crouching attitude of the primitive setter (or setting spaniel) tending to render the dog invisible in covert or herbage, crossing and breeding and selecting caused the setting dog to assume an upright position, and gave us the modern setter and pointer.

Shakespeare would seem to have been very familiar with the spaniel and his attributes :—

I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius, the more you beat me, I will fawn on you.  
*Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 2.

You play the spaniel, and think with wagging of your tongue to win me.  
*Henry VIII.* v. 2.

The hearts that spaniel'd me at heels.  
*Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 10.

The cringing, the subservience, the wagging of tongue and tail, the ivy-like clinging to sturdier matter—here we have the spaniel dissected and photographed. One is reminded of the old adage (quoted from fallible memory) :—

The woman, the spaniel, and the walnut-tree,  
The more you beat them, the better they be.

"Spaniel" is, of course, literally a Spanish dog.

"Mungrils" and "curs" demand no extended attention. The "trundle-tail" was a curly-tailed animal. A "tike" was a small dog or cur, of which the learned Dr. Brewer has the following :—

"TIKE.—*A Yorkshire tike.* A clownish rustic (Celtic *tiac*, a ploughman). A small bullock or heifer is called a tike, so also is a dog, probably because they are the common property of the 'tiac.'"

Curiously enough, we do not find the turnspit directly mentioned, although the animal was in such general use. But surely he is alluded to in "She had transform'd me to a curtail dog, and made me turn i' the wheel" ("Comedy of Errors," iii. 2) ?

Come we now to a consideration of hounds. That Shakespeare, a virile man, was intimately acquainted with the science of venery his writings display ample evidence. Himself a courtier and the associate of the noble and gentle of the glorious era which he adorned—a chivalrous age, in which hounds and hawks and horses were the attributes of rank, and in which a knowledge of the minutiae of the chase was a necessary, if not the leading, part of a gentleman's education—the bard takes care to equip all his prominent characters, royal, princely, noble, and gentle, with certain of the



adjuncts of field sport. Let us take a few prominent illustrations of this position, as tending to shed bright light upon those of Shakespeare's dogs which correctly come under the designation of "hounds."

Take first that ravishing venatic scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," wherein Theseus, Duke of Athens, and his affianced bride, Hippolyta, Queen of the Amazons, are hunting in the forest :—

*The.* My love shall hear the music of my hounds.  
Uncouple in the western valley ; go.

•        •        •        •  
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,  
And mark the musical confusion  
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

*Hip.* I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,  
When in a wood of Crete they bay'd the bear  
With hounds of Sparta : never did I hear  
Such gallant chiding ; for, besides the groves,  
The skies, the fountains, every region near  
Seem'd all one mutual cry : I never heard  
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

*The.* My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,  
So flew'd, so sanded ; and their heads are hung  
With ears that sweep away the morning dew ;  
Crook-knee'd, and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls ;  
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,  
Each under each. A cry more tuneable  
Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

Ac iv. Scene 1.

In "Titus Andronicus" (one of the doubtful plays—but no matter, 'twill serve) we find a Roman Emperor, a Gothic Queen, and certain patricians of both sexes in "a forest near Rome." "Horns and cry of hounds heard." Then—

*Tit.* The hunt is up, the morn is bright and grey,  
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green :  
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,  
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,  
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,  
That all the court may echo with the noise.

*Mar.* I have dogs, my lord,  
Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,  
And climb the highest promontory top.

*Tit.* And I have horse will follow where the game  
Makes way, and run like swallow o'er the plain.

Act ii. Scene 2.

Again, the Lord in "The Taming of the Shrew" is introduced with a winding of horns, in company with his huntsman, second huntsman (whipper-in?), and servants:—

*Lord.* Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds :  
 Brach Merriman—the poor cur is emboss'd ;  
 And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd brach.  
 Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it good  
 At the hedge corner, in the coldest fault ?  
 I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

*I. Hun.* Why, Bellman is as good as he, my lord ;  
 He cried upon it at the merest loss,  
 And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent.  
 Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

*Lord.* Thou art a fool : if Echo were as fleet,  
 I would esteem him worth a dozen such.

. . . . .

*Lord.* . . . . or wilt thou hunt ?  
 Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,  
 And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

Induc. Scenes 1 and 2.

The last is a right pretty and lifelike picture. Though the noble Master does term poor Merriman a cur, yet he evidently takes great pride in his pack and interest in their welfare. We gather, too, that a good hound was worth money in those far-off days. He would not lose Silver "for twenty pound." Mark also the generous rivalry of Master and huntsman, each extolling the merits of his favourite hound. Observe likewise that ancient Masters, like some others, may be choleric and anything but dainty of speech.

In the foregoing extracts we learn that whilst Shakespeare's hounds were staunch and true, free from riot, good on a cold scent, and as fast as the needs and tastes of the period required, their chief qualification was obviously their ability to contribute tune-fully and yet sonorously to the cry. We can see those heavy, dew-lapped Southern hounds, or talbots, sandy in colour and "flew'd" (that is, with the upper lip overhanging), lolloping along, throwing their tongues ("match'd in mouth like bells"), and making the welkin ring and the hollow earth echo with the sweet thunder of their musical discord. It was an age of tintamarre, fanfare, and tooting, of such cheering and horn-blowing and hound melody as one finds now chiefly in the chase as prosecuted by the gallant sportsmen of Bretagne and Broceliande and other rugged and umbrageous parts of the fair land of France.

In this connection two more thoughts are obtruded. Though

they are by no means our sort—the antithesis of the Badminton pattern—the hounds of Duke Theseus made a very level and homogeneous pack. They were carefully bred and selected, in consonance with a chosen and admired type of super-excellence. And it will appear from our extracts, together with many others scattered about the works of the bard, that in Shakespeare's time hounds were invariably taken to covert coupled.

And before concluding the hunting section of our investigations, let us note that probably the Lord in "The Taming of the Shrew" intended no disparagement, but rather endearment, when he designated Merriman a "cur" (though elsewhere the bard undoubtedly uses the term in the modern and opprobrious, or derogatory, sense). For it is written ("Twelfth Night," ii. 5): "He is now at a cold scent. Sowter will cry upon that; . . . the cur is excellent at faults." Moreover, Shakespeare knew a bad hound as well as a good one. There was no Peterborough then. It was not every Master of the period who was either minded or able to give twenty pound for a hunting "cur." For example, Roderigo says ("Othello," ii. 3): "I do follow here in the chace not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry." Truly a worthless cur, worthy of drafting or the rope.

Next, coursing. It is little to be wondered that Shakespeare was great on greyhounds and coursing. His magnificent Mistress, Elizabeth, the peerless Gloriana, to whom he paid the finest compliment ever addressed to woman—that "fair vestal throned by the west . . . imperial votaress"—loved coursing, whether of hare or deer; and her successor, "Scottish James, that learned fool," was so enamoured of this branch of sport that he was solaced for the murder of his mother by the present of some deer and a few greyhounds. We find many indirect allusive references to the leash, whilst greyhounds are specially mentioned some ten times. Of these direct references, the most notable occurs in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" (i. 1). Here we are introduced to our old friends, Justices Shallow and Slender, of Gloucestershire, together with Mr. Page, of Windsor, and the following conversation:—

*Slen.* How does your fallow greyhound, sir? I heard say, he was outrun on  
Cotsall (Cotswold).

*Page.* It could not be judged, sir.

*Slen.* You'll not confess, you'll not confess.

*Shal.* That he will not—'tis your fault, 'tis your fault—'tis a good dog.

*Page.* A cur, sir.

*Shal.* Sir, he's a good dog, and a fair dog; can there be more said? He is  
good and fair.

The smooth English greyhound, dividing with bulldog and mastiff the honour of being the original of all our domestic canine breeds, may be traced in these islands to the days of Canute. As for the hare, it is indigenous in these islands. Ordinarily associated with the greyhound, surely no writer ever betrayed a greater or closer knowledge of that animal when pursued, whether by harrier, beagle, or greyhound, than does the Prince of the Poets of Britain and the world. I would that space, too much abused already, would permit me to quote in full the six cantos from "*Venus and Adonis*," commencing with the lines :

But if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me ;  
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare.

Should the sporting reader take the trouble to read and ponder these verses, he will have a sumptuous feast. "The play's the thing"; and here is the pretty play of hare-hunting played to the life, with microscopic and thrilling fidelity. At first, the hare "outruns the winds," and "cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles"; seeking many musets and foiling the scent by mingling first with sheep, and, later, by running to "where earth-delving conies keep." Anon, the good little hounds are driven to their noses; "their clamorous cry" temporarily ceases, till, on the line again, "they spend their mouths" with all the delighted energy and delightful melody of their kind. "By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill," stands erect and listens; and, later, hard-pressed, commences those shifts and doubles and manœuvres, running his foil, and traversing arid paths and scentless areas, so familiar to all hunters of the hare. Finally, dew-bedabbled, brier-scratched, leg-weary (as the poet tells us), the quarry is brought to hand, probably, unless he be a March jack, not far from the place whence he was started. Cf. Goldsmith's lines :—

And as a hare whom hounds and horns pursue,  
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew. . . .

It appears from the spirited picture we have been regarding that, as most of us know, and as the poet's works and contemporary and later chronicles abundantly set forth, hunting was formerly a business of early morn: "dew-bedabbled wretch," "morning dew," "the morn is bright and grey," &c. Save in the matter of otter-hunting and of cubbing, we have changed all that, more from wilfulness than ignorance. Though he knows all the obvious advantages of getting hounds and dogs to work betimes, the modern sportsman, more luxurious than his ancestors, may be said to exclaim, "*Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.*"

Just a passing reference to "ottering." Otter-hunting during the reign of Queen Elizabeth was a favourite amusement of the young gentlefolk of both sexes; yet, curiously enough, Shakespeare only once alludes to the otter: "Sir John, why an otter? Why? She's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her" ("I. Henry IV." iii. 3).

What were the names of Shakespeare's dogs? We find them enumerated: "Cerberus, that three-headed canus" ("Love's Labour's Lost," v. 2). Pluto's dog that keeps the entrance to Hades. But Holofernes, the foolish schoolmaster, is hardly correct when he states that Hercules dragged the monster to earth, and there let him go. Lear speaks of "the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart"; and we have already been introduced to Sowter, Clowder, Silver, Merriman, Bellman, Echo, and others. Let us not forget Crab—aptly named. He is the most interesting of the whole kennel. The bard does not merely sketch, but draws and paints a life-size ever-living picture of that most remarkable cur. We should all like to have known Crab—"the *sourest-natured* dog that lives—a cruel-hearted cur—a pebble stone"—that wept not in company and sympathy with the dolorous father, grandam, sister, and maid of Launce, his devoted master; "one that he brought up of a puppy; one that he saved from drowning": a stealer of capon's legs from the dining-table of gentlefolk, and otherwise so disgracefully misconducting himself that poor Launce was whipped and set in the stocks as his proxy. What a typical mongrel! We could have foregone the acquaintance of many a noble hound, many a better and more estimable dog, for the sake of enjoying the acquaintance of the vulgar tike, Crab; for he must have had some good points, including a sort of fidelity, or Launce would not have loved and shielded him.

Harking back briefly, we find that the beagle is twice particularly mentioned: "She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me" ("Twelfth Night," ii. 3); and "Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee" ("Timon of Athens," iv. 3). The true beagle is a miniature specimen of the old Southern hound. The harrier, descended, like the fox-hound, from the Southern hound, was not yet in existence in Shakespeare's time.

We read, too, of night-dogs, killers of sheep, deer, and what not—"When night-dogs run, all sorts of deer are chac'd" ("Merry Wives of Windsor," v. 5). Here there might be an allusion to the mythical yeth-hounds of Devon and the West Country—dogs without heads, said to be the spirits of unbaptized children, which ramble about the



moors and among the woods at night, making wailing noises and "playing the bear" generally.

Another point ere we close the doors of this immortal kennel. Rabies must have been known at the period towards which our thoughts are now directed. Shakespeare twice mentions mad dogs :

This is mad as a mad dog.

*Merry Wives*, iv. 2.

And

The venom clamorous of a jealous woman  
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.

*Comedy of Errors*, v. 1.

And now the reader will be fain to cry : "Hold, enough !" or, in the words of Biondello ("Taming of the Shrew," iv. 2), "Oh, master, I have watched so long that I'm dog-weary."

Whether the immortal bard employs that familiar expression in its ordinarily accepted sense of tired as a dog, or in the more correct one of *doge waere hie* (being long on one's legs tires at last), matters little. "The cat will mew, and dog will have his day." But that day must not be unconscionably spread out into a "seven years' day."

CLIFFORD CORDLEY

## VICTORY.

I SAW pale Victory climb the peaks of fame ;  
 And all the way was blood-stained that she came  
 Over her shoulders England's standard flung  
 Swept every crag to which her feet had clung.  
 The wind screamed in the clefts, and blinding sun  
 Smote like harsh words upon a mind undone ;  
 A burning stream, that gushed and downward sped,  
 Bathed with its cruel touch her shrinking tread :  
 And on her ears and mine the blasts of woe,—  
 That who has heard alone can sorrow know !

And I to her : “ O Victory, dost thou weep  
 “ That silent, cemetried the dark lands sleep  
 “ Below our feet : that those who hither came,  
 “ And they who came not, planted here the same  
 “ Their orphaned love ? Dost know, this molten rain  
 “ Earth's springs gush forth, is tears of human pain ? ”

And she to me : “ I see no graveland here.  
 “ But while I climb the groves of peace appear,  
 “ Where wisdom walks ; and from the welcoming shore  
 “ The unlading plenty scatters richest store.  
 “ I hear no wail, but sweetest murmurings  
 “ In leafy tree-tops,—snow-soft, glistening wings :—  
 “ The doves of Peace, welcome as summer rain,—  
 “ And Love and Life come back to men again ! ”

Yet as she spake, even as a stricken flower  
 Its strength outbloomed, I saw her droop, and cower  
 Clutching the ensign. For, descending slow,  
 Came a dark band, clad in the garb of woe.  
 They stretched their hands, they welcomed, blessed her, sang  
 Of her great deeds, till all the mountains rang.  
 Oh, sound heart-rending ! She who heard those cheers  
 Bowed, moaned, and wept.—Ye may not know such tears.

GEORGE HOLMES.

## *THE PLAYS OF JOHN FORD.*

**I**N speaking of the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists it is a commonplace of criticism to say with Lamb that they "spoke nearly the same language and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common"; but though this remark has a good deal of the truth that informs the judgments of the great critic, an exception must at least be made in the case of John Ford, whose genius Lamb admired and praised even to excess. As a matter of fact, Ford cannot easily be classed with any of his fellows. He has as little in common with Jonson and Chapman as with Dekker and Middleton, with Fletcher as with Shirley. Lowell, in his "Lectures on the Old Dramatists," brackets him with Massinger, and yet two more dissimilar writers, or two natures with less of sympathy, can hardly be conceived. Ford's plays are as unlike Massinger's as possible, a comparative absence of humour being almost the only point of resemblance; for the difference between Massinger's easy-going verse—which in many places only just escapes being prose—and the careful, balanced, almost overwrought lines of Ford is no less striking than is the contrast between the general methods and the mental equipments of the two poets. Ford's tragedies are sombre and moving, sometimes gruesome, and if it is necessary to compare him with any other writer of his time it should be with Webster, with whose characteristics he seems to have great sympathy. He has the same peculiar pathos lurking in his most tragic scenes, and he has the same tendency towards the horrible, towards the unnatural and repulsive. It says much for the genius of both poets that in their plays they have been able to overcome the cruelties and the horrors with which they so frequently deal. On one occasion at least Ford collaborated with Webster in one of those curious tragedies based upon an actual and contemporaneous crime. Its title was "A Late Murder of the Son upon the Mother," but it has not been spared to give us an example of how these dramatists worked in concert.

But even a comparison with Webster is more than a little idle, for the plays of Ford have a character of their own which came from

the melancholy heart of the poet and which belongs to no one else. In studying the plays of this period (leaving the very best out of account), one may, after reading a few of them—especially if the reading be not methodically consecutive—feel so confused by the similarity of their construction, their intrigues, their sentiments, their images, the very names of their characters, that it becomes difficult to assign each incident to its proper play, or even to discriminate the plays readily from one another. This would not be the case if one of Ford's tragedies were in the collection. They stand out in bold relief; they have an individuality that cannot be gainsaid, and a separate, unmistakable power that grapples the reader at once and leaves an impress on his mind not easily effaced. There is a tremendous earnestness and an abiding melancholy in his best scenes which render them both powerful and affecting. He purges and purifies our minds by pity and terror—the regular province of tragedy—and when we complete the perusal of his plays we feel, notwithstanding many things irritating and objectionable, that we have been listening to the communings of a true, even of a great poet.

The darkness that has involved the lives of almost all the Elizabethan dramatists has left but few biographical details concerning Ford. When we are told that he was born in 1586 at Ilsington, in Devonshire, that he was admitted to the Middle Temple in 1602, and that he remained in London between thirty five and forty years practising the law and perhaps acting as agent to certain noblemen—when we learn that his first poem was published in 1606, and his plays at intervals between 1629 and 1639, that shortly after the latter date he retired to his native town as Shakespeare had done before to his, and that he died there in the troublous times that followed the outbreak of the Civil War—we are in possession of his complete biography. There are some critics who rejoice over the absence of biographical materials, ignoring the fact that a man's external life has an appreciable effect upon his character, and through his character on his work. To this class of critics our ignorance of the man Ford must be a source of gratification. There are others, however, who, without exhibiting undue zeal or prurient curiosity, would have welcomed contemporary accounts of so interesting a writer, and such information concerning his character and mode of life, his habits and his friends, as would aid them in judging the man and the poet.

In the absence of this knowledge we are contented with the works he has left us to judge him by. They are not numerous.

His first attempt was "Fame's Memorial," a long funeral poem on the death of the Earl of Devonshire in 1606, written when he was twenty years old, in a funereal manner well adapted to the subject. It was reprinted by Gifford, and may be consulted in his edition, but it is as innocent of poetic merit as are most poems written for such occasions. Apart from this immature effort we have seven plays: "The Lover's Melancholy," "'Tis Pity She's a Whore," "The Broken Heart," "Love's Sacrifice," "Perkin Warbeck," "The Fancies Chaste and Noble," and "The Lady's Trial"—and two plays in which he collaborated: "The Sun's Darling," in which he helped Dekker, and "The Witch of Edmonton," a drama that several playwrights besides Ford had a share in. It is a short list compared with the legacy of many of his compeers, of Heywood, or Massinger, or Shirley, but his poetry was only an occupation for his leisure, not the means whereby he lived. He is careful to give this fact due weight in his prefaces and dedications, and he assumes a lordly superiority in consequence that does his manliness little credit. But the works that survive do not represent the whole of his literary activities. Several of his plays were left unpublished and have not survived. They are chiefly early works covering the period between "Fame's Memorial" and 1629, the date of his first play. In these twenty-three years he was by no means idle, and a list of plays known to be his or attributed to him may be found in most of the editions. One of them, "An Ill Beginning has a Good End," known to have been acted in 1613, completely reversed its title by falling a victim to Warburton's terrible cook, that interesting person who has achieved some sort of immortality by his ravages among the treasures of our dramatic period. When Ben Jonson's books were burned he complained to Vulcan:

Thou might'st have yet enjoyed thy cruelty  
With some more thrift and more variety:  
Thou might'st have had me perish piece by piece  
To light tobacco, or save roasted cheese,  
Singe capons, or crisp pigs, dropping their eyes,  
Condemned me to the ovens with the pies;  
And so have kept me dying a whole age.

The fate that Jonson affected to prefer for his manuscripts was the actual doom that overtook several of Ford's plays; but unless his lost work was of an exceptionally high order we have enough of his writings left to form a good estimate of his genius.

Taking his seven plays in the order of their appearance in print, the first is "The Lover's Melancholy"; other plays had been staged



before, but not printed—"this piece being the first that ever courted reader," as he is careful to say in a rather irritating and formal dedication to the Society of Gray's Inn. It is evidently no beginner's work. In his earlier plays he may perhaps have been feeling his way and forming his style, but owing to their loss we are unable to trace the development. In "*The Lover's Melancholy*"—which, though not a striking play, is yet sufficiently pleasing—his manner is ready formed; it exhibits most of his defects and most of his peculiar excellences, the turn of thought that is most distinctly his, and the customary structure of his verse. In the first place, its comic characters are almost valueless. So much execration has been heaped upon these unfortunate creatures that the present reference must suffice for the similar characters to be found in almost all his plays. They are what one might expect from a poet devoid of humour but obliged to find objects of amusement for the less discerning portion of his audience. They are no better and no worse than the comic persons in many of our old plays. They deserve no praise, but they need not betray us into detailed abuse. Then "*The Lover's Melancholy*" contains one of those stupid masques that interrupt the action, if not the reading, of nearly all his dramas. As he is dealing with melancholy of various kinds he introduces a selection of lunatics who rattle their chains before the audience and mouth comments on Burton's "*Anatomy*." The same reason that exacted the introduction of his "funny" men made Ford drag in these exhibitions: even in a play so dignified and equable as "*Perkin Warbeck*" the followers of that unlucky adventurer try to amuse the Scottish Court by dancing "disguised as Wild Irish in trowses, longhaired, and accordingly habited." If the courtiers of King James found entertainment in their antics the proverbial Scottish character must have changed considerably since the end of the fifteenth century. But "*The Lover's Melancholy*" has better features than these. It contains the contest between the Lute and the Nightingale, which, said Lamb, "almost equals the strife it celebrates"; it has numerous fine passages, some truly pathetic figures, and a fifth act which works to its climax in a singularly beautiful and poetic scene.

For some years after 1629 it would seem that Ford passed nothing through the press. His profession perhaps engrossed his energies, but in 1633 he evidently had more time to give to the Muses, for in that year no less than three of his tragedies were issued: "*'Tis Pity She's a Whore*," "*The Broken Heart*," and "*Love's Sacrifice*." Although published within such a short time of one another, it is

not likely that they were the result of a single year's work. The dates of their first appearance on the stage are unknown, and our ignorance is rather deepened than relieved by Ford's description of "*'Tis Pity*" as the firstfruits of his leisure. That it was by no means his first play we may be quite certain; that it would have been his best, were it not for his deliberate choice of a distasteful subject, is almost equally sure. To begin with, the title of the play is against it. It is not appropriate, and it seems to have been chosen almost at random. In the dedication the author says: "The gravity of the subject may easily excuse the lightness of the title." Clearly, he must have felt its inappropriateness very acutely before he ventured upon such a lame excuse. The play is a solemnly tragic one,

*A wretched woful woman's tragedy,*

dealing with an offence such as that which provided Shelley with the story of "*The Cenci*." To Italy Ford was also indebted, in all probability, for his plot. To say that, having chosen it, he did not degrade it, that he kept it free as possible from debasing elements, and that he held in view throughout the moral standard from which his hapless characters had deviated, is high praise, but not more than the work warrants. Upon the whole of the play—although the pivot of its action is a revolting crime—Ford has lavished gifts of poetry and eloquence that might have been better bestowed; and some of the scenes possess a power, a living, moving reality of passion, that he had never reached before and never achieved again. Were it not for one scene, indeed, it might almost be said that he had been guilty of throwing the meretricious glamour of art over what would ordinarily rouse no feelings but of loathing and horror. That scene is the third of the fourth act, in which Soranzo detects his wife's guilt, while Annabella herself glories in her sin and expresses in language appalling in its depravity her satisfaction with its consequences. In this terrible dialogue the veil is lifted to reveal the true horror of the situation, and we are allowed a glimpse of the wretched girl which goes far to justify Ford's title. Yet it is impossible not to feel that in this scene Ford is doing violence to his own feelings as well as those of his readers, for there is no dramatic consistency between the Annabella of the first three acts and the same character in this distressful scene. Ford understood the real tragedy of the position, and with more than poetic justice brought down the most drastic punishment upon the misguided principals; but while keenly realising the inevitable nature of the catastrophe he is no less conscious of the pathos that invests the guilty pair, especially

Annabella. He maintains this poetic wistfulness well through the first three acts and reverts to it in the closing scenes, so that the downright vulgarity and shamelessness of the unhappy woman in the fourth act (though useful enough for moral ends) seems a distinct artistic mistake. It prevents, it is true, an undue sentimental pity for Annabella, but it breaks the continuity of her character in the most complete and puzzling way.

The minor characters in this play are worth attention—Putana, a damaged likeness of Juliet's nurse, rather less respectable than that hearty matron—Vasques, like the Duke of Gloster, "determined to be a villain," one of the most odious and bloody men of his type in the whole range of Elizabethan drama, a region remarkably fertile in villains—Bergetto, the gull, of whom the best that can be said is "Alas! poor creature! He meant no man harm." The Friar Bonaventura, who plays Friar Lawrence with a difference, is the mouthpiece of some of the most eloquent pleading in the play. He is not a fine character, for he betrays gross weakness in his dealings with his pupil Giovanni; but his interview with Annabella is dignified and solemn, and well calculated to frighten if not to persuade her to repentance:

There is a place,

List, daughter! in a black and hollow vault,  
Where day is never seen; there shines no sun,  
But flaming horror of consuming fires,  
A lightless sulphur, choked with smoky fogs  
Of an infected darkness: in this place  
Dwell many thousand thousand sundry sorts  
Of never-dying deaths: there damned souls  
Roar without pity; there are gluttons fed  
With toads and adders; there is burning oil  
Poured down the drunkard's throat; the usurer  
Is forced to sup whole draughts of molten gold;  
There is the murderer for ever stabbed,  
Yet can he never die; there lies the wanton  
On racks of burning steel, whilst in his soul  
He feels the torment of his raging lust.

*Ann.* Mercy! Oh, mercy!

*Friar.*

There stand these wretched things  
Who have dreamed out whole years in lawless sheets  
And secret incests, cursing one another:  
Then you will wish each kiss your brother gave  
Had been a dagger's point.

Of the "Broken Heart" it is easy to speak in less restricted terms. As is the case with most of Ford's plays, its burden is unhappy or unrequited love—

The leanness of a heart divided  
From intercourse of troth contracted loves.

The argument of the play is briefly thus : Penthea, the daughter of a Spartan nobleman, is betrothed to Orgilus, whom she loves ; but by the over-persuasion of her brother Ithocles she is married to another. Her husband is excessively jealous, and makes her life a perpetual misery. Meanwhile Ithocles, her brother, has become a favourite at the Court, and is eventually betrothed to the Princess Calantha, with the consent of the aged king her father. Poor Penthea, ceaselessly pining for Orgilus—who still loves her and whom she still loves—is gradually borne down by her griefs ; she upbraids her brother bitterly for the ruin he has made of her life, loses her reason, refuses all food, and dies on the day fixed for the marriage of Ithocles and the princess, exclaiming with her last breath against her brother's cruelty. The unfortunate Orgilus, maddened by the death of his lady, stabs Ithocles by her dead body. This ends the fourth act. In the fifth Calantha and the Court are waiting to begin the revels intended to celebrate her union with Ithocles, and as her lover does not arrive the princess begins the dance, when suddenly enters a messenger who whispers that the old king her father is dead. She says nothing, but continues the dance. Penthea's despicable husband now comes and tells her, "Penthea, poor Penthea's starved !" Still the princess makes no sign. Orgilus comes next, fresh from his work of retribution, saying :

Brave Ithocles is murdered, murdered cruelly,

but even the announcement of her lover's death fails to evoke an exclamation of astonishment or grief from Calantha. The dance at last is ended. Calantha, now queen, sentences Orgilus to death for his confessed murder, and appoints a day for the obsequies of Ithocles. The last scene is in the temple to which the body of Ithocles has been borne. Calantha and the Court are present by the hearse, and the bereft princess still contrives to keep up an appearance of unconcern. But her heart is broken ; she kisses the lips of her dead lover, and dies in his cold embrace, while the dirge prepared for one lover is sung over both :

Love only reigns in death ; though art  
Can find no comfort for a Broken Heart.

This is a bare outline of the play which extorted the splendid praise of Lamb : "I do not know where to find in any play a catastrophe so grand, so solemn, so surprising. . . . Ford is of the

first order of poets. He sought for sublimity not by parcels in metaphor or visible images, but directly where she has her full residence—in the heart of man.” However high the estimate we have conceived of Ford, we can hardly acquit Lamb’s criticism of overpraise. As Professor Saintsbury acutely suggests, the story of Lamb’s own life made him keenly susceptible to the sorrows of fate-disappointed love, and “The Broken Heart” is a perfect monument of this form of grief. The death of Calantha may be grand and solemn and surprising, but with all these qualities it is not, and cannot be, quite convincing to anyone who wishes to regard the princess as a creature of flesh and blood and not a product of pen and ink engendered in the repose of the poet’s chambers. This is, in truth, the head and front of Ford’s offending. Instead of creating characters and allowing them to be worked upon by circumstances, he plans the circumstance and forces the character to fit it. Yet, in spite of this Procrustean violence, “The Broken Heart” remains a fine play. The passage between Penthea and Orgilus in the second act is bitter with the most penetrating of griefs. Penthea admits that her marriage to the odious Bassanes has not changed her affection for Orgilus :

I have not given admittance to one thought  
Of female change since cruelty enforced  
Divorce between my body and my heart—

but she is conscious that love has nothing left in store for her. Passionately does the wronged Orgilus urge her to yield to his love and hers :

Dear Penthea,  
If thy soft bosom be not turned to marble,  
Thou’lt pity our calamities ; my interest  
Confirms me thou art mine still.

Honour holds her back, and she replies :

Have you ought else to urge  
Of new demand ? As for old, forget it.  
’Tis buried in an everlasting silence,  
And shall be, shall be ever . . . .  
. . . . How I do love thee  
Yet, Orgilus, and yet, must best appear  
In tendering thy freedom . . . .  
. . . . though I cannot  
Add to thy comfort, yet I shall more often  
Remember from what fortune I am fallen  
And pity mine own ruin. Live, live happy,  
Happy in thy next choice, that thou may’st people



This barren age with virtues in thy issue !  
And, oh ! when thou art married, think on me  
With mercy, not contempt.

Naturally, her lover cannot accept such cold love, but presses his suit still further, until poor Penthea, feeling herself about to yield to the force of their mutual love, is obliged to feign anger and send him away in order to save herself from herself.

Orgilus is the best character in the play. He exhibits more development than Ford usually allows his creations. The growth of his desire for vengeance is drawn with great effect, and the shipwreck of character that the ruin of all his hopes brings about is shown in a masterly way. After his interview with Penthea, when the wounds of his spirit are opened afresh, his complainings fade and leave nothing behind but "the wolf of hatred snarling in his breast." Everything fosters this retributive spirit, and when Penthea's last sigh repeats her love to him the fate of the misguided though repentant Ithocles is sealed. Till then Orgilus had been inclined to brood over his revenge, and, Hamlet-like, to let go by the important acting of its dread command ; now, as the death of his mistress closes the last avenue of his hope, he moves straight to his goal, with deep dissimulation indeed, but with a concentration of purpose that never leaves him even when by his own hand he suffers the punishment of his crime.

In Giovanni and Orgilus the poet has been giving us of his best ; consequently the last of the three plays published in 1633 is apt, by contrast, to appear worse than it really is. But, in plain words, "Love's Sacrifice" is an ill-considered and a bewildering play, a tissue of improbabilities and unnatural actions, while its chaotic morality has been the occasion of many severe remarks from the critics—amongst others from Mr. Swinburne, who has said that "there is a coarseness of moral fibre in the whole work which is almost without parallel among our old poets." This is a somewhat sweeping assertion, and, if one may venture to differ from such an authority, a statement which is likely to convey a wrong impression. Yet the poet's notions are strange enough. Bianca, the Duchess, innocent in fact though not in intent, boasts of her love for Fernando and reviles her husband just as Annabella does in the unfortunate fourth act of "Tis Pity." The Duke, in spite of his love for this "fair wicked woman," believes her to be guilty and stabs her, a doom which her insane behaviour could not fail to provoke. So far the morality is clear. But when the Duke is convinced that in deed at least Bianca has not wronged him, he vapours and whines about

her chastity and purity in a most hateful and imbecile manner. Fernando, her lover, behaves in similar fashion :

By yonder starry roof, 'tis true. O Duke !  
 Could'st thou rear up another world like this,  
 Another like to that, and more, or more,  
 Herein thou art most wretched; all the wealth  
 Of all those worlds could not redeem the loss  
 Of such a spotless wife. Glorious Bianca,  
 Reign in the triumph of thy martyrdom,  
 Earth was unworthy of thee !

At this juncture two of the minor characters break in with

Now on our lives, we both believe him,

though it is likely that no one has been of their opinion since.

Ford had conceived a good tragic situation, and up to the intense scene between Fernando and the Duchess which closes the second act he had dealt with it capably. After that he suffered himself to be betrayed into eccentricities. Even then, however, if his characters had been entitled to more sympathy and endowed with a less subversive moral code, he might have done great things. As the play stands, when the Duke, just before he destroys himself, exclaims

Never henceforth let any passionate tongue  
 Mention Bianca's and Caraffa's name,  
 But let each letter in that tragic sound  
 Beget a sigh, and every sigh a tear :  
 Children unborn, and widows, whose lean cheeks  
 Are furrowed up by age, shall weep whole nights,  
 Repeating but the story of our fates,

we have a feeling that is not in the least akin to tears.

The fruits of this productive year 1633 contain all that is most characteristic in Ford's work. His extraordinary merits and his no less striking flaws are in these three plays exemplified and emphasised as they are in no other of his writings. " 'Tis Pity " and " The Broken Heart " contain the records of his rarest moments of inspiration, and it is these plays that would be named without hesitancy as the best examples of Ford's style. Yet, regarded from a somewhat different standpoint, neither of them can be allowed to rank as his best play. They may enfold the richest jewels of his thought, they may grant us the clearest glimpses into the workings of his character and the bias of his mind, but if they are judged as whole plays and not as material for anthologies they must give place

to a drama of a very different and less idiosyncratic kind given to the world in the next year. "Perkin Warbeck" is an historical play founded upon Bacon's narrative of the imposture, an account which it follows very closely, even to trivial and verbal peculiarities. In it Ford left his own gloomy, moody province and proved himself worthy to tread in the wake of him who wrote of "York and Lancaster's long jars." "Warbeck" is a really noble play. Ford seems to have in it a firmer touch than in any other of his dramas. He never misses his aim, and never drops into any of the blatant unworthinesses that occur with such irritating unexpectedness in most of his work. He has not—the gods be thanked!—pandered to the lowest theatrical element,

Nor is here  
Unnecessary mirth forced to endear  
A multitude.

The band of needy adventurers who adhere to the hero are rather too foolish for anything, but they are not objectionable; and the grave nonsense of that "wise formality," John a Waters, is rather amusing. The dignified language of the play lacks neither fancy nor vigour, while it exhibits a reticence, a curbed power that distinguishes it in a noticeable manner from the other plays. The first act provides a splendid opening. The bluff Earl of Huntley, his daughter Katherine Gordon, the White Rose, and Lord Dalyell, are capital characters, and they are introduced in an excellent scene. Equally good is the corresponding scene at the English Court, where Henry VII. learns the treachery of Sir William Stanley. Dalyell, whose claim to Katherine's affection is annulled by her marriage to Warbeck, is a convincing portrait of a noble nature. When James of Scotland withdraws his countenance from Warbeck's attempt, and he is forced to leave that country with his wife, Dalyell voluntarily gives up his position at the Scottish Court to follow the fortunes of the pseudo Plantagenet, or rather to watch over the lady who still has all his love. He is a variation of Ford's favourite character, the victim of an unrequited love, and he has many points of resemblance to Malfato in "The Lady's Trial." Altogether a

Rare unexampled pattern of a friend.

King Henry's narrow, keen, avaricious character is depicted with great care and fidelity; but Warbeck is the hero of the play, and it is on his portrait that the poet has bestowed the greater portion of his skill. That Ford believed Warbeck to be the veritable Duke

of York is not for a moment likely, but he was writing a drama of that curious impersonation from the inside, as it were, and he leaves us with a curious but natural sympathy for its central figure. The nature he gives him is brave and noble. If he was not royal, at least his conduct and language would bring no dishonour on

The glorious race  
Of fourteen kings, Plantagenets.

His hand never falters, he never looks back, and if he ever entertains any distrust of his own pretensions he evinces no such doubt in his bearing throughout the play, the nobility of his conduct extorting the admiration of his enemies :

The custom sure of being styled a king  
Hath fastened in his thoughts that he is such.

The two remaining plays of which Ford is the sole author are of considerably less value. In "The Fancies Chaste and Noble" he returns to some extent to his old style, and the result is a fairly pleasant comedy, though one full of absurdities. The humorous characters are tolerable in their place, but Ford is not careful to keep them there, and the crowning absurdity is the "religious matron" Morosa's guardianship of the "Fancies," the three ladies who are "young, wise, noble, fair, and chaste." Perhaps the best character in the play is to be found in the underplot. Flavia had been sold by her spendthrift husband, Fabricio, to a wealthy noble who loved her honourably and justified his purchase,

Procured it by a dispensation  
From Rome, allowed and warranted,

and yet she retains an affection for her first husband, with all his demerits. It is a strange situation (Ford loved strange situations), and it is rendered more dramatic by the apparent contempt with which Flavia regards Fabricio when they meet in the presence of others. She puts on all the airs of the parvenue princess, and suffers from all the fashionable affectations ; but it is only to conceal the true state of her mind and to hide from others the constant memory of her first love. When Fabricio, alive too late to the treasure he has lost, bids farewell to her and her new husband in order to embrace a religious life, she tries to express her sorrow and her care for him whilst all the while she keeps up an appearance of careless indifference to deceive her new lord. Then when Fabricio

breaks away from them she is obliged to lie that she may dissemble the honest tears that start to her eyes. It is in scenes of concealed tragedy, of silent sorrow such as this that Ford excels.

They are the silent griefs which cut the heart-strings.

"The Lady's Trial" was his last play, acted in 1638, printed in the following year. In 1640 came the Long Parliament and a long intermission of theatrical enterprise, and about this time Ford left the stormy metropolis for the greater peace of Devonshire. This last play contains another draft of the character that Ford most affected. Malfato, a silent unhappy lover, is clearly an offspring of the brain that created Dalyell and Orgilus. There are few poets who have drawn better or more sympathetically the workings and torments of a soul in the throes of a great spiritual sadness. Ford tells us that

A melancholy grounded and resolved,  
Received into a habit, argues love  
Or deep impression of strong discontents,

and it is tempting to explain his fascination for such subjects by personal experience. Whether or not this cool melancholy lawyer ever felt in his own life the tragic mordancy of passion that informs his most sympathetic characters we cannot tell. Perhaps, to use his own words again, he learned to "dive into the secrets of commanding love" merely through "experience by the extremes in others." If so he learned his lesson well, for he writes of

The sickness of a mind broken with griefs

in a way which shows that he had studied those overmastering emotions with minute, and loving, perhaps painful, diligence. He is not a master of high-spirited, unfettered passions. There is a little evidence of exuberant life as of exuberant fancy or exuberant humour in his plays. Yet is he not without fire; but his is a smouldering, central, slow-consuming fire, not a roaring, leaping, devastating flame. This naturally relieves him from any tendency to plunge into the "turgid whirlpools of tortuous rant" so familiar to readers of seventeenth-century plays; but it also brings in its train a suspicion of coldness, a surmise that he is often too analytical in his methods. He seems to be working from the outside, carefully elaborating verbal and spiritual effects in the seclusion of his study, and one feels that, in Othello's words,

They're cold dilations working from the heart  
Which passion cannot rule.



In his best work Ford rises well above this position, but when his wings begin to flag there is almost always a tendency to drop into this cold style—a method characterised by a want of that free naturalness that is the unfailing mark of genius. He lacks the ease and the fluency which grace many of his inferiors in tragic power, and he is very seldom carried away by the strength of the emotions he describes. Like one of his own creatures, he has

Sealed a covenant with sadness  
And entered into bonds without condition  
To stand these tempests calmly.

In consequence, he does not always gain our sympathies so readily as do those who adopt a different mode of treatment; yet his deliberate and critical method carries with it a nervous and concentrated force which almost makes up for the undoubted lack of full-blooded animation in his men and women. We cannot fully concede Lamb's praise. We cannot quite place him in "the first order of poets"; yet in his own field there are not many whom we should be willing to set before him, and the colour, the quality, and the earnestness of his work force a recognition of his claims as a highly gifted artist and a great dramatist.

HERBERT M. SANDERS.

## THE REVOLT OF THE SISTERS:

### *A CHAPTER OF CONVENT LIFE.*

THE Abbey of Port Royal has attained a degree of celebrity almost unequalled in the history of monasticism. Most people who read at all have read of the great-souled Abbess Angélique, of the internal reforms which she accomplished, and of the many remarkable men and women whom she drew around her. Yet to the average reader even Angélique and her work are scarcely so interesting as the period of storm and stress which followed her death. Obedience, as we all know, forms one-third part of a nun's whole duty. Such is human perversity, however, that we never like the Port Royal nuns so well as when they frankly renounce all idea of obedience to their rulers, spiritual and temporal. The biographies of sisters who lived before this time are for the most part dreary and depressing in the extreme. It is true that Mère Angélique had established a really high moral tone at Port Royal. Not only was the life there regular and decorous in the utmost degree, but it was also to a great extent free from the petty squabbles and jealousies so prevalent in most convents. Yet even Angélique was far too much inclined to an asceticism without reason and without limit, and by her disciples this tendency was carried to a scarcely credible excess. Their best energies were expended on endeavouring to realise an ideal which may be thus summarised: "All things whatsoever ye would *not* that men should do unto you, these do unto yourselves, for this is the Law and the Prophets." The history of lives so spent cannot be otherwise than sad.

But when the breath of revolt passes over the Community, we find ourselves at once in a healthier moral atmosphere. The "plaster saints" become living women, brave, generous, intensely loyal, and all the more lovable because they display a little human vanity, and a pardonable weakness for scoring off their opponents when practicable.

The motive for all their struggles and sufferings was certainly of

a kind which our practical generation finds some difficulty in appreciating. Jansenius, Bishop of Ypres, had written a book which was condemned by the Pope as containing certain theological opinions on the subjects of grace and freewill nearly approaching those of Calvin. The adherents of Jansenius, amongst whom was numbered the whole Community of Port Royal, strenuously denied that he had ever held the doctrines attributed to him. For this offence they were subjected to an unrelenting persecution at the instigation of their enemies the Jesuits, who held the balance of power in Church and State. A formula expressing condemnation of what were technically known as the Five Propositions of Jansenius was presented to Port Royal for signature. The Community unanimously refused to sign it, and forthwith their troubles began in earnest.

On Péréfixe, Archbishop of Paris, and hence Diocesan of Port Royal, devolved the task of reducing, or trying to reduce, the rebellious sisterhood to submission. A worse man for the purpose could scarcely have been found. He was not bad-hearted, but totally wanting in all the qualities demanded by such a crisis, possessing neither dignity, self-control, nor firmness. He lost his temper hopelessly whenever he attempted to argue, especially when, as generally happened, he got the worst of the argument. He shocked the decorous inmates of Port Royal by using language extremely abusive and frequently bordering on profanity. He applied such epithets as "minx," "pig-head," "fool," to their revered Mother Superior,<sup>1</sup> and actually boxed the ears of a younger member of the Community. The Archbishop was as undignified in his softer moments as in his anger. He besought one sister *on his knees* to submit to the Papal decree, and when another had the courage to tell him that everybody in the convent complained of his rudeness, he plaintively asked, "Why are you so afraid of me? I want you to love me."

The unassisted efforts of M. de Péréfixe would scarcely have availed him much against such a determined resistance as that which he met with at Port Royal. But here, as in so many other cases, there was a traitor in the camp. A certain Sister Flavia had conceived the bold design of herself becoming head of the Abbey, and saw in the general extremity her own opportunity. She suggested to the Archbishop that if he would expel the present abbess and eleven of the more influential sisters with whose names she supplied him, she would herself undertake to obtain the signatures of those who remained. M. de Péréfixe approved of this project, and one

<sup>1</sup> Not Angélique, who had been taken away from evil to come, two years before.

day in August 1664 he arrived at Port Royal, attended by a number of ecclesiastics, and also by several secular officials and a strong guard of archers. Summoning a chapter, he announced his intention of sending the twelve persons above referred to into a kind of imprisonment in other convents, and further of supplying their places by a temporary abbess and five attendant nuns belonging to an entirely different order.

The sisters with one voice protested against what they considered an illegal infringement of their just rights. Their Constitution expressly reserved to them the privilege of electing their own superior. They declared their intention of appealing for redress to the Parliament of Paris. This spirited protest availed them nothing with M. de Péréfixe. He forthwith despatched the devoted twelve, guarded by archers, to their respective prisons, and presented to the Community the Abbess Eugénie (so the new Mother was called) as their temporary head. The scene which ensued was more interesting than edifying. The nuns, repeating that they willingly received Eugénie as a guest but in no other character, retired from the chapter-house as fast as they could. Thereby they showed their wisdom, for the Archbishop laid violent hands on such as remained within his reach, and bringing their heads close to that of the stranger, forced them to give her the kiss of peace, in token of submission. Unfortunately no record of Mère Eugénie's feelings during this proceeding has been transmitted to us.

The Port Royal sisters remained firm in their intention of lodging an appeal against M. de Péréfixe, and with this view drew up a detailed account of his actions on that disastrous day. Some of them even cherished wild dreams of leaving the cloister to plead their cause in person, but this scheme naturally came to nothing.

Two or three weeks later they received another blow in the open desertion of seven of their number who consented to sign the formula condemning Jansenius. Sister Flavia was the head of this party. She had for some time been suspected of disaffection, but hitherto had striven to dissemble. The other six were induced, mainly by her arguments, to retract their refusal. The steadfast members of the Community were now placed in an exceedingly distressing position. Within, they were harassed by Mother Eugénie and the strange nuns, and still more by Flavia and her accomplices. From without, there were continual visits from the Archbishop and M. Chamillard, whom they regarded with even greater disapproval.

This last gentleman, a priest selected probably for his strongly anti-Jansenistic views, had been established by Péréfixe at Port

Royal in the quality of director, superior, and confessor to the Community, all intercourse with their former spiritual guides being rigorously forbidden. The sisters had protested that in this matter also they had a right of choice, and that their choice did not light upon M. Chamillard. Their appeal was as usual overridden, and Chamillard, in these trying circumstances, showed that he was not entirely devoid of a certain priestly tact. "Do not be afraid of me, my sisters," he said; "I shall always consider myself the lowest member of the Community."

Unfortunately, he by no means lived up to this admirable profession, and, in fact, played the part of petty tyrant much more effectively than either the Archbishop or the new abbess. It is a distinct satisfaction to observe that he met his match and rather more in the gentle sisters of Port Royal. He began his ministry by a course of lectures intended to show his deluded flock the errors of their doctrinal ways, and took occasion to make some very severe remarks about the former abbesses and spiritual directors of Port Royal. The nuns showed their displeasure by rising and departing in a body, leaving M. Chamillard to thunder to empty benches. They found a still more subtle revenge in the counter-accusation that he himself held heretical views and leaned strongly to Molinism. The right-hand errors and left-hand defections of that day are no longer subjects of absorbing interest, and we therefore are content to leave uninvestigated this charge against M. Chamillard's orthodoxy.

In this curious species of spiritual warfare the confessional was used on both sides as the principal weapon. M. Chamillard made a point of refusing absolution to his penitents except on condition of their signing the formula. They naturally preferred not to confess to him, and entreated the Archbishop to allow them another confessor. In compliance with their request, he sent them a certain M. Chéron, who treated them much more humanely. But M. Chamillard grew jealous of this rival ecclesiastic, and insulted him so grossly that he vowed never to return to Port Royal. His place was taken by another priest completely under Chamillard's control, who refused absolution to all who would not at least profess "indifference" with regard to Jansenius and his doctrine. This good gentleman's name was never known to the sisters, who nick-named him the Confessor of Indifference.

M. Chamillard meanwhile was deeply hurt at finding himself utterly neglected alike as director, superior, and confessor. He regarded it as a triumph when any of the sisters asked to see him,



and on these occasions sometimes bore with a surprising amount of very plain speaking rather than terminate the interview. One such story is related with much vividness and detail by a certain Sister Angélique.<sup>1</sup> She prefaced her confession to him by making the three following conditions. He was not to allude to the question of signature. He was to allow her to tell him everything which she considered amiss in his behaviour, or in that of Sister Flavia, or that of the strange nuns, and not to attribute these strictures to ill-temper. Finally, he was, without fail, to give her absolution. If he would not accede to these propositions (the strangest surely ever made by penitent to priest) she would apply to the anonymous Confessor of Indifference. This dreadful threat at once decided M. Chamillard to accept her conditions, which were carried out to the letter on both sides. The good sister naïvely records that after this remarkable confession she experienced a degree of inward peace and satisfaction to which she had long been a stranger, and we can easily believe it. Even heretics and worldlings know something of the relief obtained by giving a piece of their mind to some person at whose hands they have suffered.

It would be only natural to expect that still more friction would have arisen in dealing with the new abbess than with the new director, but as a matter of fact she was far the less unpopular of the two. The Port Royal nuns thought her a well-intentioned, good-hearted, rather silly woman, who would have been easy enough to get on with but for the perpetual mischief-making of the traitress Flavia. They also admitted that she was not at all vindictive, though placed in an extremely unpleasant situation. The Community, excepting the few deserters above mentioned, remained firm in their determination not to acknowledge her authority.

"Poor sister Louise-Eugénie," so the unfortunate abbess once tearfully apostrophised herself (she evidently possessed the *donum lachrymarum* in great perfection), "you are much to be pitied. If you felt yourself overwhelmed and overladen when at the head of a Community where everybody was eager to obey you, where you had hardly given an order before it was carried out, where your slightest word or sign was sufficient for the sisters, your burden is now far heavier, since you are at the head of another Community where at the first word you utter, you hear nothing but 'Mother, we do not recognise you as our Superior'; 'Mother, I have not promised obedience to you'; 'Mother, I am not under your orders';

<sup>1</sup> Not to be confounded with the younger Mother Angélique, niece to the great abbess of that name.

'Mother, we have appealed and protested to his Grace that we did not accept you as our Superior.' My dear sister (the Angélique above mentioned), I am tired of hearing nothing but wrangling, for I would have you to know that I was not brought up at Billingsgate."

The effect of this pathetic speech is rather spoilt by the consideration that Mère Eugénie could probably have perfectly well escaped from her obnoxious position, and returned to her own model establishment, had she really wished to do so, and the sister to whom she bewailed herself did not fail to make some reflection of the kind, though forbearing to express it openly.

While Eugénie and her flock accused the Port Royal sisters of rudeness and insubordination, they on their side retorted with charges of frivolity and irreverence. The strange nuns, they said, talked and looked about them in church. Nay, their abbess was so intent on watching everything that went on during service (with a view, it was supposed, to maintaining order) that she made no attempt to join in the prayers at all. Then, they were all ignorant to the last degree, a defect which had certainly the negative merit of making them very easy persons to argue with. One of them, who had held a prominent position in her own convent, did not know how many Psalms there were, nor by whom they were written. Another asked what was meant by the sin of Simony. The abbess herself was never known to quote but one text of Scripture, and she quoted that incorrectly. They prided themselves much on this holy ignorance as characteristic of the true monastic humility, and regarded with horror the sinful presumption of their better-instructed opponents.

There is no doubt that from their point of view they were perfectly right, and so were many other pious persons who disapproved of the spirit prevailing at Port Royal. It certainly struck at the very root of Rome's central doctrine, blind submission to authority. Nuns who dared to judge for themselves, and to stand up for their legal rights, were plainly anomalies in the monastic scheme of the universe, though they were themselves quite unconscious that this was the case.

Flavia the betrayer meanwhile was playing her own game with considerable low cunning, unhampered by any scruples of conscience. She failed in her main purpose, and was not made abbess after all. But, for the time being, she was an exceedingly important personage. After signing the formula, she had been appointed subprioress, and her proselytes, or accomplices, were likewise raised to positions of authority. They did all in their power to embitter the

lives of the loyal majority, maintaining a most irksome system of espionage, and even attempting to curtail the physical comforts of their victims. Persistent hypocrisy seems to have distinguished Flavia from the rest of her party, who exercised their new powers with undisguised insolence. *She* still professed the utmost affection and gratitude for the convent's former heads, to whom she was, in fact, under great obligations. She had almost died of grief, she said, at their expulsion and this, though all the sisters knew that her treachery was the common talk of Paris. When accused of acting as a spy and informer, she protested that on the contrary she had strenuously endeavoured to check the indiscreet revelations made by others to the Archbishop, and had for that purpose resorted to the drastic measure of treading on their toes! To which the sister to whom she made this statement drily replied that in that case his Grace must have the spirit of divination, since he knew everything which went on in the convent. She lavished Judas kisses and expressions of tearful sympathy on the unfortunate women for whom she was plotting exile and imprisonment. Nobody can wonder that she had to listen to some harder home truths even than M. Chamillard.

It would be impossible here to sketch even in outline the history of that fierce persecution which raged for more than fifty years against Port Royal, ending at last in the total destruction of this famous and once flourishing Community. We have seen that in this, as in most tragedies, there were not wanting elements of farce. But for all that, the sufferings inflicted, mental and even physical, were very real indeed, and the patience and constancy with which they were endured to the end must command our warm admiration. No doubt we may regret that women so highly principled, and in many cases so highly gifted intellectually, should have spent their strength in a cause which seems pitiably inadequate. But everybody must be judged by the standard of their own times. If we wish to estimate the Port Royal sisters at their true value, we must compare them with other educated Frenchwomen of the seventeenth century. Better surely splitting hairs over Jansenism and Molinism than composing frivolous society verses and epigrams worse than frivolous. Better an unreal standard of action faithfully lived up to than the most sacred duties of life thoughtlessly undertaken and ruthlessly trampled upon. In an age of almost universal greed and self-seeking, these nuns showed themselves ready to sacrifice everything in a cause which there was nothing to gain by upholding. In an age when few women's characters were unassailed their lives were exempt from the

faintest breath of scandal. In an age when falsehood and treachery were considered natural attributes of the whole female sex, they presented the object-lesson of a large body of women standing faithfully shoulder to shoulder against enemies without and within. Surely there was a spirit here which deserves something better at our hands than mere ridicule or patronising compassion.

CAMILLA JEBB.

## THE WEST-PYRENEAN CURÉ OF THE PAST.

**C**APERAA (*caput*, head) stands for Priest in the Béarnais dialect. It is also used to designate the white worm with the black head that is found in cherries. Some say that this use arises merely from the insect's similarity to a priest, with black head in white surplice. Such explanation, however, seems rather far-fetched, since we find the same term applied to lice. The fact is, as will be seen from proverbs and also from Ordinances of the country of Béarn,<sup>1</sup> that the Priest, as such, was by no means *persona grata* to the people some few centuries ago, which sufficiently accounts for similar unkindly allusions.

Both there and in Bigorre the saying was current, "The hate of the Curé is like the stain of oil," *i.e.* is indelible.<sup>2</sup> If Virgil's remark *Tantæne animis caelestibus iræ*, could be then applied with truth to Churchmen generally, we can hardly wonder at their former unpopularity. In Béarn, as also in Provence, the proverb ran, "The Monk and the Abbé know the tricks of the trade."<sup>3</sup> Another one still current is, "A dog's bite is less dangerous than the kiss of a priest."<sup>4</sup> Others of a disparaging character are, "He is not like the Abbé of Carcassone—the man who lends to him gives to him." This and the variant, "Like the priest of Carcassone," were common in the Pyrenees about the 16th century.

Frequent, too, are allusions to the love of good cheer of the holy friar. His prominent stomach was called "The cemetery of fowls," because he was often paid in kind for saying masses, and for anathematising an enemy or sorcerer, a practice to which contemporary reference is especially frequent. Another homely saying the day the family pig was slain was, "First tit-bit for him I love best. The

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Basque saying, "The Priest says the last word for himself." Oihenart.

<sup>2</sup> "Hayne de cure toque d'oli."

<sup>3</sup> "Mounge comme abat Lou tourn de l'abadie que sab,"

<sup>4</sup> "May bau u gnac de caa

"Qu'u pot de caperaa." Cf. Proverbs xxvii. 6.



second, a gourmand's tit-bit for M. le Curé." Others were, "The Curé does not say mass twice (in a day)," and, "The Curé makes a mistake when saying mass." These, however, are not remarks showing hostility to the Church, but are tantamount only, the one to *Non bis in idem*, and the other to *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*. Yet an unhandsome observation was the following: "Our Curé is bankrupt. His cemetery has become a meadow."<sup>1</sup> As to which an Archpriest of Lembeye wrote, as late as the 18th century, "*La mort même est un bien, Qui fournit au pasteur un honnête entretien.*" Less malicious but none the less irreverent is the saying in common use when the greeting of any person was not noticed, "Good-day, Sir (I say). It is (no less a person than) the Abbé of Aspe who is saluting you."

Perhaps the most popular rhyme of the present century, at all events throughout the Valley of Aspe, with reference to the clergy is the following:

Moussu Curé ganhe-petit  
A cade patèr bou u ardit,  
E si nou hen trin trin au plat  
Certes patèr que nou ditz cap.

It may be thus rendered in French: Monsieur le Curé Gagne-petit à chaque pater veut un hard (de l'argent), et si (les espèces) sonnantes ne font trin-trin au plat, certes il ne dit aucun pater (*i.e.* Pater Noster). This distich is said to have been hurled by the famous Marie la Blanche, the last of the professional weepers, at the head of a Curé who expostulated with her upon the noise she was making at a funeral, and to have "caught on" to such a degree that the priests call it "un trait qui sent la huguenote"! And here perhaps it may be well to observe that both the people of Béarn and also the Basques have been remarkable for their love of expressing themselves in original Arrepoès (Old French, *Reprouvier*, Proverb). This word signifies either a *dicton*, *i.e.* something relating to a place, or a proverb, properly so called. The former of these evidently cannot be imported from any distant district, but some proverbs have no doubt been borrowed, and many are common to other countries likewise. Thus it becomes necessary, in order to estimate their true value, to be able to distinguish those of native from those of foreign production. As an example of *dictons* which refer to Churchmen, we have *Medici coum lou Curé d'Artiguelouve*, a doctor like the Curé of Artiguelouve, *i.e.* one who takes advantage of the credulity of his people. Moreover, besides *dictons* and proverbs, there are

<sup>1</sup> "Nouste Curé qu'ey ruinat  
Soun Cemeteri qu'ey un prat."

many popular rhymes, like *Monsieur le Curé Gagne-petit* already given, which show, almost better than in the case of *dictons* and proverbs, what ideas have really taken hold of the popular mind. Of course, common expressions merely of the day are not here referred to, but those that have been handed down from mother to daughter, especially by the *Aurosts*, or professional weepers, at funerals.

The following is perhaps as good an example as any other of this sort of rhyme, which is also in use among the Basques and Bigourdans :

Moussu Curé b'etz bous hurous  
Quoand bous cantats, qu'em toutz en plous !

"Monsieur le Curé, you are very happy, for when *you* are singing *we* are all in tears." The majority of these point to the fact that the Pyrenean clergy and their people were often in the past not much more in sympathy with each other than we find them to be at present. The perfect harmony of the good old times deposed to by clerical historians being, in a word, for the most part wholly imaginary.

Passing from proverbs and *dictons*, which show the view taken by the old-world man in the street, to Ordinances that give a still clearer insight into the mind of the contemporary legislator, it will be noticed that in Béarn, as long ago as Gaston Phœbus's time, excesses of priests had to be kept in check. For in 1385 it seems pretty clear that Gaston Phœbus got himself a good revenue by allowing Curés to have concubines. Nevertheless he did a good work in ordering such women to wear a particular mark—a cross—upon their dress. Nor was this a mere order, for it was carried out in the case of the woman of the Curé of Saucède.<sup>1</sup> Later, too, in a protest of the States-General of Béarn in 1485, complaint is made of the sexual immorality of priests "and people of the Church," while again in 1489 a petition was presented to the Queen of Navarre by nobles and commons alike, against bishops who allowed their "people of the Church" (*gentz de glisie*) "to live continuously with infamous concubines, to the great scandal and perdition, by evil example, of the whole people, so that they become apostate and entirely lost to devotion."<sup>2</sup> This petition is the more remarkable as in the Assembly of Nobles sat five prelates, one of whom was its perpetual President. These latter appear

<sup>1</sup> Cadier, *Etats de Béarn*, p. 227. See, too, *Archives des Basses-Pyrénées*, E, 1595. Cf. the *patte d'oie* worn by the *cagot*.

<sup>2</sup> *Archives B.-P.*, C, 679.

to have made no protest, and so to have let the judgment of the public go against them by default.

Of priests in Navarre in their relation with women much has been written. Indeed, the "ruin of Spain," or, in other words, its loss to Christians at the hands of Moors, was in part brought about, according to some Spanish writers, by reason of King Witiza having compelled the clergy to marry. However this may have been, the condition of the Church was then an open scandal,<sup>1</sup> and, ever since that early period until somewhat recently, the clergy of Navarre have had rather a bad name at the hands of many historians of repute. Canon VII. of the Council of Valladolid (1322) was directed against quasi-marriages of clergy, and as late as 1518 Charles V. and his mother wrote a letter, which is incorporated in the Fors of Biscay, against the constant habit of having women in their houses and at their tables. The Bishop of Gerone, Zamacola, and Chaho all refer to the same thing, but in 1788 John Talbot Ditton, in his history of Peter the Cruel, states that the clergy of Biscay had given over these wicked ways, and were then as devout as other priests, and universally respected by their people. Lagrèze gives an act of legitimation, granted by Jean d'Albret and Catherine in 1489, of the natural child of Martin, Abbé d'Eulate, *clerc de messe*, and an unmarried woman, which corroborates the view that living in concubinage with priests was not considered dishonourable in Navarre at the end of the 15th century.

We have already seen what was the state of things in Béarn, but in Bigorre little or no scandal of the kind would appear to have been matter of notoriety. The clergy there, instead of decreasing in repute right up to the time of the Renaissance, seem to have made an upward movement early in the 15th century. In the Assembly of 1301, and also in that of 1380, nobles preceded clergy, but afterwards this order of things was changed, as the power of feudalism waned. Ever turbulent<sup>2</sup> and quarrelsome with each other, and rapacious in the matter of fees, as were the clergy of Bigorre, they yet consistently set themselves to mitigate the misery of the slaves, and, being many of them well born, succeeded in bridging over the gulf existing between nobles and people. Lay Abbeyes, again, which were in the hands of the laity, gave rise to constant disputes between the Church and their owners, many of

<sup>1</sup> H. G. Watts, *Spain*, p. 6.

<sup>2</sup> Even as late as in their support of Audijos rebellion against Colbert's Salt imposition. See Bishop of Tarbes's letter, *Bibl. Nat.*, "Mélanges Colbert," vol. cxxviii., fol. 162.

whom were as turbulent as were the clerics. Their wrongdoings must not be set down to the account of the Church, any more than those of the many other abbés who were merely gentry<sup>1</sup> bearing this clerical designation or title.

In the 15th century, two circumstances combined to shake the power of the Pope in the Pyrenees, just as was taking place in France and Spain likewise. The one was the schism in the Church culminating in the Council of Constance and the deposition of the rival Popes. The other was the improvement in communication between Rome and other countries, which enabled the idea to be disseminated, that the centralisation of all ecclesiastical government at Rome could no longer be upheld. The lives of Popes and Cardinals often did not bear inspection, and this had now become generally known.<sup>2</sup> Thus the conception of a national Church sprang up, and its spirit soon permeated all classes. Not only did Béarn and Navarre alike object to the Pope's interference with their ecclesiastical appointments, but they endeavoured in some degree themselves to improve future appointments, by registering their objections to pluralities. Hence arose the many ecclesiastical regulations, which were made during the next two centuries, for the internal improvement of what was now, owing to the action of the Reformation, held still more firmly to be a national Church. In Béarn the Bishops of Tarbes and d'Acqs, who each possessed some parishes in the Viscounty, were required to have a resident official, the one at Pontacq, the other at Orthez.<sup>3</sup> The Bishop and Chapter of Oloron, whose diocese was wholly in Béarn, were directed to appoint a proper native minister upon every ecclesiastical vacancy. The same bishop, as also he of Lescar, was ordered (1560) to make his clergy reside in their parishes, and to punish such as lived scandalous lives. And in case they should omit so to do, power was given to the ordinary Council at Pau to enforce this regulation. Moreover, the clergy were forbidden to exact payment for the Sacrament of burial (1550), ordered to keep registers of baptisms (1556), to contribute to the repair of their churches (1560), to hand over the registers of the Apostolic Notaries to the civil authority (1563), not to exchange benefices without the full consent of all parties on both sides (1637), not to act as farmers of the property of others (1644),

<sup>1</sup> Lagrèze, *Droit dans les Pyrénées*, p. 31.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Eustache Deschamps's *Poems*, and the *Apparition de Maistre Jehan des Meung*, by Honoré Bonnet, Prior of Salons, in Provence; also Nicolas de Clemangis, *De Corruptione Ecclesia*.

<sup>3</sup> Priv. et Reg. Rub. v., Arts. 9 and 10.



and not to have an interest in the manufacture of saleable articles (1641). Besides these restrictions, some of which were of comparatively recent date, there had always existed the obligation on the Béarnais clergy to pay taxes upon all non-ecclesiastical goods that they might possess, although expressly exempted from so doing in the case of ecclesiastical property.

As regards the legal position of ecclesiastics, it may perhaps be summed up shortly thus. The Bishop of Lescar presided in the Parliament, and with him sat four other Church dignitaries. They debated together with the Barons, being too few to do so alone. In each county or parish court the priest had a seat. He could not act as advocate except for a widow, orphan, pauper, or relative, or in matters concerning the Church. Parish priests, but not members of Orders, could make wills and inherit. All others were "dead in religion." The same applied to nuns, but not to benoites, who were a kind of female sacristans, one of whom was found in every village in Navarre, and whose lives were not always entirely free from reproach.

In France, at the close of the 15th century, only the nobles and the clergy could wear silk.<sup>1</sup> Soon after this period, too, the general conduct of the inferior clergy improved so much that when any exception to this rule was noticed, the remark that followed was, "He lives like an ecclesiastic of the olden time!" But the evil of pluralities continued widespread, the same person being, perhaps, Bishop in Artois, Abbé in Béarn, Curé in Brittany, and Chaplain in Lorraine.<sup>2</sup> Another peculiarity that is especially to be noticed in Bigorre was the way in which preferment remained in the same family. For example, the Cardinal de Gramont, who helped Henry VIII. to get his divorce from Catherine, was not only Bishop of Tarbes, but Archbishop of Toulouse at one and the same time. At his death in 1534, his nephew was appointed Bishop of Tarbes. The brother of this nephew became Bishop of Tarbes, as well as, like his brother, also Abbé of Dieville. The 60th and 61st Bishops were uncle and nephew (1577 and 1602), and the 62nd and 63rd Bishops, father and son (1649 and 1668).

Perhaps the most remarkable of the ecclesiastics of Béarn, although he only took Holy Orders at the death of his wife when nearly fifty years old, was Pierre de Marca, born at Gan in 1594.

<sup>1</sup> Delmarre, *Traité de la Police*, iii. 1, 4, Ordinance as to clothes of Feb. 15, 1573.

<sup>2</sup> *Histoire des Français des deux Etats aux Cinq derniers Siècles*. Par Amans-Alexis Monteil. Paris, 1833.



Bossuet speaks of him as being *homme d'un très grand génie*. Marca appears to have been one of the first advocates of the Concordat, and both the Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent X. refused to acknowledge him as Bishop of Couserans until he recanted some of the opinions expressed in his great book "*De concordia sacerdotii et imperii*." Another famous work of his was the "*History of Béarn*." He subsequently became Archbishop of Toulouse, and died Archbishop of Paris in 1661. But it is to Navarre that we must look for a series of remarkable clerics. There we find at almost the same time St. Francis Xavier and Ignatius Loyola, who occupied the same room at Paris, the former as a Professor at St. Barbe and the latter as a student seeking the degree of Master of Arts. And these two great men, with P. Juan d'Azpilcueta Navarro and Le Docteur Navarro, who flourished in the early part of the 16th century, are extraordinary instances of the missionary energy which the Basque Church was just beginning to develop. Many worthy men as teachers, and some also as missionaries, did a work which at that period was remarkable for its devotion and absence of self-seeking, that went far to put into the shade the misdeeds of the ordinary run of ecclesiastics, whom they thus did their best to edify.

A curious, if later, instance of the man-of-the-world Curé in Béarn of which we have full details, was the Abbé Daniel de Tristan, Curé of Gan for twenty-three years, of which he resided but fifteen. He succeeded his uncle, who had enjoyed that benefice for forty years, at the beginning of the 18th century.<sup>1</sup> The son of a jurat of Pau, he was himself a Doctor in Theology, educated by the Jesuits, of whom he seems to have retained an agreeable souvenir. This Abbé was also Seigneur de Subercaze in Asson, of which his brother was Curé, and as such had a seat in the States Assembly. Fond of fine dress and of a good dinner, he early became inclined to *embonpoint*, or, as he put it himself, was *chargé de cuisine*. Clever and discreet, he used to speak of his own *esprit fin* as *son petit génie*. He loved fine snuff, especially if sent him as a New Year's present—as *étrennes pour M. son nez*. When he went to Paris, as was often the case, he allowed himself to be commissioned to choose silk dresses for the ladies of Béarn. Our Abbé, a great believer in the efficacy of presents, was wont to send turkeys and wine from his famous Vigne de Gaye to his bishop, who thereupon asked him to dine with him, and help to dispose of such good cheer. At his presbytery, dinner went on from *midi et demi jusqu'à six heures*, whenever his friend the Intendant of Auch and Pau paid him a visit. His

<sup>1</sup> *Archives des Basses-Pyrénées*, E, 1080-1090.

brother speaks of him as living the life of a little bishop at Paris, where he was one of the Secretaries of Cardinal Dubois, being at the same time an official of the Diocese of Lescar.<sup>1</sup>

It is by no means free from general interest to observe carefully the position occupied by "Monseigneur de Gan," as the Abbé Tristan would have liked to have been called, with reference to contemporary society. At this period the clergy—and especially the Béarnais clergy—hated the nobility for what they called their rapacity, and the nobles the clergy for demanding of them the restoration of property which it was asserted had been wrongly acquired. Whatever other Curés may have felt, no bitterness was expressed by Tristan, who was himself *persona gratissima* to most of those in high places in his day. Some of the higher ecclesiastics, no doubt, stood on much the same footing. Some, again, like the Vicar-General Levasseur and the Archpriest de la Chambre, were even at that late period great sportsmen. Indeed, the former lost his hand when engaged in his favourite hunting, while the basset hounds of the latter had such a wide notoriety that more than one gentleman of the day borrowed some of them, which he afterwards refused to return because of their excellence. On one occasion the Abbé Tristan was asked by M. de la Chambre to advise whether or not the matter of the non-return of his dogs should be brought to the notice of the Maréchals of France, who, at that period, used to hold a court every Thursday, at which they were arbiters of differences between officers and gentlemen, and from whose decision there was no appeal. Nor was it only Church dignitaries who were sportsmen. A tale is told of a mere village Curé, who had a favourite hound named "Finant," which he heard giving tongue in pursuit of a hare while he was celebrating mass. Whereupon he observed *Dominus vobiscum* to the people, and to the sacristan: "If it is 'Finant,' that hare will have a devil of a time!"<sup>2</sup>

If from customs, proverbs, and ordinances<sup>3</sup> we get a general idea of society at a particular period, it is to deeds and wills, which have been so well kept in the Pyrenees, that we must go to see with our own eyes the private actions and life of individuals. For example,

<sup>1</sup> "Greffier des Insinuations Ecclésiastiques."

<sup>2</sup> A similar story is told of Dr. Horlock, an old-world sporting parson at Box, in Wiltshire. When reading a lesson in church on a Saint's day, a hound, hearing his voice, came up to him in the reading desk. Thereupon the scanty congregation heard the following incongruous rendering of Holy Scripture: "And he Lord said unto Moses, 'Get down, you nasty beast.'"

<sup>3</sup> Sancho Panza said, "The old ballads are too old to tell lies."

if the *Cahiers des Griefs*<sup>1</sup> and regulations of the time point to looseness of life on the part of many Béarnais Curés, do their wills and other documents bear out the same thing? Bias may affect our reading of public documents, but it cannot, in the case of any reasonable man, blind him to what he sees with naked eye in the notaries' registers. There can be no possible doubt that on 18th July, 1439, Bernard d'Audaux, priest and precentor of St. Marie d'Oloron, bound himself to P. de Lacase not to play at dice with his own money, under a penalty of two silver marks, one to go to the repair of the church, and the other to the said P. de Lacase. This stipulation was to continue in force for four years.<sup>2</sup> Another document, signed at Navarrenx in 1406, calls to witness the following fact. In the year in question, a certain Prebendary said of G. de Tilh—but said it only to his own female servant—that he must take care "or he will become a cuckold." He said nothing more with reference to de Tilh or his wife. The story got spread abroad, owing to gossip, in a much exaggerated form. Hence this explanation. Again, in 1405, a woman swore on the altar of St. Antoine at Navarrenx, that a child of hers was the son of the Curé of Aren. One of the witnesses to this document was the Curé of St. Goin. Going further back, in 1364 we find a deed by which the *Aumônier* of the Abbey of St. Lucq *totidem verbis* renounces his concubine, and promises not to take her back, under the penalty of losing his office.

In the records of de Laborde, notary of Pardies between the years 1437 and 1439, there is a marriage contract executed between Peyrolet de Casenave and Condor, *daughter* of Gaillard de l'Abbadie, Curé de Mourenx.<sup>3</sup> At Pardies, too, in the notaries' records between 1489 and 1503 is to be found the duplicate of a deed of gift of two cows and an ox, executed by Arnaud d'Abbadie, Curé of Gan, in favour of his servant, Bérardine du Four, by reason of "beaucoup d'agréables services qu'il reconnaît en avoir reçus," which in the case of the "bonne à tout faire" that she not improbably was, might obviously have meant much or little, as the case might be.<sup>4</sup> But there is no possible ambiguity about the will<sup>5</sup> made some time between 1478 and 1493, of Raymond de Bizanos, Curé of Bizanns, a suburb of Pau, the effect of which is as follows. A dinner is to be given to all priests and monks who attend his funeral, at which there is to be a sufficiency of beef, mutton, and fowls, while the

<sup>1</sup> *i.e.* Petitions of Remonstrance.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1928.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1975.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1769.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1935.

people of Bizanos are to have bread and wine. Bernard, his bastard son, is given his choice of two measures of wheat or millet, and a pair of shoes; and there is named as his heir, Roger, Seigneur de Bizanos, his nephew. It is needless to say that "nephew" is usually in such cases a euphemism for *son*.<sup>1</sup> In the same archives (Pau), about the same date, we find a contract of marriage between Jean de Bordeu de Montaner, with Gaillardine, *daughter* of Gaston de Pecondou, Abbé de Jurançon. This was, however, a lay Abbé.

Again, between the years 1533 and 1535, a lawyer named Raymond de Forcade, of Pau, states in his will that<sup>2</sup> Jacques de Foix, Bishop of Oloron, owes him fifty écus for looking after his interests for the ten years last past, and this he "brings to the conscience of the bishop, and he will thus fall into mortal sin." A copy petition of<sup>3</sup> the 16th century from the inhabitants of Garue throws a strange light upon the arbitrary conduct of the then Curé of Coarraze, who was also Chancellor of Foix and Béarn, in demanding from them various rights to which he was not entitled. A similar petition about the same time was presented by the people of Rontignon against their Curé, accusing him of having used violence to them. When to these sort of complaints we have to add the open scandal of Ramon de Leseun, Curé of Pau, claiming exorbitant burial fees from R. A. de Majendie, who brought the claim into Court in 1504,<sup>4</sup> we may fairly draw the conclusion that the conduct of Pyrenean ecclesiastics in the 16th century, as a whole, left much to be desired. Yet side by side with this self-seeking, chiefly of those apparently in high places, we find in 1491 the will of Prebendary P. de Roque, who leaves his breviary to his successor, or twenty-five écus to buy another, and his bed to the Hospital of Pau.<sup>5</sup> Indeed, gifts to this excellent institution were then very numerous. For example, the Abbé Tristan, of Gan, whose story has already been told, left all his property to the same charity.<sup>6</sup>

The conclusion, then, that we come to upon these facts, and many others of a similar nature of which space forbids the insertion here,<sup>7</sup> is that the great men of the Church before the Renaissance were not seldom lovers of pleasure rather than devout servants of God,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Deed of Apprenticeship of "Nephew of B. de Grives, Curé of Lamayon, executed between 1508 and 1511." *Arch. B.-P.*, E, 1982.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1988.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1980.

<sup>4</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1981.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* E, 1977.

<sup>6</sup> *Ibid.* E, 2353.

<sup>7</sup> See H. E. Watts' *Spain*, pp. 152, 158, 264, 272, and 289.



but that afterwards matters mended, owing to pressure brought to bear by public opinion upon those in authority. Side by side, however, with these scandals many gentle souls lived and moved and had their being in ministration to the physical as well as to the spiritual wants of those committed to their charge, of whom they were often brothers indeed.<sup>1</sup> In early days, history was written by ecclesiastics. If the saying "The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for a client" was made by the lawyers, surely the idea that the mediæval Church was composed exclusively of godly men of heart was promulgated and vouched for by Churchmen.

Nor is it fair to forget that in earlier days, if rich monasteries did take the ecclesiastical revenues of many a village, and often provide for its church services by an underpaid and overworked vicar, they nevertheless afforded the only shelter from utter misery then open to the poor and destitute. If the Church had such a hold upon the people of South-west France in early days that a Viscount of Bayonne had to regulate the amount that could be left by way of pious gift,<sup>2</sup> much of such money went in relief of the miserable, and some part, too, in affording the only then existing endowment of research. Much in the way of charity they indubitably did, though still more could quite easily have been done. If great ecclesiastics were often self-seekers, we do not find all of this sort. It is not necessary to do more than instance the case of Richard, Bishop of Tarbes, in the 11th century, who by his gentleness stopped marauding within his diocese; and another bishop of the same district, Gaillard de Courraze, who in the difficult time of the English invasion had the heart to continuously exercise a benevolent and humanising influence, not only over his own district, but also further afield, and who thus averted much misery. These good men, like their successor, François de Poudeux, who in the beginning of the eighteenth century refused to accept the Archbishopric of Bordeaux that he might continue the good work he had so well begun at Tarbes, as well as hosts of others, lived most useful lives—a fact which it would be the height of ingratitude not frankly to acknowledge. But, upon the whole, the great dignitaries of the Church did not let their light shine before men with the lustre they might have displayed, considering the magnificent opportunities and the splendid vantage ground they had at their command. The good

<sup>1</sup> Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure.

*Tennyson, In Mem. xxxii.*

<sup>2</sup> Balasque, *Etude Hist. sur Bayonne*, i. 134.



deeds of the lesser lights are unfortunately too often buried in the obscurity of their small spheres of influence. Yet none the less did they, too, often shine, and, speaking generally, with a brighter light in proportion than did their spiritual superiors, of whom some, however, like the rich monks of L'Escale-Dieu (Bigorre) got from Pierre de Marca, the great historian of Béarn, the description *les très pieux et très savants moins de l'Escale-Dieu*. But was not Marca himself a bishop, and *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?* As Gibbon says, Abu Rafé will be witness for him, but who will be witness for Abu Rafé?

There were good and bad alike in the Pyrenees, as elsewhere, three, four, and five centuries ago. It is merely a question of the quantity. But we must never forget the great truth :—

The evil that men do lives after them ;  
The good is oft interred with their bones.

So let it be with the West-Pyrenean Curés of the Past. *Requiescant in pace !*

A. R. WHITEWAY.

## *BROTHERS.*

The influences of moral progress on the cosmogonies of ancient thought are nowhere more marked than in the Hebrew theories of creation. The change of Melek to Molek, and our English borrowing of Molech or Moloch from the Septuagint translators of the Hebrew text, are familiar to all students of Hebrew literature.

“**B**EGGAR, liar, mad buffoon,  
 Idiot gaping at the moon—  
 What hast thou to do with me,  
 Dreaming dotard, Poesie?  
 I who weigh the monster sun  
   In the scales of measured reason,  
 Tell the course his life hath run,  
   And foretell his waning season—  
 What hast thou to do with me,  
 Vain impostor, Poesie?”

Beggar—no, a discrowned king,  
   Ragged now, and shown the door ;  
 Liar—no, on random wing  
   Truthwards I had learned to soar ;  
 Mad buffoon—nay, brother, hear,  
   He who calmed the heart of man  
 From the brute's desire and fear  
   To the peace where thought began—  
 He who won a way for thee  
 Was thy brother Poesie.

“I who read the earth's old story  
   By the record of her rocks,  
 Trace the sea in mountains hoary  
   Crumpled by volcanic shocks,  
 Mark the life of plant and creature  
   Growing with the growth of air  
 As the planet's fiery feature  
   Sank beneath the cooling layer—  
 What hast thou to do with me,  
 Blind romancer, Poesie?”

Brother, when, to chaos turning  
All I saw in order here,  
I, with zeal of mercy burning,  
Bade the light of day appear,  
Thinkest thou the wild creation  
Of a day without a sun  
Showed a mad imagination  
In the tale I had begun?

Once in Yahveh's courts the car  
Of the Sun-god flamed afar ;  
Yahveh then was Melek—"King"—  
King of battle triumphing  
In his heaven with host of stars,  
On his earth in Israel's wars.  
War-god, Sun-god, Yahveh then  
Heard the groans of dying men  
Slaughtered to the majesty  
Of his dark divinity,  
And the wail of firstborn male  
Sacrificed in Hinnom's vale.

But there dawned a brighter day  
When the chariot of the sun  
Drove from Yahveh's courts away,  
And the work of woe was done ;  
Melek now was Molek named,  
And the ancient rites defamed ;  
All the curses of the dead  
Lighted now on Molek's head ;  
And as god of purer light  
Than the sun had ever shed  
On the highplace of the mountain,  
On the sacred stream or fountain,  
Yahveh claimed a higher right  
While the lower took its flight.

Brother, it was then I drew  
That old scheme which vexes you—  
Doing as yourself would do,  
Gathering the best I knew.

Sunless day and starless night  
Were no frantic fancy's flight ;  
They were wrought by thought humane,  
Setting in a lower place  
What a blind and brutal race  
Worshipping with deeds of blood  
Fearfully misunderstood—  
Setting highest, not in vain,  
Purer light than ever shone  
Bloody sacrifice upon.

He who wrought the subtle thought  
Of that purer deity,  
Brother, who would have me nought,  
Was the idiot Poesie.

HUTCHESON MACAULAY POSNETT.

*TABLE TALK.*

## DEGRADATION OF THE LANGUAGE.

UNDER the influences of ignorance and carelessness on the part of the journalists and writers on whom the general public looks as authorities, the degradation of the English language proceeds apace. There is scarcely a newspaper office in London which seems to possess an elementary knowledge of grammar, and the solecisms which the self-made writer permits himself and the ignorance he displays find their way into periodicals of the highest reputation. As regards ignorance, I find a gentleman in *Longman's* for November talking of a "sybil," a spelling which no man with the slightest knowledge of Latin could employ; while as regards carelessness I come in one of our principal reviews upon the sentence, "A 'woman is at heart a rake,' as Byron said in his haste." Byron, of course, never said anything of the sort, unless he was quoting with approval from Pope. I should have thought that there was no Englishman alive who aspired to write in a magazine or review, and who did not know Pope's "Epistle to a Lady":

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;  
But ev'ry woman is at heart a rake.

An error of this class is the less pardonable, seeing that the lines are given in those dictionaries of quotations which should be under every writer's hand. There are few newspapers now that do not print *bye* laws when they mean *by-laws*, an error which the County Council has had the grace to rectify, and the heresy has extended so far that besides such atrocities as *bye the bye*, or *bye and bye*, men talk of a *bye* at cricket, a thing that is scored when a ball gets by the wicket-keeper and the long-stop. This is not a formal arraignment: were it such I should indeed have something to say. It is a mere growl and an attempt to arrest the tide of ignorance under which newspaper writers threaten to overwhelm us, when they exhibit such instances of crass ignorance as a desiderata, and others even more inane with which I have not dealt.



## THE COCKNEY "SPORTSMAN."

PROTEST English and American against the so-called "sportsman" and the, in my mind, no less odious collector or naturalist, though constantly renewed, remains futile. The growth of public sentiment against these creatures is gratifying, but continues practically inoperative. I speak only of England and America, since, though some aid in the campaign against slaughter reaches us from other countries, it is almost inappreciable in amount, and one has with sorrow and dismay to watch among the Latin races a recrudescence of cruelty. In England even there is more lust of destruction than before. This, however, is no more than was to be expected from the fact that, thanks to facilities of travel, the breeding-places of birds and wild creatures generally became more easily accessible. It may well be also that the number of people able to indulge an idle and cruel sport augments with increasing population. In this country men of the class are regarded with growing disfavour, and attempts at the repression of wanton slaughter multiply in number, and may in time lead to satisfactory results. From "Nature Notes" I copy the following concerning that beautiful district, the Norfolk Broads, the spot of all others wherein aquatic birds should be allowed to breed in security: "The slaughter of reed-birds, coots, moorhens, &c., has become almost phenomenally great. The worst feature is the pure wantonness of it all, for the . . . wounded birds are seldom retrieved, and days afterwards are found fluttering pitifully in the reed-beds, where they gradually starve or drown." Men such as those of whom I complain are inaccessible to sentiments of pity. It is only by measures of repression, and by the enforcement of penalties such as I hope to see inflicted, that they can be reached.

## ANIMAL LIFE AND OUR PARKS.

LONDON represents now one of the largest areas within which guns may not be fired—and processes of trapping and destruction are not likely to be attempted, or if attempted can easily be repressed. Already wild creatures are becoming sensible of this. My own garden, not three miles from Charing Cross, is now familiar during the spring with the song of the black-bird, and Kensington Gardens in April, May, and early June hear the song of the nightingale. One has not far to go to hear the cuckoo or even the thrush, and the robin, the

sprucest and sprightliest of cavaliers, dear for many reasons besides the pious legend concerning "The Babes in the Wood," may be seen almost any day in the few green lanes that are left us. Might not something be done to make more generally known to wild creatures the nature of the sanctuary afforded them in our parks, extending from Blackheath to Wimbledon, and from Streatham to the Alexandra Palace? I do not know what wild life can be prolonged within what is miscalled the Metropolitan area. In some cases, however, the experiment is worth trying. If squirrels, for instance, were let loose in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, in Regent's Park and elsewhere, might they not breed and multiply in security? If nuts and other kinds of food are not to be found, it would be easy to provide artificially for them; as Burns says :—

A daimen icker in a thrave  
's a sma' request,

and a squirrel's requirements, even including his winter hoard, are not much larger. Sure I am that there are thousands in London who would give a small subscription to make it worth the while of the park-keepers to administer to its wants. Who would not be glad to see, as may be witnessed in the Central Park, New York, the active little creature bounding and swinging from tree to tree, and possibly in the way of becoming partially domesticated? Attempts are made with more or less success by great landowners to bring back former denizens of our woods and to acclimatise others. In these I have little belief, since so soon as they pass over the protecting boundary the bloodthirsty collector would track them down. Experiments such as I suggest might, perhaps, be tried with a fair chance of success.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

THE  
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH 1901.

*THE WINNING CHARM.*

*A SCENE OF RUSTIC LIFE.*

BY GEORGE MORLEY.

CHAPTER I.

ZILLAH.

WHERE the Rokeby Road at Brookington passes into the parish of classic Arwick, and thus hides its identity, there is a narrow leafy lane which runs northward to the tiny hidden village of Old Verton, familiar to the poet, painter, and novelist, and lover of idyllic nooks.

Somewhat less than a mile up this "chewer," as the pure-bred Old Verton rustic would call it, there stood a single cottage with its eye-like windows looking southward down the lane, which gave it the position of a lodge-keeper's house. It saw every one who entered the village, and every one who left it; because that lane was the only direct roadway to Old Verton, and that cottage was the first met with and the last left—a cottage picturesque in its own greenery.

It was a golden morning in early July: warm, rosy, peaceful, inviting.

A young woman, in a black skirt and white blouse with large puff sleeves, was hanging over the gate of the garden attached to the cottage. She looked young—not, perhaps, more than twenty-two—and with a dainty little head, covered with a nicely arranged mass of fair hair, thickly and neatly curled upon the forehead, presented a pretty rustic picture quite in harmony with the scene in which she was set: a poppy in a cornfield, so to speak, blooming and red.

This was Zillah Crofton, late maid-servant in a family at Brookington, now out of place.

The hay-harvesters were at work in the field immediately before her. They were cutting the grass with a machine. Every time the musical clicking came to the point where Zillah could hear it the loudest, when the cutter, in fact, reached that position which brought the eyes of the young man in the seat into a direct line with her own, the natural merriment of her face visibly increased, and her bright eyes lighted up with an added pleasure, possibly because the young man was good-looking and had shown the good taste of taking notice of her.

"Let me tek you to the Brookington concert to-night, Zill?" he called out merrily over the hedge, as he passed her on his latest course, blithe as the lark singing above his head.

"Shouldn't you like?" responded the girl sweetly, in a tone which betrayed a close acquaintance with the manners of town life among young men and maidens of her class. "Shouldn't you like, my boy?" Such pertness added a new charm to her other attractions.

"I should so, lass!" replied the young man, with a far more rustic air than the girl.

"Well—well, you may," she hesitated prettily, her tongue hanging on the word, "you may—NOT. Take Tilly! Won't she do, Billy, boy? Now take her, lad!"

"Aye, I'd tek Tilly, if she'd come—dash me!" shouted Billy, as the horses moved on to the more northern part of the field to the musical clicking of the machine.

One single chamber window on the eastern side of the cottage looked out over that field. All the rest was a blank space of red brick from the ground to the roof. The other bedrooms were northward and southward, back and front, looking over the landscape behind and before.

This window was small and clean and prettily hung with a pair of Tilly's tatted curtains, washed as white as snow and open in the middle, like those to be seen at the windows of a circus van, and tied at each side with a strip of yellow ribbon. In the opening stood a potted geranium, whose large red blooms effectually obscured the view into the room of any curious passer-by. The window opened like a door, down the middle, lengthwise, and was caught with a long narrow hook. It was standing open now, drinking in the freshening air of the rosy gladsome morning.

While Zillah and Billy had been exchanging those few words,

there were movements at that window. The curtains shivered in their folds, the geranium blooms nodded gracefully. When the hay-cutter had progressed some distance up the field, a soft and extremely pleasant voice called from the window in a tone of pretty admonition though perfectly winning,

"Zill, Zill, how can you be so flirtsome? How can you, lassie, gel?"

The girl at the gate looked gaily across the field at the red-cheeked young mower, now clicking southward down the eastern course. She heard the voice and the words from overhead, but she did not look up. She merely answered them in a lively and pert manner highly suggestive of the repartee of a Brookington dress-maker or shop-girl, quite unlike a demure maiden.

"Oh! because I'm not an old maid, Till, and don't intend to be if I can help it."

The merry haymaker came round again with first a whistle, then a snatch of song, and finally a smile. He turned his beaming face towards the girl at the gate.

"Say, Billy boy, will ye take me really?" cried Zillah in a provokingly jesting voice. "Or will ye meet me at the concert? Now which will ye do?"

"I'll tek thee or meet thee theer, lass, whichever ye like—dash me!" answered Billy gaily.

"Well, do both then, you good obligin' laddie," responded Zillah, with a merry peal of laughter, which rang round the field and fluttered up to the ears of Tilly, whose cheeks were as red with burning as the little child's red frock in her lap, in which she was putting a pair of new sleeves.

"I will that," said the young man, meeting her with her own weapons, assailing her with her own fun. "I will that, Zill—every time. Trust me if I donna."

The machine rattled on again at the edge of the tall grass until all that was seen of the form of the young harvester was the point of his peaked cap—looking in the distance like the tip of a black rook skimming the top of the field crop.

"Oh! Zill, Zill," cried the soft voice from above again. "Do come in. You're as bad as any Brookington gill-flirt. Thee art that, lassie!"

Zillah once more surveyed the field, and, seeing the top of Billy's cap turning the north angle of the grass, and thinking that perhaps enough had been said for the present, she skipped trilling up the garden path like the merriest soul alive, and in a few minutes bounded



into Tilly's little workroom upstairs with a flushing cheek and a glancing eye.

Tilly was seated on a low chair behind the geranium blooms, and when Zillah entered she turned her face towards her with a smile half merry and half sad.

She was extremely like Zillah in cast of countenance ; in the rosy freshness of her face, the fairness of her skin, the blueness of her eyes, the shape of her nose, and the generally pleasing form of her combined features. But her hair was slightly darker, and though it was parted in the middle instead of being cut in a fringe on the forehead, as Zillah's was, it was neatly crimped and brushed down at the sides, and suited her admirably—giving her face a fuller and, some would think, a more enchanting appearance than the more pert and less quiet beauty of Zillah's face.

That she looked slightly older than Zillah, and was, in fact, her senior by three years, made but a small difference for the worse in an estimate of their respective comeliness. Zillah was certainly the liveliest and the sauciest, and the one most calculated to make her way with the majority of young men ; but there was a quiet and staid charm about Tilly which would be more likely to win a worthy man than to intoxicate the unworthy shallow-pates who might hover round Zillah—and alas ! had hovered round her, taking off some of her bloom in the contact.

These two girls were sisters—the orphan daughters of Martin and Matilda Crofton.

Their father had been a small farmer of Old Verton, had prospered, made sufficient money to buy his own freehold, and to have a respectable account standing to his credit at a bank in Brookington. By a peculiar irony of fate, however, the farmer died ere he could enjoy the fruit of his industry, in a manner distressful as sudden.

One day, when at Arwick Market, he was giving change for a sovereign, and had placed the coin in his mouth. A sudden attack of coughing caused him to draw the coin into his throat, and the poor gentleman was choked before medical assistance could be summoned. His wife was two or three years older than he and more infirm, and the shock of his death caused her own within a month after the accident. Thus Tilly and Zillah were left to perform the art of living as best they might, as comfortably as they could, being simple womankind.

The girls had now been orphans for five years, living alone at Old Verton.

The cares of motherhood, as it were, had given Tilly that calm

and staid look which formed so striking a contrast to the easy, free, and almost careless manner of Zillah. She looked quiet and sad, even with a shade of anger upon her face, when Zillah entered the little box-like room. Zillah feigned not to notice it ; there are some moods which it is convenient not to notice at times, and Zillah thought this was one of them.

"What an old maid you are, Till !" she said, in a merry, though slightly deprecatory voice.

"I wish you were Zill, love," quietly responded her sister, without looking up from her work.

"Well, I don't," cried Zillah, with a subdued peal of merriment. "There are already too many of those for me to add another to them. I can't think why you always want to shut me up when I feel merry. Billy's a nice young man, and I think he likes me."

A close observer would have seen a momentary flush spread over Tilly's face ; but her sister did not notice it. She was looking at Billy now through the openings between the geranium flowers, and thinking how fresh and merry he was, and so like her in temperament.

"Yes," responded Tilly, in a slightly tremulous voice. "Billy Haywood is perhaps, as you say, a nice young man, and he may like you. But, Zillah, love, even if he does, you shouldna speak to him so lightly like, an' ask him to tek ye to the Brookington concert. I donna think it's right, ye know." And Tilly looked very serious at her lively sister.

"Donna ye, sister?" cried Zillah, imitating the tone of Tilly. "Well, *I* don't see no harm in it—and I shall go."

"With him—to Brookington?" gasped Tilly, in a tone of surprise.

"Why not? I don't see the fun of being buried alive. You should come too, Tilly. It's very near the last concert of the outdoor ones, I think, and there's a lady from London going to sing."

Tilly looked dreadfully pained. She loved her sister fondly—far more than sisters sometimes do love one another. She had cherished her dearly, and comforted her with almost a mother's affection, since their parents had died. She had made sacrifices for her, too ; borne her troubles for her ; and was even now plying the needle on work which ought to have been performed by Zillah.

"Me go, Zill?" answered Tilly, sadly. "No ! *I* couldna ; you forget !"

She pointed to a space beneath the window table, and Zillah followed her direction.

Upon a little three-legged stool, sitting there as quietly as a mouse, without even looking up, sewing a bit of patchwork she had in her

hand, and surrounded by a set of broken toys, among which was a doll bereft of one arm and one leg, sat a pretty little girl-child about four years old, the living miniature of Zillah, a charming mite of a creature, moulded, as it were, in wax.

"There!" cried the small needlewoman joyfully, lifting up a pair of blue eyes at that moment, and meeting the blue ones of Zillah, "Look, mammie! I've med dolly a new bodice, puff sleeves an all—ever so grand. Aunty Till says I'se a good worker. Look, mammie!"

The child held her work out to her mother with the glowing pride of a child who thinks she has done a fine thing. Zillah took the little bit of puckered work, feigned to examine it, and gave it back to the child with just a suggestion of petulance in the action.

"It's lovely, dear—lovely," she said, with a wan smile. "You must now put some frillin' on the neck an' round the sleeves, an' then it'll look better still."

"Yes, mammie. Aunty Till's goin' to give me some lace," warbled the child knowingly.

Zillah looked at the child hard and yet tenderly, a shade of sadness crossing her face.

This was her trouble. This was what the lightness of her conduct had brought her to. It was this that had made Tilly so quiet and staid, and had set even the mark of sorrow upon her brow. The trouble, indeed, was hers. Zillah left it all to her. Such shame as might be likely to be felt through an indiscretion of that kind did not seem to have touched Zillah. She was just as free, just as merry, and—alas! that truth compels it to be said—perhaps a trifle prettier.

To-day she was in no penitent mood. Even the prettiness and pathos of the scene had no impression upon her. She was apt to think that Tilly was too hard with her, and yet Tilly was gentleness itself to her, and loved and tended for her child far more than she herself did. She felt so sorry for her sister's fall, and had tried to lighten it for her in every way she knew how.

"I shall never hear the last of my fault, Till—I know that," said Zillah, somewhat rebelliously, after a minute's pause of perfect and painful silence.

"Oh! Zill, Zill," sighed Tilly. "An' I hev always pitied you, an' borne your misfortune as if it were my own, an' love little Zill as much as I love you—if it could be."

"Well, you always want me to be dull and moping, and to see no life, anyhow," retorted Zillah.

"I thought you had seen enough life by now, dear," answered Tilly, very calmly. "Still, if you are determined to go to the concert, I cannot prevent you. You have long since gone your own way, and would not listen to me in anything. I shall be very sorry, and I donna know what the neighbours 'ull say; though, belike, *you* donna care."

Zillah laughed contemptuously, and looked out through the window into the hayfield, where Billy was cutting up the northward course and whistling in tune with the clicking of the machine.

"The neighbours?" she said, pertly. "Oh! I don't mind what *they* say—*they* may say what *they* like. I don't care one single atom as big as a seed o' quaker grass *what* they say. Let them mind their own business, an' I'll mind mine. I shall go if I like, and I shall—so there! Why should a young thing like me be keepin' cooped up as if I was a broody old hen?"

Zillah looked prettier than ever when she was angry. Her sister and her child looked at her in astonishment; one little outburst of temper had the power of making such a change in her. Her beauty was now of the superb demonian rather than the seraphic order.

"An'—an', if I go," she continued cruelly, with the air of one who knew she had the ability to wound and did not hesitate to use it. "If I go it may happen as I'll never come back to Old Verton again. I'm gettin' tired o' being telled what I must do an' what I mustna do, who I *can* speak to an' who I *canna*; an' I don't believe ye love me at all, Till, else ye wouldna be so nasty at me. I *shall* go to the concert to-night whether I ever come back or not—and so there's an end on it. I sha'n't always be dull and moping just to please other people."

When Zillah—puffed with pride and with a knowledge that her masterfulness had won the victory over the sweet and motherly thought and amiability of her sister—had done speaking, she descended the stairs and left Tilly and little Zillah alone. Neither of them spoke. The child looked tenderly up to her aunt with a little wise glance, then dropped her eyes again, and went on with her doll's bodice. The room was so still that the voice of Zillah, singing from beneath them—

If you could see them all,  
Many a heart is breaking  
After the ball,

sounded as if it were almost in the room; so near, so clear, and so hovering it came,

The peculiar sweetness of the line

Many—a—heart—is—breaking,

as sung by the bird-like throat of Zillah—who, until her falling away, had been one of the choristers in the parish church—had such an effect upon Tilly in the silence of the scene, that a great lump came in her throat, and the sob which she had vainly tried to suppress burst out in pitiful sweetness, making a touching crescendo to her sister's song.

Little Zillah threw down her doll's bodice, ran to her aunt, scrambled upon her lap, and clasped her rosy plump little arms round her neck—so prettily and so touching.

"Auntie Till, Auntie Till," she pleaded, kissing her. "Donna cry. Mammie's very sorry she said naughty things to mek you cry. I know her is—I know her is."

Tilly sobbed more then, but in a less agonised key. It was so pretty to have the small wayfarer as a comforter, when to the tune of anguish in her sister's heart Zillah only answered with a snatch of song familiar in the mouth of every street boy in Brookington town.

## CHAPTER II.

### TILLY.

About nine o'clock that evening the scene from Tilly's cottage in the Old Verton lane was one to charm the eye and calm the spirit; but Zillah was not there to see it, or be charmed by it.

When the day began to die, and the red-gold sun came over the cottage from the east, moving with majestic dignity on the way to his western couch, Zillah had decked her pretty self in holiday attire, with all those dainty little tricks of art so well known to the fair, and which by them are thought—often erroneously—to add to and enhance their charms and complete their conquests.

She seemed bent upon having her own way, and Tilly did not say her nay. Zillah, in fact, was so far consumed by a burning and wayward spirit that she scarcely opened her lips to her sister since she had spoken to her in the morning. She was too much occupied in preparing for her outing to waste time in what, to her at any rate, would have been unprofitable conversation; so she held her tongue, while her sister sighed for the waywardness of her loved one.

It was now nine o'clock, and a pensive aspect was creeping over the land.



Tilly was standing at the gate looking down the lane, and little Zillah was taking her last run before going to bed—an exercise which she had every evening in summer.

Everything was beautifully calm and sweet. The chimes of All Saints' at Edmonscote, slightly south-westward of her cottage, were borne to her ear with a more melodious sound than she ever remembered hearing. From the meads east, west, and south of her the pleasant lowing of the cows came up at intervals, and an occasional scream from the peacocks at the Cliffe House Farm behind her added variety and picturesqueness to the scenes and sounds of her neighbourhood.

But sweetest of all to the ear of the gentle woman at the gate, whose maternal instincts were far richer and rarer than those possessed by the child's own mother, were the musical prattlings of the little Zillah as she ran about the lane. These went to Tilly's heart and filled it with joy. The child's smile was sunshine, her voice and song golden to the foster-mother; and, to Tilly's eyes, she looked prettier than ever in the little red frock she had that morning made her, and which she was now wearing.

She ran down the lane to the child, and caught her up in her arms fondly and mother-like.

"Come Zillah!—come Zillah!" she cooed in fluty tones, as she buried her face in the folds of Zillah's frock, and kissed the child till she shrieked again with laughter. "Zillah mun go to Bed-ford-shire, to a place called Lie-down-here. All little gels hev to go there at this time o' night."

"Let me stop till mammie comes, Auntie Till," cried the child coaxingly, "an' then I'll mek you a nice big bodice wi' puff sleeves, same as I med my dolly. *Do*, Auntie Till—now, do!"

The child pleaded so prettily that Tilly had no heart to refuse her pleading.

"Well, you mun come in the house then now, little Zillah," she said, making her laugh again. "Mammie may 'appen to be late, an' we canna wait for her i' the lane all the time when it's dark. Come, love, an' ye shall sing to me while I sew."

They went into the house then, and the scene lost one of its sweetest charms that moment.

It grew darker—quietly, almost imperceptibly, but still darker and more spirit-calming.

A toneless sky of deep blue, without a speck of cloud all over its face, drooped lower and lower, as it were, to the tops of the trees, until their dark branches and the hue of the sky seemed merged into one expanse of space without colour, form, or radiance.

The white cattle in the fields west of Tilly's cottage became small and insignificant objects on the grass. Every sound of natural life seemed to cease. A dead silence clothed the land, broken only now and then by the rush of a brilliantly lighted train and a shrill shriek of its whistle as it passed along on the line towards Castleworth, which cut this rural picture in two, one field's width from the cottage of Tilly—so savage are the inroads of modern civilisation.

Lights sprang up in the scattered homesteads, and one appeared in the little workroom which looked over the eastern hayfield: the room in which Tilly had sat and seen Zillah's behaviour with the young harvester in the morning of the day.

The window was hooked open in the second hole of the hook—about two inches wide.

It had been a very hot day, and the heat in the room was somewhat oppressive. Through the opening of the chink the little tinkling of a striking clock told the hour of ten, and every now and then the silvery chirping of little Zillah's voice made known the fact that the child was not yet in bed. Everything else was silence; there was not a note for a space even from the wood-pigeons that had their nest in the tall elms fringing the lane.

Somewhere about half-past ten the crunching of gravel under a light foot was heard in the last Cliffe field from Brookington leading to the Old Verton lane, and but a stone's throw from Tilly's cottage, a small crunching like the foot of a light person.

The set of fields, of which this was the nearest to the homestead, cut a slanting line through the landscape from the eastern end of the Rokeby Road at Brookington to the historical Cliffe House on the Ribbonbridge Road in the west, with the Old Verton lane dividing them in a northerly direction. The railway line to Castleworth from the south ran parallel with the Old Verton lane, one field's width apart; and in the last field the pathway cut through the embankment, forming a miniature tunnel, with a clap-gate at each end, beneath which a person might stand, even in daylight, and be concealed from the view of any one in the lane.

The crunching of the gravel occurred under this diminutive tunnel, and the sound of a clap-gate, opened and shut carefully, immediately followed it. Both sounds caught the ear of Tilly in her workroom and made her heart leap with joy, for she felt it was Zillah returning. She listened attentively for voices, but she heard none. Zillah, then, was alone.

It may have been nothing more than a natural characteristic of her facial charms, but it is nevertheless a fact that when Tilly heard

no voices and rightly conjectured that Zillah had no one with her, her face became radiant with positive joy, and she looked happier than she had during the whole day. Her own heart knew why, but no one else would have known.

A third clap-gate leading out into the roadway now made a subdued creaking like the squeaking of a fiddlestring, and Zillah—for it was she—crept out quietly into the lane.

She came on like a shadow moving in darker shadow ; slowly, burden-bearing.

From the tunnel in the field she had seen the light in Tilly's workroom and fancied she heard also the cooing voice of her child. Those signs of the movements of those whom she ought to have loved the best on earth might have been regarded as effective in putting mercury into her feet—in making her run to the arms which she knew would be open to receive her.

But they had not. She seemed to move only at a snail's pace, and like one who was carrying in her heart so deep a disappointment that it operated upon the physical powers and made them inactive. She moved so very slowly up the lane towards her homestead that she seemed to grow into and become a part of the hedgerow along which she was creeping with feet of lead.

Some charm which she had thought to possess had evidently proved of a very fleeting character. In no measure had it come up to her expectations.

The light from Tilly's workroom threw a ray upon the ground which looked like a piece of lighter soil laid right across the lane—a welcome light on a dark night.

Zillah walked softly upon the grass bordering of the ditch until she came to this ray, and there she stood as still as stone, looking up at the window. She did not stir ; she scarcely breathed. She fancied that even if she sighed the deep sigh that was in her the occupants of the room would hear it. Yet she longed to be in that room with her arms round her sister and her child, who were now, in that moment of darkness, loneliness, and silence, a great charm—a more real and goodly—than the charm of the concert lights at Brookington and the voice of the London songstress. She was like the deaf adder to *those* charms now.

"Now, Zillah, darling," she heard the gentle voice of her sister saying to the child, "kneel down by Aunt's knees, an' sing your little verse. Mammie 'ull not be long now. I heard her clap the gate."

A momentary silence ensued, and then the silvery voice of the

little maid—so much like a little angel as she then was, in her night-gown and her flaxen curls hanging round her shoulders—came softly through the open window-chink, singing a pretty hymn-verse she had learnt at the Sunday school ; for, though but a small wight, Tilly liked her to go.

Lord—keep—us—safe—this—night,  
 Secure—from—all—our—fears ;  
 May—angels—guard—us—while—we—sleep,  
 Till—morning—light—appears.

The touching simplicity of the words and the exquisite sweetness of the child's voice went to the heart of the lonely girl-mother in the road. She was not really bad ; she was wilful, wayward, and vain—nothing worse ; one of the large army of village girls with a strong taste for town life.

A great sob escaped from her throat, a sob of deep and penitent anguish ; of honest love breaking through the trammels of weakness and vanity.

Tilly's quick and loving ear heard the sob—heard, indeed, what she was listening for.

In a moment her feet were pattering down the stairs ; in another moment she was by her sister's side in the dark lane, her arm round her waist, and her lips meeting hers in a long forgiving kiss. She was truly a sister, in deed as well as name—a fond, true sister.

"I'm so sorry—so sorry," sobbed Zillah, "I've—been—all—alone. Billy—didna—come. I'm—so—miserable—Till ; so—very—miserable."

"Come into the house, then, Zillah, darlin', an' be miserable no longer. Little Zill wanted to stop up till you came home, an' she's waitin' for ye now. Come, lassie ! Donna cry agen."

If ever there was an angel sent down from heaven to bring comfort to an erring mortal, Tilly seemed to be one at that moment to the overcharged spirit of Zillah—in that dark lane, under those dark circumstances. She clung to her, and they both went into the house together with their arms twined round each other's waists, as they used to be locked to each other in the golden days of girlhood—when each was a happy homespun lass unvexed by the glamour of the town.

And the voice of the child was soon afterwards heard crying in joyful accents, "O ! my mammie, my mammie, I'se so glad you'se come home. Poor Auntie Till, she cried to-day."

*ANURADHAPURA.*

THE good King Asoka, who was answerable for the wide extension of Buddhism in India, and whose authoritative approval of that religion or philosophy is carved upon stone pillars that exist until to-day, could not bear to think that southwards, in the peninsula and in the island of Ceylon, there were thousands who had never heard the holy word. It was in this mind that he sent his son Mahinda, as an apostle of the Faith, to these remote confines, and it was Mahinda who so played upon the feelings of the then King of Ceylon, Devanampiya Tissa, that the latter imbibed the teaching of Gautama, and commanded his people to observe its precepts. The spirit of Buddhism had indeed brooded over the island for some centuries, for, able to translate himself at will, the Great Teacher had, during his lifetime, soared to Adam's Peak and, some say, left the impress of his sacred foot upon the summit. To the simple and untutored people of Ceylon the message was a soothing one. In its simplicity it was easy to receive. To be kind to all, to deal violently with no sentient thing, and to practise self-surrender, and all would be well ; only the brethren of the religious order were to separate themselves from all earthly considerations, to forsake all worldly enjoyments, not even to relish the taste of the one noonday meal permitted them, to become self-centred and oblivious to everything material. The people wanted little persuasion to adopt a simple and intelligible creed like this ; but they could not dissociate their minds from the fear of evil spirits which lurked on all sides, and which, they believed, influenced health, wealth, and happiness, and gave pretexts for ceremonials, masquerades, and in time of sickness, the terrible devil dances. So the Buddhist apostles, no doubt long perplexed how they might combat this inveterate peculiarity of a primitive race, and unable quite to alter the trend of this type of human mind, were obliged to comprise, and unwillingly sanction, offerings to the powers of darkness. The habits of detachment from worldly associations, of spare living, and of quiet meditation, were especially appropriate in the secluded forests, the silent glades,



and lonely mountains of the lovely island ; water springs and rippling brooks were abundant, and wild fruits and roots, as well as many sorts of jungle leaves, afforded food, when other failed, for the recluses.

Mahinda made his dwelling upon a romantic hill some eight miles from the king's residence, and from its lofty summit had a wide view, for some thirty miles round, of his new conquest. No doubt he had brought with him some venerable relics, such as teeth, or hair, or burnt bones, for a monumental shrine sprang up upon this favoured spot, after the type of those in the Buddhist cities of India, such as Sanchi, Gaya, and Amravati, and the ascent of the hill, to facilitate access by worshippers, was lined with a thousand granite steps. Still it was a weary climb, and the dusty pilgrims hailed the water tank which is cut in the solid rock under the brow of the hill, where the red dragon-flies glance to and fro, and the caterpillars weave their cocoons upon the overhanging jungle. Mahinda would lie upon a shelf of rock and view the king's city, where, in gratitude for the priceless boon of spiritual truth, a noble hemisphere of brickwork, smoothed over with shining white, was beginning to rear its stupendous height, to be embellished with a gilt spire terminating in a flashing ruby. He could see, too, with his prophetic spirit, the wonderful "vihara," or monk's residence, in twelve stories of wood, ornamented with shining metal, and supported below upon a thousand and more monoliths of granite. This, the "Brazen Palace," to be sure, did not arise until four hundred years after Christ, in the time of King Datugamma, but the dagoba of Thuparama was finished, it is thought, about Mahinda's time, three hundred years before our era. Then there were many monasteries upon a smaller scale in the Sacred City where resided thousands of the religious brotherhood who possessed themselves but the yellow cotton robes, the begging bowls, and fans of talipot leaves, but whose material needs were cared for by the king and people. It was also about this time that a princess travelled all the way from Northern India to bring a sprig of the Bo tree under which, in weeks of meditation, Buddha had attained to complete spiritual perception, and divested himself of all carnal sensation. The little plant was received in Anuradhapura with great state and many rejoicings, and it is recorded in the chronicles that "the Sovereign, the Lord of Chariots, directed that it should be lifted (borne) by the four high-caste tribes and by eight persons each from the other castes." It was sown upon a terraced mound and still exists to-day, an object of much veneration, although the central trunk has gone to decay. The date of the

celebration is given as 245 B.C., so that the tree is the oldest historical one in the world.

For over twelve hundred years Anuradhapura was the ancient capital of Ceylon, but threatened often, and attacked finally by the Tamils from India, the royal house moved off in 769 A.D. to more remote jungles and comparative security at Polanaruwa. In its prime the city covered a large space, perhaps measuring round the outskirts fifteen miles. There were four immense dagobas or stupas, all circular, the highest over four hundred feet, and with a diameter at base of three hundred and fifty feet, all built of bricks, the quantity of which in each structure is vast. Our estimate puts the number of bricks in the Abhayagiri Dagoba as sufficient to build a wall ten feet high from London to Edinburgh ! It is probable that in the palmy days of the city the external surface of the dagoba was covered with a shining white cement such as is made from calcined sea shells, and at the summit would be a gilt or copper spire or "tee." Then there were a number of smaller monuments of the same character. All seem to have been surrounded by elegant arcades of slender granite or gneiss pillars with sculptured capitals. Most of these are now prone, or broken up. At the four approaches, arranged equidistantly round the base, were carved "moonstones," or half-circles, at the foot of the steps, and sculptured balustrades flanking the latter. Little niches for lamps were provided in the brickwork round the bases of the dagobas, and when all were filled with lights, and the coloured flags and banners suspended from ropes radiating from the spires downwards and outwards, and the tables of stone fronting the steps covered with flowers, the offerings of thousands of pilgrims, the effect must have been beautiful. Each dagoba contains within, somewhere near the central point of its base, a casket of relics of a departed "arahat," or saint, who has attained "nirvana," and in the vicinity were formerly cells for monks who attached themselves to a particular shrine. To-day the débris, the mould, the decayed forest, and all that will accumulate in twelve hundred years have levelled these dwellings, covered the dagobas with trees, bushes, and jungle grasses, and sometimes eaten great holes and gaps in the brickwork ; but in part some restoration has been done, paths cleared, and vistas opened by Mr. Bell, of the Government service, who directs the archæological researches of the island. You may, as you stroll pensively among the memorable ruins, come across a small digging party ten feet below the surface unearthing an old cell, and, while you watch, maybe there is an agate finger-ring, a crystal ball,

or a sapphire bead exhumed. It would occupy some days to fully enter into the spirit of the old-world town and to see all that still remains. You come under the ancient trees and through undergrowth upon fine old bathing-places, or "pokunas," with stone steps leading by gradual descent to tanks of water, the old pavilions in stone of the king and queen, numberless chapels, and here and there alone, with serene face, abstracted in look, a Buddha, in the leafy shade of some thick grove. Nature has indeed overtaken the works of man in these parts, and the practical bearing of the spirit of Buddhism upon the people seems to have dwindled like the departed magnificence of the ruined cities. From Mihintale some idea can be gained of the large extent of Anuradhapura when Buddhism was the ruling thought, the fostered faith of influential kings. For out of what seems to be an endless plane of lovely variegated forest trees you can see projecting upwards, as if determined to endure, the hoary dagobas which once formed the rallying points for millions. They are strange objects indeed for the traveller, for no other work of man is visible at this distance, and they look like gigantic moss-grown beehives, thrust up, or growing up, spontaneously through the thick forest. The very bricks of which they are composed are said to have been magically supplied, since the labour available was insufficient for their manufacture. As one gazes over the landscape the eye rests gratefully upon the glistening waters of two beautiful lakes of large extent, which were artificially constructed by throwing embankments across the watershed of the country in the time of Anuradhapura's prosperity, when thousands sought their banks to bathe and fill their pitchers, and gaily caparisoned elephants were led to the brink to be refreshed. The surfaces are large enough to be rippled into waves by the passing breezes, and store that priceless fluid, which will course through many a channel, ten, twenty, and thirty miles, when needed for the verdant rice lands, and attract the wild wandering jungle herds by night from the leafy coverts. It was King Dhatu Sena who, about the four hundredth year of our era, planned the immense tank of Kalawewa by imprisoning the waters that run off the mountain tracts fifty miles south of his great city. This embankment was sixty feet high and partly remains to-day, enclosing a vast quantity of water which feeds the lakes round Anuradhapura. Numerous villages were thus benefited, and countless birds and beasts as well as his human subjects sang the praises of the good king. Well, you wander somewhat sadly, far from the noise, the dust, the grind of trade and commerce, under the dense foliage, and among the broken

columns, and round the crumbling shrines, feeling yourself to be in the atmosphere of departed spirits, the vanishing tokens of a great faith which was not rigid and coercive enough to wear well in the stress of modern life ; and stay, a pretty picture opens to you. Far down the avenue from the Residency, where lives the head civil officer of the district, shrouded in giant trees, and which is garnished with praying stones, broken capitals, and graven tablets of the past, comes a fair English girl with the refined bearing that the best influences of her race impart, and with yet the mysterious profundity in her eyes that the witching spirit of these grand old ruins engenders. She looks and moves, a blend of the virtues of the West with the calm and repose of the East ; and surely it is something gained, and nothing lost, to have them mingle. Then the night mists begin to fall and gradually hide the gigantic dagobas, the bell and tom-tom sound for evening worship, and people from the bazar pass along the dimly lighted road to offer a few flowers in praise of "the beloved, the blessed, and the Omniscient One ;" and then all fades into darkness.

NOTE.—There is a vivid description in the old chronicles of the despatch from India by Asoka of the branch of the Bo tree, its protection upon the voyage by Nagas, or serpent kings, some of whom were converted to Buddhism and are often associated with its sculptures. When planted in Anuradhapura the earth quaked with delight ; "Sadhus" ("Good, good !") were shouted by gods and human beings, the elements howled, animals roared, birds screeched, the yakkhos (spirits) yelled, and there was one universal chaotic uproar. Finally brilliant rays of six colours issued from the fruit and leaves of the Bo branch.

E. O. WALKER.

## THE WEST-PYRENEAN PEASANT PROPRIETOR.

THE view intended to be here set forth is, that the admitted prosperity of the Pyrenean peasant proprietor, neither in the past nor in the present, was or is wholly derived from his own right hand and the possession of a "few paternal acres." "Three acres and a cow" alone neither then nor now could or can afford even to thrifty souls like these adequate subsistence, nor enable them *amice pauperiem pati*. Juggle how the economist may, nature's draconian law *Ex nihilo nihil fit* is true yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

The Reverend Wentworth Webster, of Sare, one of the greatest living authorities upon Pyrenean matters, has already called attention to this fact in a luminous article, written for the Société des Sciences et Arts de Bayonne.<sup>1</sup> He therein expresses the considered opinion that the peasant proprietor of *to-day* could not as a rule live by the labour of himself and his family upon his little property, were it not for the privileges which he still has of *pacage, fourrages, coupe de bois, de châtaigneraies*, &c. In corroboration of this, he prays in aid the view taken in the report of the Crofters and Cottars Commission,<sup>2</sup> with reference to Highland peasants. If this opinion of Mr. Webster is a correct one, as we believe it to be, concerning the present condition of things in the Pyrenees, when the budget of almost every family is supplemented by something from the earnings of one or more emigrant members, and when taxes are low and prices of necessities comparatively trifling, what would have been the difficulty of the small occupant of land with all his then disabilities without sundry privileges, collectivist in character, some time after the mediæval period, or say even but a couple of centuries ago! In order to show this, we must have some idea of what such privileges usually were—in fact, to what extent the small rural occupier profited from a condition of things which has now unfortunately become almost everywhere less satisfactory.

<sup>1</sup> 1835, p. 140.

<sup>2</sup> Neil & Co., Edinburgh, 1884.



It may facilitate an accurate apprehension of the position if we call to mind the fact that even in feudal days there existed the waste of the manor in England, and in France many mountains and woods, in respect of which all the tenants of the manor or inhabitants of a particular commune respectively possessed valuable rights.<sup>1</sup> These rights as to the woods were to run pigs to eat up the acorns, to pick up dead wood, to gather chestnuts, and suchlike privileges.<sup>2</sup> Moreover in many districts, as for example in the valley of Ossau, the fact of being a *voisin* of certain villages, such as Laruns, Bielle, and very many others, gave the right to pasture beasts, sometimes at so much a head, upon various mountains on the borders of Spain, during two or three of the summer months. Other villages, again, had the privilege of wintering their flocks and herds upon the valley of the Pont Long. From this it will be seen that it was not the thrift of these poor people alone—a thrift which drove them to take toll even of the wayside trees, and gather in their harvest of the hedge-rows—that enabled them to live however modestly, but the many other little bounties with which the Southerner has always striven keenly to bolster himself up. The soil in the Pyrenean region is for the most part but little productive. This and the liability to division of the family property at the death of the owner, although it does not occur as often as might be thought, makes it impossible that a household, however united, can live in ordinary cases upon the family land by the work of their own hands. This difficulty was usually attempted to be got over, at least to some extent, by keeping indivisible the home (the *Lar*), and the reception in it of the younger children, each of whom worked when there in great part for the common good.<sup>3</sup> But, as there was little means of hiring himself out as a labourer, the extra mouth to feed became at length sometimes an encumbrance rather than a source of strength. Hence the emigration so common among the Pyrenean population, which commenced at the end of the last century.

In the Middle Ages in the Pyrenees, as in England in the 13th century, there was no distinct class of labourers working on land in which they had no interest, and so not belonging in some sense of the word to themselves, who were paid for their work. Even

<sup>1</sup> For the Merovingian period see Glasson, *Le Domaine Rural*, p. 169; De Coulanges, *Hist. des Institutions Politiques*, p. 427.

<sup>2</sup> See, for example, *Statuts d'Artiguelouve*, a village in Féarn.

<sup>3</sup> As to their hard fate, see Cordier, *Le Droit de Famille aux Pyrénées*, chap. iv.; and as to the sixteenth-century Gascon cadet, Monteil, *Hist. des Français*, vol. v. p. 88.

the true *adscriptiti glebæ*<sup>1</sup> do not seem to have been those who filled the place of labourers. Such individuals were *ceysaux*,<sup>2</sup> *esterlos*, or *questaux*, who paid *cens* or *queste* for the land to which the two latter, if not the former, were certainly attached in one sense or the other. Many of these were in certain districts real slaves, or younger children of peasant proprietors, who, especially in Bigorre,<sup>3</sup> lived with and worked for the head of the family. In the Pyrenees, and typically in Béarn, the chief landowners were then usually great barons, *cavers* (*cavaliers*), and *domengers*, all of whom for the most part came before the ordinary peasant proprietor. In Soule and Labourt the division was into noble and *roturier* families, while in Bigorre, although it had belonged to France for so long, and had felt in consequence the effect of centralisation, the classes of the population were much the same as in the rest of France at the same period. The system of the *métayer*, who owed *champart* or *agrier* to his lord, probably adopted by the Church from the Roman *campus partitus*, and quite dissimilar to that of the occupier of our *læn* land, became, as being the best means of dealing with its large possessions, pretty general before the period to which we are now referring. But the backbone of the cultivating class were men who were practically small freeholders or copyholders,<sup>4</sup> and who, with the aid of their wives and sons, and often of their daughters and their husbands as well, together tilled the family plots, and made the best possible use of the rights and privileges they in common enjoyed, in the district in which they had elected to make an associated home.

One result of this state of things was, that as each family had some land, it always attempted in the olden time to grow upon it all that was necessary for its own consumption, so as to avoid having to acquire by purchase or barter anything from outside sources. The pigs, maize-fields, garden ground, and sometimes the vineyard, too, produced much of what was required for each composite household's use, while the sheep and cows, which often were partially pastured on communal property, supplied the rest. Sometimes regulations existed as to the amount of land a family might hold.<sup>5</sup> But until a later period no limitation was placed upon the number of

<sup>1</sup> This expression sometimes meant only that they could not be turned out by their lord. Cf. in England, Sir F. Pollock, *Land Laws*, p. 208.

<sup>2</sup> See Cadier, *Etats de Béarn*, p. 75; and *Customs of Bordeaux* (Old), arts. 130, 131, 189, and 225, and Antomne's comments on art. 92 of the New Customs.

<sup>3</sup> Lagrèze, *Droit dans les Pyrénées*, p. 185.

<sup>4</sup> *I.e.* Many paid a rent and did real service of a sort. See Pollock, *Land Laws*, p. 208, Note D, Villenage.

<sup>5</sup> See "Dénombrement de Monk d'Uzer pour la Seigneurie de Cabanac" (Bigorre), Arch. B.-P., B 839.

beasts each household had the right to *pacage*. It was from the cheese, wool, and the increase of his sheep and cows that money was chiefly made by the proprietor. And this money was not much, as is seen from the *dots* given to daughters in the 17th century. Often the *dot* consisted but of clothes, linen, and a cow or two, and 400 écus would have been thought a fair portion for the wife, say, of the village doctor. Money was wont to be scarce in the hands of peasant proprietors, who were always complaining of over-taxation, and the cutting down of the ancient privileges that they were so careful to uphold.

The life of the true mountaineer, no doubt, differed in some respects from that of the man of the plain. But the greater portion of Pyrenean inhabitants were dwellers in or near to mountains, and those who dwelt in the plains were brought in contact with such mountaineers, from taking them and their flocks in as the "paying guests" of that age during part of the winter season, when forage failed in the high lands. In mountainous countries, especially near the sea, as among the Pyrenees, the population is usually conservative of its habits and traditions, as well as through necessary insulation free from foreign interference, and the modification of its customs that for the most part ensues therefrom. It is not surprising, then, to see archaic modes of life still surviving in such villages as lie out of the beaten track of the traveller, villages in which the inhabitants almost always intermarry,<sup>1</sup> and where old systems of culture have been handed down from generation to generation, even to the present day. Such ancient modes of life differ in the case of the Basques<sup>2</sup> and Ossalois, for example, because the necessities of their respective surroundings also differ so materially. As an instance, the former, living in a less mountainous country, dwell as a rule each on their separate property, the Basque village consisting mainly of a church, mairie, and pelote court, while the Ossalois, Aspois, and other inhabitants of the Béarnais highlands almost invariably live in villages for mutual protection, when the heavy snows come and the men are away with the flocks and herds. But in the main the same idea pervades Basque, Béarnais, and Bigourdan alike, the conservation of the home, and the handing down of the family property from father to son not lessened in value, and undiminished in extent. How this is brought about may perhaps best be seen from tracing the life history of a younger son in a peasant proprietor's family in the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Aste and Béon. See, too, Lagrèze, *Droit dans les Pyr.*, p. 144.

<sup>2</sup> As to the life of the peasant proprietor on the Spanish *versant*, see *Quarterly Review*, No. 364 (Oct. 1895), pp. 483 *et seq.*

mountain valley of Ossau, say some 250 years ago. To begin with his marriage contract :—

On February 17, 1670, a marriage<sup>1</sup> contract was entered into by “the good pleasure of God and the word of the contracting parties,” the effect of which was that Jacques de Pausader of Béon and Marie de Laborde of the adjoining village of Aste agreed to be married, the man with the advice and assistance of his father, his aunt, his two brothers, and his brother-in-law, and the woman with the consent of her father, mother, and three uncles. Then follows a clause by which the husband is constituted the sole beneficiary in his wife’s estate after her death, “she keeping nevertheless during her life the administration of her property and power over her children, as well as the right to make a will and bequeath a proper sum for the safety of her own soul and the repose of the souls of her children.” Then follows a promise on the part of the wife’s father to pay by instalments 400 little écus by way of *dot*, and to give as stock a cow of four or five years old, together with its calf, and twelve sheep, four of one, four of two, and four of three years old. A list of her trousseau follows. It is to consist of two smart new gowns, and whatever other things she may have on her wedding-day, and also such further clothes and bed and table linen as a woman coming as a wife to a like house to that of the husband is wont to have in Béon. She is also to bring a well-trimmed mantle, and an engraved iron-bound chest with a key. Then should they disagree, which God forbid, or have no children, in that case the money, stock, linen, and box are to go back to the wife’s family “in the state in which they were when they left.” Finally, the uncles and the parties engage to celebrate the said marriage “in the face of our Mother the Holy Church,” one month after either party shall have required the other so to do.

In the case to which this contract refers, the son is a cadet, and so would either have to live with his or his wife’s father, or buy<sup>2</sup> a piece of communal property upon which to set up a new home. In the first event he and his wife would “work according to their ability,” and not only thus accumulate a *peculium*, but also some share in the flocks and herds as well as in the money of the father at his death. Sometimes this share is given on marriage, as is shown from a contract of 1716,<sup>3</sup> by which the father and elder brother of the husband undertake to provide a *dot for the husband*, a cadet of the family, of

<sup>1</sup> Arch. B.-P., E, 1883 bis.

<sup>2</sup> A. Young’s *Travels in France*, vol. ii. chap. x.

<sup>3</sup> *Archives, Basses-Pyrénées*, E, 1834.



400 écus, a three-year-old horse, and a good cow, this being in lieu of all claim that he might have upon the "paternal and maternal property of the house of his father." Besides this, he is to have the right to take in the following spring from the family flock thirty cows belonging to him, "which he has gained by his own work." From many marriage contracts it can readily be seen how important is the position in such homes of the eldest son, or sometimes, especially in Soule, of the eldest daughter, or even of the wife should she survive. In 1635<sup>1</sup> a typical testator of the peasant proprietor class, after requiring sixteen masses to be said for the repose of his soul, declares that he leaves his wife "ruler and governor of all his property, provided she conducts herself honourably during her widowhood," as the Béarnais *Dum casta* clause more politely runs. He then gives all his property to his son Augustin. Yet if he cannot get on with the widow, she is, nevertheless, to be lodged "in the new house." But if she prefers to go away altogether, she is to have a fixed quantity of grain, cheese, butter, and flax, and to be allowed to take her own provision of garden stuff. To his married daughter, Marie, he gives the right that, in case of the dissolution of her marriage, she may retire into the family home, "and if the good God visits her, and she becomes ill and in want, then she is to be fed and cared for therein." This last is quite a common provision. For example, Madou, of Béon, in 1672, by his will provides that all his children shall have the right to retire to the family home in case of necessity, "they working as much as they can." Another will of the period explains with reference to the cadet, that he is to have food and lodging in return for his work, and, if he marries, 26 écus; but if he does not, he is to be kept and tended at home, provided he does what he is able to do for the common weal.

These various extracts from wills and what we now call marriage settlements, chiefly belonging to the Valley of Ossau, in Béarn, abundantly testify to the fact that the peasant proprietor's root idea was to uphold his hearth and home, and for this purpose to appoint a worthy successor who should be competent to carry on his task, and hold a shelter from want over the rest of the family in a poor district, where life was hard, and no poor-law relief existed in any shape or form.

Before glancing at details of the manner in which the pastoral population of the Pyrenees gained their livelihood about the 17th century, which we are enabled to do pretty readily from a comparison of the statements made in contemporaneous documents-

<sup>1</sup> *Archives, Basses-Pyrénées, E, 1882.*



with what we see existing in remote villages at the present day (there having been but so little change), a few of Alfred Young's remarks with reference to the state of things in 1787 may here possibly be useful by way of illustration. The Valley of Campan, in Bigorre, now famous for its marble quarries, seems to have especially struck him by its excellent state of cultivation and unenclosed condition ("Diary," August 2). Passing Pau by as a great town which no stranger would visit were it not for its souvenirs of Henry IV., he praises Béarn for the charming examples of *petite culture* it affords, especially near Monein, and for the comfort of its homesteads. Again, that clear-sighted traveller observes that every small proprietor seemed there to have realised the wish of the last and greatest monarch of Béarn, namely, that "in every *pot au feu* there should be a fowl." He praises the country around Navarrenx, but criticises the bread and garbure (or soup) of the Basque farmers at Hasparren, in the matter both of its quantity and of its quality. Bayonne he calls the most beautiful town in France, and expresses himself as particularly struck with its women. Young sums up his journey from Luchon *viâ* Pau and Bayonne, Dax, St. Sever, and Aire to Auch (270 miles), by saying that the farms on the route were all enclosed, and the farmhouses built upon them, and not, as generally, grouped in villages. He further calls attention to the absence of any rich proprietors. It is needless to observe that this journey was through the flat country at the foot of the Pyrenees, and not through the mountainous district itself, which latter is, of course, by far the most striking by reason of the manifold peculiarity and variety of its characteristics.

As to the class of person who used to be a landowner in the Pyrenees, Cénac-Moncaut says <sup>1</sup> that there was no great difference between the pastor and the gentleman. Indeed, in Soule and Navarre, the noble sometimes gave up his nobility in order to get certain of the privileges attaching to the lower order.<sup>2</sup> In order to understand the situation of their homesteads, it should be noted that all the valleys were in effect little municipal republics, and, as these became overstocked with population, that cabins got built on adjoining high mountains till then quite uninhabited. Thus the size and importance of these aggregations of inhabitants increased, and eventually proper bounds and limits had to be put to the mountain wastes belonging to each such valley.<sup>3</sup> Hence arose many quarrels,

<sup>1</sup> *Etats Pyr.* vol. iii. p. 479.

<sup>2</sup> *Id.* vol. v. p. 488.

<sup>3</sup> The Anglo-Saxons enclosed their commons. Glasson, *Le Domaine Rural*, p. 170.

in respect of which peace was wont eventually to be made, often by one valley paying a yearly tribute to the other, and sometimes, as in the matter of the conflict between the Valley of Aure and that of Campan, by a battle between champions chosen on either side, the descendant of the victor in one of which still retained especial privileges in the person of a certain Aurous, as late as 1789.<sup>1</sup> It was after the marking out of these boundaries that the condition or status of resident inhabitant or *voisin* became of acknowledged value. *Voisins*, in the sense of recognised resident proprietors belonging to the various villages forming the Republic, could alone pasture their cattle on these communal mountain slopes. The same principle held good in the highland villages of Béarn and analogous ones, as has been before said, with reference to forests and heaths in many villages even where the soil was rich and good.<sup>2</sup> Young says that the small proprietors in Béarn appeared to him to be in easy circumstances as compared with districts like Basse-Bretagne and Lorraine, where their poverty was excessive. At the same time he decries *métayage*, though chiefly, as it seems, upon the authority of an unfortunate landowner, who had been obliged to sell his farm owing to the loss of all the cattle upon it through carelessness on the part of the *métayer*.<sup>3</sup> Insular prejudice comes in here somewhat, and apparent ignorance of the fact that, under the name of *cheptel* or *gasalha*, this form of tenure had obtained for generations, and is often referred to even in the Old For of Béarn.

Let us now consider what used to be, and still is, the routine life of a typical mountain villager, who was, as most were, a small proprietor. Such a one was and is essentially a pastor. About Lady-day, as a rule, he sends as many of his horned stock as he can to the Pont Long on the other side of Pau, or to some other place where the keep is largely paid for by manure, and by a certain number of cheeses made from their milk while there. Such as do not go to the plains stay in the stable till the first of May, coming out only for about one hour a day, at which date they go to the common lands near home, where they are joined (on June 1) by those that have been away. On June 24 they go to some mountain like Peyrelu on the borders of Spain, till August 1, when they are brought down to lower

<sup>1</sup> Cénac-Moncaut, vol. iii. p. 482. See, too, Cordier, *Le Droit de Famille*, &c., p. 22.

<sup>2</sup> This privilege is general, for the Customs of Labourt (Bordeaux, 1714) show at p. 5 that each parish in Labourt had common lands, and, that every parishioner could pasture cattle thereon, and cut wood for his own use.

<sup>3</sup> Vol. ii. chap. xi.

communal lands near home till November 1. Then they go into the stable, or some, even at that early date, to the Pont Long or to a *métairie* in the plain of Béarn or Gascony. The same sort of thing, *mutatis mutandis*, takes place in the matter of the horses and sheep, but the sheep always have their own shepherd with them, generally a cadet of the family, while the horned stock is under the care of elected cattlemen. Sometimes a fixed sum is paid to the commune by each inhabitant for every head of cattle sent to feed on the communal domain. As an instance, in Ossau 4 francs is charged per head of horned stock, or in respect of each horse, or for ten sheep, the idea being that each of these units (called a *bacarde-vache*, cow) requires a similar amount of herbage for its sustenance. Not infrequently, too, as in the case of the villages of Aste and Béon often before referred to in these pages, there is some woodland which is the common property of the inhabitants. Four francs a fire (*i.e.* a household) is usually paid for the right to cut wood for fuel and repairs, and bracken and furze to be used as litter, in either case for his own consumption only, by each head of a family.

As on the Swiss allmend and on the German mark, so on communal properties such as these, guards used to be kept to see that they were used and not abused. In the case of the German mark, any attempt to infringe upon it was punished most severely.<sup>1</sup> Here the possibility of so doing was prevented by a number of regulations, such as those that are now in print in the case of the parish of Artiguelouve.

Turning from public to private land we find in Aste and Béon 1,630 parcels of land, at the present time the property of 152 proprietors, 78 of whom own less than 2 acres, 71 from 2 to 10 acres, and 3 only from 10 to 16 acres each. This condition of things we have reason to believe has been much the same at least for the last 250 years. In these villages there are now 96 houses occupied by 98 *ménages*, and affording lodging to 482 inhabitants. Of these only 9 are workmen or labourers, all the rest being themselves, or their parents, *patrons* or proprietors. To give a particular instance of a family in one of these villages. Some fifteen years ago X. died, leaving four boys and one girl. The portion of each was taken at £80, but the eldest inherited the whole not only of the land, about 13 acres in extent, but also all the stock and household goods, subject, however, to having to pay out each of his brothers and sisters when required so to do. As a matter of fact only the

<sup>1</sup> Sir F. Pollock, *Land Laws*, p. 18. See, too, *Loi des Ripuaires*, Rub. lxii. art. 7.

girl took her portion, one cadet brother remaining at home with the eldest, and the other three emigrating. As each brother claims his portion, if he ever does so, it will be paid him, but without interest. The one who remained at home was given eighty sheep by his eldest brother, from the produce of which he was to make his *peculium*. His duty was to look after the stock, especially when away from home. Butel, whose observations as regards Ossau appear correct, divides the 13 acres belonging to X., which he values at £40 an acre, including buildings, the latter worth £120, as follows :—

	Acres
Arable . . . . .	3½
Pasture . . . . .	7
Wood . . . . .	1½
Scrub . . . . .	¼
Buildings, garden, &c. . . . .	The remainder
Total about . . . . .	13

This property is made up of bits in all parts of the commune, with the house and buildings in the village. The little farm carries about 185 head of stock, viz. 8 cows, 140 sheep, 10 goats, 2 horses, 1 donkey, and 2 pigs, besides 2 dogs and 20 fowls, of the estimated value of £200, while the implements to work it are worth about £9. As to profit, each pig costs 115 francs to keep, and makes 150, leaving in the case of the two ordinarily kept a surplus of some 70 francs a year. Seventy-five animals are sold yearly at an estimated profit of £43, together with cheese to the value of £20. The butter and wool sold, and not consumed at home, fetch £8 each, and the eggs £4. Thus this family make about £100 a year, besides its food and the material for its clothes, but only, as we have seen, by the forbearance of three of the younger children, and by reason of the privileges obtained through membership of a commune possessing communal mountain lands.

What seems to bear out the suggestion with which this article opens, is that emigration is a comparatively new feature in the family life of the Pyrenean peasant. If the cadets did not emigrate, the family property could not support its present burdens. The communal property is more limited than of old, and yet more families probably exhaust and cut up its advantages. Certainly the struggle for life is keener and the seasons as treacherous as ever. The profit from wool is less, and clothes are nowadays often not made at home, as they were heretofore. Though luxury has not crept in, the life of the peasant is less niggardly narrow than it was wont to be of yore, and more articles of consumption are purchased which it takes hard



money to pay for. Thus the shoe pinches, as those only who wear it can thoroughly understand. And this is one reason for the increasing emigration to South America, because the peasant sees that he cannot hang up the hook for his *pot au feu* (the outward and visible sign of taking possession<sup>1</sup> of his home) with much hope of doing any good business at *la boutique deus paysaas* (*la boutique des paysans*), as he prettily denominates his *fundus mendax*. So he leaves the motherland, though usually returning to be buried with his fathers in the God's acre of his now too often deserted village.

#### ADDITIONAL NOTES.

What made *emigration* necessary was the disappearance of village industries. Now, villages and towns are alike supported from factories and manufactories. Formerly, everything was made in the village by hand. This disappearance in its entirety has only lately taken place. When the flour was all ground in the parish, the linen, woollen homespun cloth, hempen fabrics, shoes or sandals, and most ironwork like cow-bells (iron ore being often imported for the purpose), and all woodwork made at home, there was work for younger children. Now wood is imported, and locks and bolts are bought, and not made in the village. The wood used in old houses was chestnut or oak, not foreign deal, and the metal work was all hammered, and not cast as is the case now-a-days. When the mills belonged to the community the younger sons found employment there. At *Sare*, near St. Jean de Luz, for example, the commune had five mills and forges, a gypsum quarry, and woods. Furthermore, the whole of the royal taxation was paid in a lump sum by the commune, and did not fall upon the individual. This was so generally in Labourt, though feudal rights had been acquired in some parishes and on some estates.

The *métayer* system is, in truth, older than the medietarian one of Roman law. It existed in Egypt; cf. the changes in land-tenure Joseph made there. It existed in Russia, in India, and in the South Sea Islands as well. This system really belongs to no age, but only to states of civilisation and environment.

Transhumation from the Pyrenees extended as far as Bordeaux and Toulouse; to much greater distances in the Masta, in Spain, and among the Bergamesque shepherds in the Italian Alps. This is a necessity in nomad life, of which it is a survival.

Some Pyrenean marriage contracts were strongly influenced by

<sup>1</sup> Archives B.-P., E, 1916; Lespy's *Proverbs*, p. 158.



the *Derecho Consuetudinaria del Alto Aragon*, which was not unlike the House Community of the Balkan States. Where this prevails, the provisions of the marriage contract overrule not only the *Fuero General* (of Aragon), but also the local *Fuero* or custom as well. The *peculium* is allowed to all over 14 years of age, who work for the house in the house community.

In Spain all Basques were noble (see the *Novísima Recopilacion*, Lib. VI. Tit. 2, Ley 16), and this fact had its influence upon all their neighbours living under similar conditions.

A. R. WHITEWAY.

*FAIRFIELD: A PEAKLAND  
TOWNSHIP.*

NOTWITHSTANDING the overflowing abundance of "Kail-yard" literature, there is one kind of story-telling which seems to have received little or no attention—we mean local history. The serious student of Lecky and Froude may perchance protest against such belittlement of the classic Muse, and assert that History is the dignified story of the nation and not the trifling record of the parish. Well, then, let us be less ambitious and borrow a statistical phrase. Let our local annals be "comparative tables;" not, however, formal tabulations of orderly arrangement, lifeless and forbidding as such preparations generally are, but rag-bags of fact and unfact. Let all odds and ends and unconsidered trifles which have hitherto been left out of consideration be got together, preferably by some son of the soil who may be as appreciative, if not as eloquent, as the Barries and the Crocketts, and when fifteen or twenty thousand of such pedlar's placks have been accumulated, hand them all over to the Serious Student and bid him to write a new and improved history of England.

Concerning the neighbourhood to which we shall presently give attention, a writer years ago remarked, as an apology for the scantiness of his memorabilia, "It has never been the scene of any great public action or the theatre of any striking event." That may be true only in a degree. The old processes of extractive research were very wasteful and much valuable material was thrown to the refuse heap. Better methods are happily coming into use, and it is already being found profitable to overtake the spoil-hillocks of our ancestors. And for such work there is no time like the present. Mr. Frederic Harrison recently asserted that it is the duty of our generation to preserve and arrange as many as possible of the unrecorded and unscheduled recollections and records of the past. How much has already been carelessly lost to the historian and antiquarian nobody can estimate; while even yet and every day some precious testimony of the past is being heedlessly obliterated. In country

districts especially, the old inhabitants are slipping away, and no sympathetic listener is at hand to note down their ancient remembrances. Old buildings and notable landmarks are disappearing, and seldom is it that even a photograph is preserved for the benefit of posterity.

Still, in one locality at any rate the advice of Mr. Frederic Harrison has, to a certain extent, been anticipated. Modern students owe a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. C. J. Cox for his monumental work on the "Churches of Derbyshire" as well as for his "Three Centuries of Derbyshire Annals," the latter being an outcome of his codification of the county records. Within the covers of the former work is gathered a store of information collected from numerous ancient and inaccessible records, brought together at great cost and immense labour. For the elucidation of general history alone such a treatise is most valuable, because, as Canon Gore rightly observes, the larger part of village life in the Middle Ages centred around the church and the church house. Such substantial groundwork as the books just mentioned afford admirable assistance for further investigation. They are quarries from which the local historian can procure indispensable material to rough fashion his work; over and above which, however, there is scope for him to provide for himself other particulars from less official, and perhaps less authentic sources.

The township of Fairfield consists of about four thousand acres of moorland, limestone, and heather, and embraces within its boundaries much variety and diversification as regards both territory and population. The southern end comprises a large portion of what is popularly known as the town of Buxton—a recently settled district which might with propriety be termed New Fairfield—a quarter boasting, nowadays, of much refinement and many large buildings. Half a mile northward, raking up a steep hillside and overflowing on the elevated table-land above, is the ancient vill of Fairfield, the former nucleus of the township. Here are the church and schools, and a sprinkling of old houses which testify to an existence which started somewhat prior to the day before yesterday. Beyond the village a spacious hinterland of moor and farm, common and valley, stretches away eastward, westward, and southward—an unexplored region, dotted here and there with weather-beaten homesteads, which lie low and clutch the ground as if to escape the full force of the terrific winter storms so prevalent in this elevated region.

"Man is not born to be free," says Goethe, "and for the noble there is no fairer fortune than to serve a prince whom he honours." The Fairfield folks are, nowadays, undoubtedly servitors, largely dependent for existence on the fortunes of that young professional beauty, Miss Buxton. But whether the aboriginal Fairfieldite, in a *Pickwickian* sense of course, really respects as he ought her highness the Queen of the Peak is another matter. With us, it is a galling fact that our older pedigree has not helped us in the struggle for position. Fortune has compelled us to lay our head between the hands of our young rival. Like Sergeant Bothwell, we have ever the galling recollection of what we might have been, and moreover the stranger is constantly wounding our susceptibilities by unwittingly ignoring us in the presence of our ancient subordinate.

Nevertheless, "the smell of gain is good from whatever it proceeds," and our best patriots are always ready to take advantage of the increased market values which have resulted from the prosperity of Buxton.

The establishment of the township is generally the earliest event which can be mentioned respecting a place. It removes us backward with a giant stride to the time when, say, the Saxon chief Pedling, whom the venerable Gildas would describe as a gentleman "more eager to shroud his villanous face in bushy hair than to cover those parts of his body which required it," planted his foot and said to his kinsmen, "Here we remain." There Pedling's folk built their huts, and Pedlington sprang into existence. How the boundaries of such a place were fixed may be shortly told in the words of Mr. Green :

Each little farmer-commonwealth was girt in its own little border or "mark," a belt of forest, or waste, or fen which parted it from its fellow villages.

The boundaries of our township of Fairfield are principally natural ; the river Wye on one side, the crest of the hills on another, a Roman road on a third, and so on, and, in all probability, these boundaries have remained much as the first Saxon ealdorman of Fairfield fixed them, twelve or thirteen hundred years ago.

Having thus started with what lawyers term a "good root of title," we find that no particular account of the doings of our early townsmen is forthcoming. Students of Anglo-Saxon literature are aware that Saxon records are mostly poetical, and that many of the proper names cannot be identified. It may, therefore, be that some of the unappropriated heroes of whom the early gleemen sang were men of Fairfield ; but, on the other hand, there are reasons for supposing

that civilisation was in these dawning days somewhat backward in Peakland. It was an inaccessible and inhospitable region, and just as it was one of the last strongholds of the British, so it proved to be the latest outpost of Paganism in England. One indication betokening the primitive state of our neighbourhood, is the fact that it was afforested. This, like the founding of the township, must have taken place at a very early date. Manwood, the Elizabethan authority, states that all the then existing royal forests were made before the Statute of Forests, and asserts that the practice of afforesting came into vogue some centuries before the Conquest. It may, therefore, be reasonably assumed that the Forest of the Peak (*Foresta regia peca*) was constituted in Saxon times. Space forbids much discussion respecting this ancient hunting ground, but it should be noted that the word "forest" in its popular sense, and especially as used in connection with rugged Peakland, is a glaring misnomer. The stranger who traverses the bare, bleak hill-country of the Peak, finds it difficult to imagine that trees ever existed hereabouts in such profusion as to justify the use of the word.<sup>1</sup> Neither did they. In all probability there is more woodland to-day than there was a thousand years ago. Practically, the word "forest" signifies "sanctuary" (*Fera Statio*). Within the limits of the royal forest, game was incorporeal property, protected from the freeholder for the use of the King by an army of foresters, verderers, rangers, woodwards, and justices in eyre, who were hindered and harassed by gucrilla bands of poaching heroes, of whom Robin Hood and his men were a type. Robin himself was probably well acquainted with the flavour of Fairfield venison. Little John was of our own kith and kin, and is reported to lie buried at Hathersage, not many miles away.

When Theodore, the ecclesiastical organiser, reached our high latitudes, he probably found the Peak to be a sparsely peopled and forbidding land, even judged by the seventh-century standard. Penda our sovereign, the last champion of Woden and Thor, had been dead scarcely a generation, and there were still many of the old sort who looked back regretfully on bygone days and threw at the new religionists the dead king's sneer about "those whom he saw not

<sup>1</sup> The philosopher, Hobbes, enlarges upon the apparent anomaly :—

" Turn to the left a thousand pace or so,  
To the Peak Forest without tree we go ;  
Hem'd in with stony fence, the naked deer  
Cold winter pinches ; not a leaf does here  
To shelter them upon the hills appear."



doing the works of the faith they had received." Theodore and his parish boundary commissioners realised that these stubborn pagans would brook little parsonical interference, especially if it took the form of a hut tax or the payment of scot and lot. So, very wisely, Peakland was divided into three or four large parishes, thus ensuring an easier pressure of the new yoke. One of these parishes "*in partibus infidelium*" was Hope, which comprised (and still comprises) our township of Fairfield. Hope since the 7th century has become more amenable to clerical discipline, and has from time to time had many districts carved out of it, but it still remains of very wide extent. Originally it covered more than one hundred square miles, and to-day many of us in Fairfield have never seen our parish church nine miles away.

The Norman subjugation wrought many changes ; among others it displaced the Saxon ealdorman with his patriarchal form of rulership. Fairfield was granted by the new king (with no fewer than one hundred and twenty other lordships) to William Peverel. Our new master was trebly distinguished for his possessions, his power, and his relationship to the Conqueror. The relationship came about in this wise :—Duke William was for a time a settled resident at the court of Edward the Confessor, and one of his fellow courtiers was Ingelric, a Saxon nobleman—and Ingelric had a daughter Maude—and Maude had a son whom curiously enough she called William. When Duke William became king of England with his wife Matilda as queen, it is somewhat to his credit that he did not forget poor Maude. In accordance, no doubt, with her decent wish, he put forward an old gentleman named Payne Peverel, his late father's standard-bearer, who agreed to marry her, and then "the king's son," we are told, "by desire of his mother assumed the name of his father-in-law." William Peverel, in addition to the handsome gift of Derbyshire and other lands, was made warden of the Mercian marches. The ruins of his "Castle in the Peak," two miles from our mother church of Hope, still remain an example of the earliest Norman fortalice.

Beyond collecting his dues from the Fairfield folk, the first Peverel did nothing which has left its mark upon the township. It is pretty certain the surly tenants would respond to the new exactions with an ill grace ; and, on the other hand, the new lord would require payment to the uttermost farthing, inasmuch as the chroniclers tell of royal tournaments and other extravagances held at Castleton, which would necessarily squander contributions from many a frugal Saxon board.

The second William Peverel (the king's natural grandson) comes on the scene just at the dawn of the church-holding revival at the beginning of the 12th century. He is remembered as the founder of Lenton Priory, which house he munificently endowed out of his Peakland estates. Among many other gifts set apart for this purpose were two parts of his demesne pastures in "Buche-stanes."

This, so far as we know, is the first historical mention of our young patroness, the "Queen of the Peak." There is nothing to lead to the conclusion that Buxton was at this time a township; on the contrary, we find it a century or two later grouped with several hamlets, impliedly the dependencies of the adjacent township of Chelmorton. With respect to the name, it is generally agreed that it comes from "buck" and "stone." After this primary conclusion antiquaries differ as to the reason why "buck" and "stone" should have been brought into combination, and the dispute lifts itself into the clouds. It is singular that etymologists have never apparently thought of a perfectly simple and obvious derivation of the name. The river Wye, as already stated, parts Fairfield from the present township of Buxton. Up to 120 years ago the famous mineral springs flowed over a marshy patch, now the site of the Crescent, and drained into the stream. The Roman highway (London Road) crossed this bog, which was made passable for pedestrians by stepping stones. In cold weather the deer came to the bottom of the valley, and in winter time especially they would congregate in herds on this sheltered spot where the warm water melted the snow off the grass. Farmers are well aware how partial cattle are to "chilled" water, and it is therefore easy to conjecture that a large proportion of the deer of the Peak Forest would frequent the ford of the Wye for both meat and drink. So when the Fairfield folk wished to indicate the place, they simply and appropriately called it "Buck-stones."

Of the third William Peverel we need say nothing. His son William, the fourth of the line, inherited the wealth and honours of the family, but unfortunately he became entangled in one of the many intrigues of Stephen's reign, and was deprived of his possessions. He fled to the Priory of Lenton and donned the monastic habit, subsequently making his escape to France. He was the last Peverel of the Peak. Sir Walter Scott created a 17th century Peverel, an anachronism which is hardly less striking than the topographical topsy-turveydom of all the Derbyshire scenes of the novel.

Our next lord was Prince John of evil memory, and some time afterwards, "by divers mesne assignments and acts in the law," which cannot be precisely traced, the manorial rights of Fairfield appear to have come into the temporary holding of one William Gretton. Who William Gretton, "lord of Fairfield," was cannot be ascertained. His name occurs only once in local annals, and is honourably connected with a good work. Hitherto our masters had conferred little benefit upon us, while they had, in tithes and dues and by oppressive laws, extracted much. Besides our feudal lord and the Priors of Lenton, who levied their contributions, the church of Hope, although nine miles away, claimed us as parishioners for purposes of taxation. Obedience to pastors and masters had up till now been mainly associated in our minds with the tithing of goods and garbs and the depletion of barn and byre. But William Gretton resolved there should be another and better token of the faith of Christ in Fairfield for the future, and just before the middle of the 13th century he built a chapel, and obtained legal sanction for the maintenance of a parson at the cost of the inhabitants. He also founded a chantry with masses for the souls of the inhabitants and the lately deceased King Richard—that monarch, as a knight of derring-do, being, no doubt, of popular memory among our forest folks. The deed of grant to William Gretton (which is preserved in the British Museum) recites that "the vill of Fairfield is so distant from its parish church of Hope in winter time, when the rain, snow, and other bad weather abound in those parts and cause floods, that the parishioners of the same vill cannot go to the parish church without great difficulty and peril of their bodies, on account of which they cannot take part in the church services at suitable times." Verily the ancient scribe rather understated the dangers of our churchgoing! Besides the adverse weather and long distance there were other perils to be encountered. If we were poor worshippers we had at least to run the gauntlet of the prowling wolves, which were common enough at that time; or if, on the contrary, we looked like well-to-do pilgrims, we had the additional risk of being cudgelled by the quarter-staves of Little John's outlaws and of arriving at Hope without anything to put in the offertory box.

Robert Hassop, the vicar of Hope, consented to the erection of our chapel on the usual terms, viz.: "The priest who shall celebrate Divine Service in the said Chapel shall . . . swear on the Holy Gospels to preserve harmless as well the greater tithes as the lesser, the oblations, revenues, and other proportions whatsoever by whatever name they may be levied, due to us [the Dean of Lichfield] and our successors and to the vicar of Hope."

The new chapel was therefore an additional burden, but one that no doubt most of us thankfully accepted ; so there would be little cavilling at the stipulation that "the parishioners should provide a suitable sustenance" for the parson.

That we were able to pay these increasing contributions is a testimony to our steady progress. Our fields were more than fair—they were fertile ; moreover, they had become famous. Besides the flocks and herds of our farmers, the pasturage of the king's deer and the commonage rights of the foresters, we were able to provide food for a large quantity of ley cattle during summer time ; the royal demesne especially being farmed in this manner. In the year 1223 the nuns of Derby sent 300 sheep and six other animals from April to Michaelmas, and—to mention another instance—there were several agreements on different occasions with the Warwickshire abbey of Merivale. Our pastures lie dry, and the herbage springing, one might almost say, right off the limestone rock is notably sweet. *Quantum mutatus !* The mediæval grazier has given place to the dairy farmer, and drifts of cattle are no longer driven long distances to feed upon our grass. Nowadays the cows are strictly resident, but their milk and other produce travel widely, and can be obtained pretty nearly anywhere betwixt Trent and Humber.

Up to the period with which we have just been dealing, and for a long time afterwards, Buxton as a place was non-existent. Its rise and progress have taken place in an age of larger possibilities, while ours were the days of small opportunities. We were young when there was nobody to appreciate, and notable when there was hardly anybody to take notice. Now we are out of the running, and we claim the privilege of crabbed age to be critical, and perhaps a little invidious. Our fortunate sister township need not therefore be mortified when we remind her that in these early times she was merely an appendage to Fairfield, "its belt of forest, or waste, or fen which none of its settlers might take for his own." Its name is a derivation of attribute acquired in the same way as the Daisy Nooks, and Windy Hollows, and Boggart Cloughs got theirs.

But let us pass on. In the 14th century England consolidated itself. The friction between Saxon and Norman had passed away, and the blended race began to look around for freedom and equality. The laws of ownership were being freed from the iron-bound tenure of William I. and his immediate successors, and the voice of the people was becoming powerful. As the dread of the

freemen passed away they began to "notice things," as mothers say about young babies, and even to ask questions and require explanations. Towards the end of the 13th and the beginning of the 14th century (to quote a local instance) there was a general opinion among the Peaklanders that Lenton Priory (which it will be remembered owned part of the tithes) was exacting larger payments than it was entitled to do. The value of the dues may, in some degree, be estimated when it is stated that they embraced the larger portion of the tithes over the High Peak. An inquisition made in 1272 reported (*inter alia*) that Fairfield contributed a sum of £8. 6s. 8d. and Chelmorton (including Sterndale, Cowdale, Flagg, Stadon, and Buxton) £27. 6s. 8d.—sums which must be multiplied many times to bring them up to the modern standard of value. At one time and another many North Derbyshire townships resisted the Lenton imposition and went to arbitration. In 1318 an inquiry was held at Fairfield concerning the Chapel-en-le-Frith tithes, at which foresters and freemen to the number of forty gave evidence, and seven years later the Fairfield people were personally interested in a similar inquiry. The patron of our parish church of Hope had joined issue with the rapacious men of Lenton touching their respective proportions of the Fairfield tithes, and the settlement was referred to Pope John XXII., who nominated the Prior of Charley to hear the parties. Judgment, delivered in August 1324, was in favour of Hope, and the vicars of Bakewell, Hope, and Tideswell were constituted watchdogs to guard us from future unlawful exactions. Henceforward, Lenton and its "religious men" disappear from our history. They doubtless continued to collect their dues from the Peakland townships, but their share seems to have dwindled and become beautifully less, for we find on the dissolution of the monasteries that their Derbyshire revenue was only a fraction of what it had been in earlier times.

It would be a lengthy task (even if it were possible) to mark each gradation in the growth and progress of Fairfield. One has only the opportunity to pause once in a while and note the analogy which our local annals bear to the history of the country at large. We have observed how the energy of the ecclesiastical revival stirred our isolated countryside in the 13th century, and gave us our churches; how the succeeding growth of industrial freedom fostered free and frequent appeals to the law. Later on this freedom, in relation to temporal affairs, extended to matters of spiritual moment. Lenton monks still flourished, and our own chantry priest continued to mutter his perfunctory prayers for the repose of King Richard's



soul, but the time of their disappearance was at hand. Obstinate questionings were beginning to stir the minds of the masses, and Hob and Wat, repulsed by the scornful attitude of the courtly churchman, sought counsel of the incendiary hedge priest or, perhaps more happily, of the begging friar. The mendicant disciple of St. Francis preaching his "doctrine of pity" made Jesus, the Son of Mary, the especial Saviour of the diseased, the destitute, and the lonely. Best of all, he devoted his efforts to practical alleviation. The "religious man" who, in the name of God, nursed the sick, who busied himself with the material concerns of the poor, who levied no tithes, was a new product of Christianity. And he succeeded in his work. He was not opposed by any sect or party, because he interfered with no pecuniary interest, and the sum total of his all too brief period of activity was that he made practical benevolence so plain a duty that it will continue so to be for all time.

Now, this is a long digression upon a general subject, and we must not prolong it by enumerating even a few of the houses of succour which, under the beneficent influence of the "doctrine of pity," sprang up in the land as thickly as churches had heretofore been doing. Let it be said, however, that we in Fairfield had a man of heart who we should like to think had been stirred to his charitable deed by a barefooted friar. That man bears the honoured name of Dakin, and he fittingly belongs to a line of benefactors who have lived among us, and loved and championed us, through many and many a dark day of adversity. The almshouses of Thomas Dakin were founded in the reign of Henry IV. and endowed by him for the maintenance of the poor of Fairfield.

The Peaklander, notwithstanding the remoteness of his country, has ever proved himself a pioneer in the march of religious progress—probably it is an indication of his independence and energy. The tragedy of Ludchurch told in these pages some time ago,<sup>1</sup> showed how he espoused the mission of Wickliffe's preachers and wrestled mightily in defence of the new evangelists. Somewhat similar is the story of how Thomas Dakin, of Fairfield, withstood the Marian persecutors. During that troublous time our people were mainly Protestant, on account of which the church was closed, and presumably the parson ejected from the living. To live week by week without the benefits of priest and church was an experience to which we had been unaccustomed since the days when William Gretton built us a chapel. But another hardship was added. The graveyard was shut up and the right of Christian burial suspended—a measure

<sup>1</sup> *Fragments of Two Persecutions: Gentleman's Magazine*, December 1899.

in those days calculated to intimidate even the most obstinate. Then it was that our good friend and patron Thomas Dakin bestirred himself, and, like sentimental Tommy, "found a wy." About a mile from the church stood his house (then and still called Bailey Flatt), and there he provided a building where the people regularly assembled for worship. The field in which the new conventicle stood he dedicated to the uses of a graveyard, and the ejected minister was no doubt installed in his new freehold and exercised over our spiritual concerns full and recognised (if somewhat more irregular) jurisdiction as heretofore.

Whether Dakin's bold behaviour got him into trouble we do not know. His reckless daring might easily have brought him to the stake, but, luckily for us, Providence shielded his life. His property, likewise, does not appear to have been despoiled, and Bailey Flatt is still standing—a peaceful Derbyshire homestead. The improvised church is there too, but it has reverted to secular uses and is known as "Redgate Barn," while "Church Lane," which skirts the quondam graveyard, serves to remind posterity of the story we are telling.

During the period we have been latterly reviewing, Buxton was gradually developing a reputation for the curative properties of its mineral water. The bucks of the King's Forest found their drinking pool was increasingly resorted to by another species of buck, less fleet of foot than themselves. This latter generally hobbled down to the water upon two indifferent legs; yet after a time, and by dint of frequent external and internal application of the water, the stiffness disappeared, and he went away thankful for the miracle of the cure.

Now, it will readily be imagined that in an indulgence-vending and priest-mongering age the clerical party would make fine play with the virtues of this warm water. And so it was. A "field-kirk" or oratory was built near to the bath, and St. Anne, the friend of cripples, was constituted patroness. A number of prodigious fables was invented to account for the efficacy of the springs, one of the most notable being that they were the overflow of the river Jordan. The well chapel apparently lacked the rights of sepulture and administration of sacraments, but it made up in commercial importance what it fell short of in ecclesiastical status. Although for practical purposes Buxton was appurtenant to our township, it was really within the boundary of Bakewell parish, and Bakewell seems to have told off the mass priests of Chelmorton Chapel—a numerous and unoccupied body—to tend the well-shrine. The revenues and offerings collected would naturally become a perquisite of the Bakewell

living ; although we hope that our own township, which had to house and cater for a large proportion of the visitors, both rich and poor, would reap some benefit.

But, alas for the stability of even vested interests ; the golden age of St. Anne and her serving priests was drawing to a conclusion, and the end of it came sharp and suddenly. When the commissioners of Henry VIII. visited Buxton, they found the well-chapel garnished with crutches and such-like votive offerings, and on the strength of these tokens the building was summarily closed. It was doubtless found on further investigation that St. Anne's chapel was nothing more than a commercial establishment, run on irregular lines, and therefore as unnecessary for the cure of souls as it was for the cure of bodies. Nothing more is recorded about it, and the next we hear of Buxton Chapel—built, according to the date thereon, in 1625—it occupied a different site, was dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and possessed a graveyard and other accustomed appurtenances. From the Reformation until 1625, therefore, the visitors and residents of Buxton were apparently dependent upon the chapelry of Fairfield for religious benefits and advantages.

A curious circumstance, illustrative of the bad economics of the time, is revealed in connection with the Buxton wells. St. Anne, though less supernatural in her methods, is still a generous patroness, and next after the cripple she bestows her choicest benison upon the lodging-house keeper. Nowadays the lame visitor is invariably a welcome guest. But in former times his advent was often very embarrassing. Throughout the sixteenth century the influx of poor cripples was so great as to be a source of anxiety to the local authorities. Private charity was taxed to the utmost, and the parishioners of Fairfield, upon whom the responsibility of feeding and housing the destitute unfortunates chiefly rested, became at length so overburdened that special legislation had to be invoked, and late in Elizabeth's reign an Act of Parliament was passed which provided that poor persons resorting to the wells of Bath and Buxton should be maintained at the expense of their own parishes.

The large benevolence of our people towards pauper visitors is a fitting corollary to their behaviour in the face of the Catholic persecution. One is proud to think that, besides being very brave, they were very pitiful. But the question of ways and means became each year more pressing, and at length reached a crisis. We emerged from the Reformation with a ruined Church and an impoverished people, and—as a contemporary record puts it—“by reason of the frequent access of divers poor, sick, and impotent persons repairing

to the fountain at Buxton, within the neighbourhood of the chapel, for whose maintenance and relief the inhabitants aforesaid are daily charitably moved to apply their own goods," we found ourselves unable any longer to maintain our parson. This was in the year 1595.

But in this stern extremity a benefactor was forthcoming in the person of our ancient and valiant friend Master Thomas Dakin. He had grown older by forty years since the stirring times of the persecution, yet old age had not diminished his interest in parochial concerns. Now, under a happier *régime*, he was an orderly suitor for royal favour, not a turbulent subject defying his sovereign. In the year 1595, Queen Elizabeth, on petition of Thomas Dakin and others, sanctioned a scheme to re-found the chapel and re-organise the old almshouse charity ; and out of the wreck of the old revenues, supplemented (as it is traditionally supposed) by large gifts from Thomas Dakin, the church in Fairfield was rescued from extinction.

It may be suggested that our warm-hearted helper had been somewhat tardy in coming to our succour. Well, we shrewdly suspect he had a good reason for postponing his interference. The stability of English Protestantism (which weighed absolutely with him) had to be tested. So he patiently waited while the Virgin Queen coquetted with Rome ; until Rome, baffled and irritated, became openly aggressive ; until the English Catholic opposition had been destroyed ; until Spain, the last hope of the Holy See, had struck and failed disastrously. Then, and then only, when there was some certainty that the new faith would not again go under, did Dakin begin his work.

In the chancel of our church lie buried a long line of the house of Dakin ; but of all the worthies who are thus numbered among "the cold *hic jacets* of the dead" none is deserving of more grateful recollection than the Thomas Dakin who lived in the days of good Queen Bess. "Strike, Dakin, the devil's in the hemp," is the characteristic motto of his family, and he thoroughly justified it by so manfully "giving good knocks" for the side which he believed to be the right one.

JOHN HYDE.

## *THE CAT AND THE MOON.*

VISITORS to the British Museum, inspecting the antiquities in the Egyptian Rooms, are much interested in the array of cat mummies in one of the wall cases. Wonder is often expressed why cats and crocodiles should have been embalmed, and why the gods of Egypt should have various animal heads, such as the lion, the jackal, the ibis, and the hawk. It seems so incredibly stupid as well as so superstitious, considering how advanced the Egyptians were in civilisation and culture. They could build temples, erect massive obelisks, and carry out great engineering works. There are sculptured figures in the Museum which date from 3500 B.C. There are manufactured articles and specimens of writing probably a thousand years older than that. This ancient people possessed an ingenious form of hieroglyphic writing in which a feather was the letter A, and a lion the letter L. But a feather was also the emblem of Truth; and all the letters had been emblems or symbols of things and qualities.

Does it not occur to us that perhaps the animal heads were symbolic also, and the cats and crocodiles were embalmed because of their sacred significance? The Egyptians were not fools; and we must not laugh at their worship of the cat without seeking to understand it. Perhaps they did not really worship it, any more than a devout Christian worships the crucifix. Trees and serpents and many other things had a place in the religious symbolism of the Egyptians. The persea tree seems to mark the place of sun-rising on midsummer day; and curiously there was a "great cat" connected with this tree. In the 17th chapter of the Book of the Dead, the cat is explained to be Ra himself, the chief god. A serpent was often carried in long mystical procession; and in some of the pictures a cat is represented in the act of cutting off its head. Along with the ass, the cat is called a Sayer of great words in the Hall of the Two Truths. These instances are enough to show that the cat had a place in the religious symbolism of the Egyptians. The lion, the serpent, the crocodile, the bull, and other animals, each had their



special significance. The bull was so important that a sacred bull, called the Apis, was kept at Memphis, and treated with great respect. But he was not allowed to live more than twenty-five years ; and the most likely reason is, that he represented a lunar cycle of twenty-five years, which must terminate punctually. When he was taken through the city in annual procession, people would ask and tell how old he was, and he would thus be a walking almanack. If he did not die naturally, he was drowned at the age of twenty-five, because the new cycle had to begin, and a new divine Apis must be found. But he was honoured by being embalmed, and buried in a granite sarcophagus, in the neighbourhood of the Pyramids. The burial-place of the sacred bulls was discovered by Mariette in 1851, and every visitor to Egypt goes to see these tombs. Each of the stone coffins had its memorial inscription. For example, "In the twentieth year, the month Messori, the twentieth day, under the reign of King Psametik I., the Majesty of the living Apis departed to heaven. This god was carried in peace (to his burial) to the beautiful land of the West."

Now there was a burial-place for sacred cats as well as sacred bulls ; and the reason was no doubt the same—namely, that they had a place in the symbolic worship. A cemetery of cats existed near Bubastis, which is the modern Tel Basta, not far from Zagazig Junction on the railway. Buried in the mound, M. Naville, a few years ago, found the ruined temple of Bast or Pasht, the Cat goddess, who gave her name to the city. The foundation of Bubastis carries us back to the beginning of the historical times of Egypt, and is contemporary with the Pyramids, the oldest monuments. Herodotus says : "The temple stands in the middle of the city, and is visible on all sides as one walks round it ; for, as the city has been raised up by an embankment, while the temple has been left untouched in its original condition, you look down upon it wherever you are. A low wall runs round the enclosure, having figures engraved upon it, and inside there is a grove of beautiful tall trees growing round the shrine, which contains the image of the goddess." And concerning the goddess herself he says : "The Bubastis of the Egyptians is the same as the Artemis of the Greeks." To this we may add that the Artemis of the Greeks is generally said to be the same as the Diana of the Romans, a goddess of light, representing the moon. Thus we see that Bast, or Pasht, was connected with the cat on the one hand, and the moon on the other. So it is quite feasible that puss, when she figures as a symbol in the Egyptian worship, represents something in the domain of astronomy and the calendar. Ovid calls the cat the sister of the moon, and says that Pasht took the

form of a cat to avoid Typhon. According to Plutarch, a cat placed in a lustrum denoted the moon. It is a night animal, and its eyes glisten in the dark. Mr. Hyde Clarke remarks that there are phenomena of periodicity in the cat, which are supposed to have given rise to its relationship to the moon. What I think I have discovered—or at least made clearer than it was before—is, that the Cat was an intercalary month, added in the 120th year, to rectify the calendar.

The Egyptians, after various experiments at time-reckoning, adopted a year of 365 days, but at one period neglected the odd six hours. When this fragment of time forced itself into notice, they did not take account of it in the same way that we do, by adding one day in the fourth year. The same purpose would be served if a week were intercalated in the twenty-eighth or thirtieth year, or a month in the 120th. If no intercalation were made at all, the New Year's Day of the calendar would go all round the seasons and return to the starting-place after 1,460 years. That is to say, a whole year would then be due, to be intercalated: 1,461 calendar years would be equal to 1,460 natural years. This, in fact, was recognised, and was called the Sothic Cycle, because the star Sothis (the Dog star) then announced the New Year by rising before the sun.

In the Egyptian records there is repeated mention of a thirty-year festival, called the Sed; and this was really to celebrate the correction of the calendar. It is only lately, however, that Egyptologists have come to recognise this. They used to think it was a festival held in the thirtieth year of a king's reign. Professor Erman says that the day of a king's accession was kept as a yearly festival, and celebrated with special splendour on the thirtieth anniversary. Brugsch, in his "*Egypt under the Pharaohs*," speaks of the thirty years' jubilee of Rameses II. M. Naville, in his "*Osorkon*," takes the same view; but in his memoir on "*Dair el Bahari*" he is puzzled, because he finds Queen Hatshepsu celebrating the Sed festival when she cannot have been reigning more than sixteen years. This is as recently as 1894. In my "*Creation Records*," published in 1898, I showed that the Sed festival was a calendar festival, every thirtieth year being in some way a leap year. I showed also that four periods of thirty years made up the cycle of 120 years, when the Egyptians held the Festival of the Tail. This name suggests that the tail stars of one of the Bears were being used as the indicator of periods—the hand of a celestial clock. I believe also that I was the first to show the true character of Pasht, the Cat goddess, as the divinity of the greater festival, giving her name to the month that

was intercalated in the 120th year. As the month of July (to use our own names) would be the Lion month, because the sun was in *Leo*, so the intercalated month might be the Cat, as another feline beast. Its place would be next to the Lion; and being, as it were, a second Lion, the representations of the two might easily be confounded. The Lion goddess was named Sekhet, and was called the wife of Ra, the Sun god; and Pasht would resemble her. In the British Museum there are many seated statues of a lion-headed woman, which a few years ago were labelled "Pasht;" but lately the name has been changed to *Sekhet*. The present idea seems to be that these are two names for the same divinity; but I believe this will prove to be an error. Sekhet was associated with the month *Leo*, which recurred annually, and Pasht with the extra month added in the 120th year.

The thirty-year period was one quarter of 120 years; and the feast in the thirtieth year was regarded as a subordinate celebration of the Festival of the Tail. The great festival was the Cat festival, and the smaller ones were as kittens in comparison. In the year 1894 the Egypt Exploration Fund handed over to the British Museum a fine bronze from Bubastis, representing the cat-headed goddess Bast and four kittens. Such objects are found plentifully on the site of the Temple of Pasht; and from the cemetery the fellaheen Arabs have supplied the dealers in Cairo with the bronze cats which fill their shops.

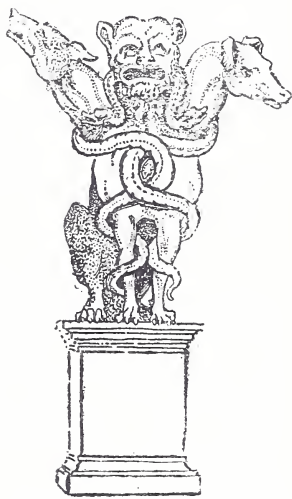
Perhaps the most remarkable thing relating to the whole subject is that which I have yet to speak of. Curious as was the Egyptian calendar system—with its year of 365 days, a consequent Sothic cycle of 1,460 years, an arrest of the cycle in some cities by intercalating a month in the 120th year, the observance of this month as a festival, with special reference to a goddess who was then to be honoured—I have discovered that all this had its parallel in ancient Greece. The key might have been found in the statement made by Herodotus, that the Bubastis or Pasht of the Egyptians is the same as the Artemis or Diana of the Greeks. Diana, as we know, is generally regarded as a lunar goddess, the same as Selene, whose cold heart was warmed by the beauty of the youthful Endymion. She sent him into a perpetual sleep, so that she might be able to kiss him without his knowledge. Diana, however, was not a Greek goddess, but an ancient Italian divinity, whom the Romans identified with the Greek Artemis. The Greek goddess was a great huntress; and so Ben Jonson apostrophises Diana as a huntress as well as a goddess of the moon:—

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair ;  
Now the Sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep.  
Hesperus desires thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Diana is not only akin to Artemis and to Selene, but also to Persephone or Proserpina. These three persons sometimes make up one goddess, who is represented with three bodies, having their



HECATE.



CERBERUS.

*(From a bronze statue.)*

backs to one another. There is such a triple figure among the Greek sculptures in the British Museum, and it is there labelled "Diana triformis."

If we put aside Diana as not being of Greek origin, then we may take Hecate, and regard this mysterious divinity as uniting three in one. I think it is better to do this ; and I shall be able to show that she represents the moon of the intercalary month in three different positions. In one calendar the month was added at midsummer, and might be said to be in high heaven ; in another at midwinter, associated with Night and the Underworld ; and in a third calendar, at the time of the equinox, midway between those two extreme

positions. Hecate was said to have been Selene or Luna in heaven, Artemis or Diana on earth, and Persephone or Proserpina in the Lower World. She is described with three bodies or three heads ; she could look three ways at once, and she was the goddess of the cross-roads. Dishes of food were set out for her at the close of every month, at places where two roads crossed. Such roads, I believe, symbolised the sun's path crossing the equinoctial, as it does at the time of the equinoxes. At the autumn equinox it crosses from above, and goes to the southern hemisphere ; and on that account Hecate kept the gate of Hades and had the power of the keys. The three-headed dog Cerberus, whose place is also at the gate of Hades, is in that way associated with Hecate. The goddess wandered about with the souls of the dead, and her approach was announced by the whining and howling of dogs. Dogs were sacrificed to her ; and sometimes one of her own heads was that of a dog.

Herodotus says that Artemis was the Egyptian Pasht ; and we must therefore regard all the three persons of Hecate as forms of the Cat goddess, the divinity of the intercalary festival month in the 120th year. I cannot here prove in detail that this was really the case, but shall do so in my forthcoming book on the Myths of Greece. The subject has many bearings, and all sorts of stories come in. For example, Endymion had fifty daughters by Selene, but he was sent into an eternal sleep. That means that the intercalary month which had been consort of the midsummer month was suppressed. Artemis was born as twin sister of Apollo ; and that signifies that an intercalary month was instituted at one or other of the equinoxes, simultaneously with the Apollo calendar reform of 2418 B.C. Persephone was playing in a meadow when the earth opened, and Pluto, with a chariot and four horses, stole her away to be his consort in the Lower World. That means that the intercalary month which had its place at the autumn equinox (where the gate of Hades was —*i.e.* the sun's descending node), was taken away from that part of the calendar and inserted at the midwinter place instead.

Now we can understand the words of Proclus, when he says : " They assert concerning our mistress the Moon that the goddess Hecate is contained in her, and also Diana." Also Plutarch's allusion to an ancient tradition which said that the moon is named Artemis. Herodotus (let us not forget) says that Artemis in Greece corresponded to Pasht in Egypt ; and all the facts corroborate his statement. By whatever name she is called, she is associated with the moon ; and with the moon because she is the divinity of an extra month ; while the odd six hours of the year would just amount to a



month in the 120th year. In Egypt the presiding divinity of this month—a month which was spent as a great festival—was called the Great Cat, probably because a month must have a name, and this one came next to the Lion. We may note that M. Naville thinks it very likely that the holy cat of Bubastis was not the ordinary domestic cat, but some larger animal of the feline tribe, either the wild cat or a kind of lynx. In Greece the corresponding divinity was not called a cat, but she was intimately associated with the bear ; and there is no room for doubt that the Bear of the sky was intended. Cat or bear, jackal, ibis or crocodile, the symbol was chosen to set forth some important fact of the heavens and the calendar. A divinity was supposed to be behind the fact and to preside over the appropriate festival. The Great Cat goddess was the divinity of the intercalary month of the 120th year, so important for restoring the calendar and bringing it again into accord with the truth of Nature and the will of the gods. That is why there was a goddess Pasht in Egypt, and that is why there are cat mummies at Tel Basta and in the British Museum.

GEO. ST. CLAIR.

*GONDOMAR.*

WHEN we quit the Tudors and come to the Stuarts we find the nation entering upon a new phase of life. All through the sixteenth century England had been growing stronger. In spite of religious strife and the social disintegration caused by the Wars of the Roses the nation had become more consolidated, commerce had increased, and England's arm was stretching over a constantly widening area. The country had come out victorious after that great test of her naval strength—the struggle with Spain—and her ships were penetrating into far-distant waters. The colonising spirit was stirring and bringing new features into England's foreign policy. Throughout the sixteenth century the course of events was tending to produce in the English people a certain attitude of mind towards other nations which resolved itself into fixed beliefs during the rule of the Stuarts. We come now into a period of well-defined national hatreds.

It may be said, perhaps, that at whatever period we make a halt and survey the scene we shall be able to find the same thing. The hatred of the Celt for the Saxon, of the Saxon for the Norman, and the rooted antipathy of the fused mass which called itself the English people for the French, were unmistakable. These were race hatreds, and were none the less fierce on that account. No Englishman thought of defining why he hated a Frenchman. A Frenchman was a natural, hereditary enemy. It was the nationality that was at fault. But in the seventeenth century national hatreds had reached another stage. The Spaniard was hated not only because he was a Spaniard, but because he was a Roman Catholic. The Dutchman was hated in spite of his Protestantism because he interfered with our commerce. Religion and trade were the two great touchstones by which to try the temper of the nation.

Through all the political schemes of aggrandisement, through all the entanglements of marriage treaties with which the diplomatists of the seventeenth century had to cope, these two elements are apparent as the basis of action. The crux of the proposed Spanish marriage was the religious difficulty; the negotiations over the

Palatinate were founded presumably on England's sympathy with the Protestant cause. It was jealousy of England's growing commercial power that made Spain so sensitive to our advance in the West Indies ; it was trade competition that drove James I. to consent to a disgraceful secret compact with Spain to crush the Dutch and halve the East Indies. The hatred of English Protestants for Roman Catholics of any nationality was hardly greater than the hatred of English traders for other traders of either religion. Any encroachment upon English commerce was resented with the sensitiveness of a people growing into consciousness of their own strength as a trading community. At that period affronts were not only caused by the open and declared rivalry of other nations, but also by the constant presence of pirates in the high seas.

The position of ambassadors in England must therefore be gauged by the stage at which national feeling had arrived in the seventeenth century. It is a more important consideration than at a later period, because the modes of expression were then more direct, and public opinion had not the outlets which it has since made for itself in the periodical press, in organised assemblies, and in societies and leagues. We were still so primitive and insular in our habits of thought that the presence in London of foreigners of a religion differing from that of the majority was at any moment liable to create a disturbance. National hatreds easily took concrete shape in the form of personal altercations. Past offences were made the pretext for present quarrels. Frenchmen as Frenchmen were to be treated with contumely because some of their compatriots had been known to misconduct themselves on former occasions. One ambassador was thus made to suffer for another. The antipathy was still more marked in the case of Spaniards. We had been nursing our hatred of Spain all through the reign of Mary ; it had been blown into a flame under Elizabeth, and the embers of passion were still red-hot when the negotiations were in progress for the marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta. No foreign visitor could have been more unwelcome to the majority of Englishmen than the Spanish Ambassador. The anxiety of the king for the Spanish alliance and the favour which he showed to Spain's representative did not lessen one whit the hostility of the populace, especially the London populace, to the very name of Spain.

The most inoffensive and unobtrusive Spanish Ambassador would have been regarded with distrust and dislike, and the man who was chosen to represent Spain at this juncture was neither the one nor the other. Sarmiento de Acuña, afterwards Count

Gondomar, was the least disposed of any living Spaniard to sink his nationality, his religion, or his personality among a foreign and hostile people. By his unconciliatory attitude he accentuated the bitter feeling already prevailing against his country, and never gained an inch of ground with the public, in spite of the undoubted mastery which he rapidly acquired over the mind of James.

The Court in the seventeenth century, which was the section of life diplomatists knew best, was in the main what it had been for centuries past. It was the battle-ground of royal favourites who were unblushingly canvassed for pensions and places by greedy aspirants, and as unblushingly paraded their brief authority and worked for their own advancement. Bribery was the most usual way of securing an advantage; monopolies of all kinds existed, and power was in the hands of individuals rather than in bodies of men. Parliament had, it is true, attained a position which James I. found inconveniently strong, but the sovereign exercised more direct personal influence than was possible in later times when society was organised on a wider basis. The success of a statesman or diplomatist in the seventeenth century depended largely on his capacity for dealing adroitly with individuals. If he were also possessed of a wide grasp of the political situation, so much the better, but the main thing was that he should understand the art of handling his fellow-men. Here was the secret of Gondomar's power in England. In religion he was a bigot of the most pronounced type; his political understanding was warped by his intense pride of race and blind belief in the greatness of his country, not to say also by his belief in the infallibility of his master. But he knew how to play on the weakness and passions of men. His influence over James I. was a lever which he used to the best advantage for the furtherance of his schemes. The irresolute, undisciplined monarch was a tool in the hands of the determined highly trained ambassador. Gondomar was sent to a country which he hated for its climate, its constitution, its religion, its people. In the face of a hostile majority, with only a faction to support him, he accomplished by the force of his will and his power over weaker minds more than many a man would have accomplished by force of arms. No wonder that Spain sent him again and again, and refused to listen to his prayer for repose. He suffered considerably in health, and, like all southerners, was disposed to magnify the severity of the English climate. A friend who was going to Spain asked him if he had any commands. "No," he replied, "only my compliments to the sun whom I have not seen since I came to England."

"No other Ambassador before or since succeeded so completely in making a tool of an English king." Even though the tool was only James I., the feat was a considerable one at that critical period of European politics. Spain was anxious to secure the friendship of England and to cement that friendship by the closest tie possible. The resident Spanish Ambassador was not thought equal to the occasion, for, reduced to its actual terms, the situation was one of extreme difficulty. In brief, the question was how to bring a heretic and powerful nation which had already dealt a stunning blow at Spain, to the point of consenting that the heir to the throne should marry the Infanta, an alliance which was to include liberty for the Roman Catholic minority in England to act as they pleased. It might have been thought that no Spaniard could have been found willing to undertake such a task, and certainly no one who had not complete confidence in his mission could have even approached the subject. But Gondomar—as, for convenience, he may at once be called—was a servant whom many a monarch might have coveted. He was a diplomatist of the first order, and he was equally devoted to his country, his religion, and his king; all three were in his eyes infallibly great and right, and worthy of his utmost service. He was jealous as a lover of the honour of his country; the remotest semblance of injury to her prestige or her commercial interests roused him to instant action. His fellow-religionists in England were dear to him as members of his own family; he never rested in his efforts on their behalf, and he went about his mission with the proud consciousness of a man who believes himself to be the representative of the highest earthly power. So far, nothing could have been better in the interests of Spain, and that Gondomar did not succeed in all he undertook can only be ascribed to the fact that the forces with which he had to contend were beyond the power of any man to control.

The new Spanish Ambassador showed what manner of man he was very shortly after his arrival. One of his countrywomen, who had long been obnoxious to Protestants on account of her zealous propagandist work, was arrested and imprisoned by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Gondomar demanded her release, which was refused by the Council, so he instantly sent a letter to the King repeating his request. The next day a royal message came back that if the lady would consent to leave England she might be restored to liberty. Instead of accepting these terms, Gondomar wrote to the King saying that if Doña Luisa de Carvajal were commanded to quit the country he should be obliged



to return to Spain. This settled the matter. Doña Luisa was set at liberty immediately and allowed to do as she pleased.

Having thus asserted his authority and defined his position, Gondomar found the task of managing the King comparatively easy. James I., obstinate as he was, and fond of asserting his supremacy, yielded at once to the adroit manipulation of the Ambassador, who had the art of appearing to exalt the King's authority while he was secretly undermining it for his own purposes. He grew into such favour with James, and was admitted to such intimacy, that he came and went as he pleased, as if he were one of the royal household.

Gondomar was peculiarly fortunate in having such a sovereign as James to deal with—a sovereign who was not at one with the people or the institutions of the country which he ruled. When James came to England, he was like a *nouveau riche* who had been stinted all his life. His delight was to spend money lavishly, and it fretted him beyond measure to find supplies running short and to be compelled to ask his subjects for more. To his mind it was an infringement of his royal prerogative and an insult to his royal dignity that he should not be able to make use of the public purse when and how he pleased. His own words show how much of a stranger he was in England, and how little he felt himself in harmony with her institutions and traditions. In one of his bursts of confidence with Gondomar he broke out into bitter complaint of the Parliament and expressed his surprise that his ancestors should have put up with such an institution so long.

All this suited Gondomar's purpose admirably. There was nothing which he desired more than to see James at variance with Parliament, for that would, he hoped, throw him into the arms of Spain. If he could not obtain supplies from the Commons, he would be eager for Spanish gold, and forced to accept with it Spanish conditions. When Gondomar was giving an account of his embassy to the Spanish Council in 1618, after the first five years of his mission, the thing upon which he chiefly prided himself was that he had stopped the assembling of Parliament. He boasted that he had made it impossible for James ever to summon a Parliament again.

"Therein lies one of the chiefest services I have done, in working such a dislike between the King and the Lower House . . . as that the King will never endure Parliament again, but rather suffer absolute want than receive conditional relief from his subjects. . . . It is unlikely there should ever be a Parliament, and impossible the King's debts should be paid, his wants sufficiently

repaired, and himself left full-handed by such a course, and indeed, as it is generally thought, by any course but by a marriage with us. For which cause whatsoever project we list to attempt, enter safely at the door, whilst their policy lies asleep, and will not see the danger."

With the subtlety of his race, Gondomar adopted various underground methods for reaping an advantage. He set great store upon indirect means. Agents were employed by him to purchase valuable manuscripts and, indeed, whole libraries whenever opportunity offered by the death of any scholar or collector, so that the stores of knowledge might be in the hands of Roman Catholics. No money was spared when it came to a question of outbidding another buyer. When Isaac Casaubon died, Gondomar was at once to the fore with a request to view the library, which he fully intended to buy up at any price; but in this he was foiled by James himself, who had a mind to keep such a valuable collection intact. The Bishop of Winchester was ordered to sort the papers and seal them up, and the Casaubon family received compensation.

Another great disappointment to Gondomar was the acquisition of the Bodleian Library by the University of Oxford. He lamented that he had not been employed earlier, when he might have prevented such a mass of treasures from falling into the hands of heretics. In describing his operations he says :—

"Neither let any man think that descending thus low to petty particulars is unworthy an Ambassador, or of small avail for the ends we aim at, since we see every mountain consists of several sands, and there is not more profitable conversing for statesmen then amongst scholars and their books. Besides," he adds, "if by any means we can continue differences in their Church, or make them wider, or beget distaste betwixt their clergy and common lawyers, who are men of greatest power in their land, the benefit will be ours, the consequence great, opening a way for us to come in between, for personal quarrels produce real questions."

It was part of Gondomar's plan to systematically discourage James from making additions to the navy. With fiendish delight he watched our ships going out to the East Indies, a voyage attended in those days with extreme peril. To see English gold spent on "spices, silks, feathers, and the like toys," instead of being hoarded in the Exchequer or remaining in the pockets of the people, was a huge satisfaction, but to see English sailors fall a prey to the winds and waves, "not one of ten returning," was balm to his soul, for, as he justly observed to his countrymen, "they are the men we stand

in fear of." But it was quite otherwise with the voyages of English ships to the *West Indies*. All communication with those islands must be hindered as far as possible. It was too safe, too profitable, and, worst of all, the English name was becoming established over there, and an English colony so near to Spanish America was a lively source of danger :—

"Their West Indian voyages I withstand them in earnest, because they begin to inhabite there, and fortifie themselves, and may in time perhaps raise another England to withstand our new Spain in America ; as this old England opposeth our present State and clouds the glorious extents thereof in Europe. Besides, there they trade for commodities without waste of their Treasure, and often return gold for knives, glasses, and the like trifles, and that without such loss of their marriners as in other places ; therefore I crossed whatsoever intendments were projected for Virginia or the Bermudoes, because I see they may be hereafter really helpful unto them, as now they serve for drains to unload their populous State which else would overflow its own banks by continuance of peace and turn head upon itself or make a body fit for any rebellion."

Gondomar never missed an opportunity of encouraging wastefulness on the part of the King. It was not difficult to persuade James I. to do foolish things, and on the Ambassador's advice he was induced on one occasion to lend £10,000 to the Polish Ambassador.

The ruin and execution of Sir Walter Raleigh are clearly attributable to Gondomar, and nothing shows the strength of his influence and the persistence of his character so well as that miserable story, which has been revealed very fully in recent times.<sup>1</sup> He first did all in his power to prevent Raleigh from sailing to Guiana. As soon as the expedition was mooted he wrote to Philip III., and recommended that additions be made to the Spanish navy in view of this dangerous maritime activity on the part of England. Then he set himself to break up the project.

"To this I had many agents, first divers courtiers who were hungry and gaped wide for Spanish gold ; secondly some that bare him at the heart for inveterate quarrels ; thirdly some forraigners who having in vain sought the elixir hitherto, hope to find it in his head ; fourthly, all men of the Romish faith who are of the Spanish faction, and would have been my blood-hounds to hunt him or any

<sup>1</sup> M. S. Hume's *Sir Walter Raleigh*.

such to death willingly, as persons hating the prosperity of their country, and the valour, worth, and wit of their own nation, in respect of us and our Catholick cause."<sup>1</sup>

It was easy for him to learn from James all the particulars of the proposed voyage. He argued and remonstrated with a great show of reason; but James was too much dazzled by the prospect of the gold from the Orinoco mines to give way entirely. The Ambassador, however, obtained a solemn assurance that if any affront or injury were done to Spain, Raleigh should pay for it with his head. This was quite enough. The incidents of the voyage furnished an abundance of pretexts for Raleigh's enemies, and he returned home practically condemned if Spain insisted on the letter of the bond. Gondomar took great credit to himself for his action, as will be seen by his own account:—

"The last service I did for the State was not the least when I underwrought that admirable engine Rawleigh, and so was the cause, his voyage threatening much danger and damage to us was overthrown, and himself returning in disgrace I pursued almost to death. Neither (I hope) need I say almost if all things hit right and all strings hold."

He sets forth why, in the interests of Spain, he was so zealous in this work, and so bent on the destruction of Raleigh, whom he calls "that old Pirate, who is one of the last now living, bread under that deceased English Virago, and by her flesht in our blood and ruin."

How Gondomar ultimately succeeded in bringing Raleigh to the scaffold is well known through the pages of history. He followed every step of the voyage from afar, by means of his spies, and urged Philip to take vigorous action. If his advice had been followed, a Spanish fleet would have been sent to the Canary Isles to seize Raleigh before he could proceed further. Meanwhile Gondomar worked assiduously with the information brought back to him. Every fresh report was made use of to the injury of Raleigh. The King of Spain, growing inflamed, began in his turn to goad Gondomar, who needed no spur. The net was being drawn all round the unlucky seaman, and when he set foot in England it was only to find himself hopelessly enclosed in Spanish meshes.

Gondomar clung with tenacity to the promise he had wrung from James I., and used it as an effective weapon. He reminded him that he had pledged his word as a king and as a gentleman to punish Raleigh for any injury to Spain, and he affirmed, in the

<sup>1</sup> Gondomar's *Narrative of Embassy*.



decisive tone he always employed, that offences had been committed which required Raleigh's instant execution :—

“Justice demands that Rawleigh and all his companions should be hanged directly they set one foot on English soil, without waiting for them to set the other foot.”

By playing upon the fears and weakness of James, Gondomar at length secured a written pledge that Raleigh should either be sent to Spain or be punished in England. The second alternative was adopted, and Raleigh was executed on October 29, 1618.

Although Gondomar failed to prevent Raleigh from sailing, he evinced his power more in bringing him to destruction than if he had merely stopped the enterprise. He asserted his country's supremacy in the New World ; he gave a blow to English enterprise and seamanship ; and he showed that he could mould the King of England to his purposes in matters of life and death.

“Count Gondomar is to return here, none knowing so well the length of our foot.” A year and a half had elapsed since Raleigh's execution, and Gondomar, who had been to Spain and rendered an account of his mission, was coming back to England. There was great show made at his arrival. At Dover he was met by the Master of the Ceremonies, who brought coaches to convey him as far as Gravesend, where the Earl of Dorset was in waiting to conduct him in a royal barge up the river as far as Tower Wharf. The Bishop of Ely's house in Hatton Garden was placed at his disposal, instead of the usual residence of the Spanish Ambassador in the Barbican.

All this was very distasteful to the English people. Their dislike had been steadily growing into hatred. Gondomar had left England accompanied by a train of Roman Catholic priests whom he had caused to be released from prison, and he returned followed by two or three hundred Jesuits. His private chapel had always had overflowing congregations, and when he took up his abode in Hatton Garden, Roman Catholics naturally gathered at his house, and but for the opposition of his spirited neighbour, Lady Hatton, the back door would have been left open, that as many as pleased might come in to Mass. Protestants viewed his return with dismay, and saw in it fresh concessions to Papists and more abject submission to the dictates of Spain.

The feeling against Gondomar extended of course to members of his suite. One evening, while the Ambassador was supping with the Earl of Worcester, a tremendous tumult arose through a Spaniard riding accidentally over a child in Chancery Lane. As it turned



out, the child was not seriously hurt, but the rider compromised both himself and his master by galloping away to the Spanish Embassy instead of facing the results of his carelessness. The crowd gave chase, and soon a mob of four or five thousand persons surrounded the house, furiously demanding that the offender should be delivered up to them. Windows were broken, and matters looked so threatening that the Lord Chief Justice had to be sent for to come in person to quell the riot. Several persons were arrested, and a few weeks later a Commission sat at the Guildhall to inquire into the cause of the disturbance, Chief Justice Coke being a Commissioner. The original offence appears to have been forgotten in the supposed affront offered to the Spanish Ambassador. James I., with his customary servility to Gondomar, was eager to exact reparation, and blamed the Lord Mayor and the city officials severely for not showing more zeal in quelling the tumult. The end of it was that seven youths were found guilty of rioting, were condemned to six months' imprisonment, and ordered to pay a fine of £500 each. This incident was one of the last before Gondomar's departure for Spain.

The populace were, however, not restrained by fear of consequences from showing their antipathy to Gondomar when he returned. The London apprentices could not restrain their taunts when the litter of the Spanish Ambassador was being borne through the streets. Taunts lead quickly to blows, and a Spaniard was one day hurled into the gutter in Fenchurch Street. Gondomar demanded satisfaction for this outrage upon one of his suite. The Lord Mayor could not refuse, and ordered the two apprentices who had struck the Spaniard to be publicly flogged. But the Londoners would not suffer such a sentence to be carried out, and drove away the officers of justice. The affair reached the ears of James, ready, as usual, to side with Spaniards against his own subjects; the flogging was administered, and one of the youths died.

If James had not been so infatuated with Gondomar, there would not have been such a general feeling of hostility to Spain. But when it was found that the King had allowed himself to be duped so far as to permit the Spanish Ambassador to export a quantity of ordnance free of duty, it is only wonderful that there was not more open remonstrance against the favour shown to Spain's representative. The members of the House of Commons made an unavailing protest against English arms being put into the hands of the foes of Protestantism in the midst of the Palatinate War.

The English people distrusted and disliked Gondomar also

because they felt that he was not an open enemy. He had so many insidious means for gaining his ends, that it was impossible to say what secret influences were at work under his direction. No doubt exaggerated stories have been told of Gondomar's system of bribery, but what has not been exaggerated is the tortuous policy which he pursued, and of which he boasted. He was essentially a man who profited by the acts of his enemies, and thought it expedient and lawful to learn from them. In working for his great object—the conversion of England to Roman Catholicism—he not only demanded concessions and caused imprisoned priests to be set at liberty, but he practised subtle devices, copied, he says, from Protestants :—

“I beheld the policy of that late Bishop of theirs, Bancroft, who stirred up and maintained a dangerous schisme betwixt our secular priests and Jesuits, by which he discovered much weakness to the dishonour of our clergy and prejudice of our cause. This taught me, as it did Barneveldt in the Low Countries, to work secretly and insensibly betwixt their Conformists and Non-conformists.”

Much as Gondomar's reappearance was resented by the people, he was welcomed by the King with great cordiality. Although things had been done in his absence which he regarded as highly inimical to the interests of Spain, there was nothing in the manner of his reception to indicate that James's sentiments had changed. And, in fact, as far as Gondomar was personally concerned, there was no difference. He resumed his old place with the King, his old airs of superiority by which he always carried his point. Gondomar knew that it was only by assuming a masterful tone that he could keep James in submission. If he had shown the least hesitation in advancing his claims, or betrayed for an instant his country's weakness, James would have turned elsewhere for support. But Gondomar was not the man to abate his pretensions one iota, and though he might tell Philip III. privately that there was a danger of losing the friendship of England, he came back with all his old airs of easy confidence to renew the negotiations for the marriage of Prince Charles to the Infanta. In going to his first audience after his arrival, he nearly met with a severe accident in crossing a ruinous wooden terrace at Whitehall. The flooring gave way, and he would have fallen through if his attendants had not quickly seized him. Instead of being discomposed by his fall, he went on his way “merrily excusing it as an effect of his haste and longing to see his Majesty.”

Notwithstanding his many enemies at Court and the avowed hostility of the public, he was able at once to re-establish his

footing. To the disgust of the nation, a proclamation was issued for the arrest of Captain North, who had started on a voyage to South America to sail up the Amazon, this expedition being displeasing to Gondomar, who objected to the English trading among Spanish dependencies. A more remarkable evidence of his influence over James was seen in another affair which, fortunately, never came to the ears of the nation. While the King was in negotiation with the Low Countries over the defence of the Palatinate, and was urging them on to send troops to the aid of his son-in-law, he was entertaining a proposal from Gondomar to make war upon the Dutch and receive as his share of the spoils the provinces of Holland and Zealand.

Gondomar's hold over James tightened day by day, but he did not advance one step with the English people. It was to no purpose that he made the royal favourite, Buckingham, one of his creatures, and that the Duke went about publicly with him. The populace only muttered curses under their breath, and refused to accord to either the barest marks of civility. At length, when Gondomar's influence had reached an unparalleled pitch, and James was completely humbled before him, circumstances arose which rid England of the hated Ambassador for ever. A notable Englishman had been sent to Spain, Digby, Earl of Bristol, and the Court of Madrid feared him. Gondomar's presence became at this juncture more necessary in Spain than in England. He was recalled in 1622, and his striking personality no longer figures in the arena of English politics.

GEORGIANA HILL.

*SOME THOUGHTS ON HERRICK.*

OF Herrick himself there is nothing new to tell, and probably never will be. So little was his worth recognised by the generation which saw the publication of his poems, that only the baldest facts of his life have been preserved to us. But of his poetry something, perhaps, may still be said, although Grosart, Pollard, Saintsbury, Gosse, Henley, and others have written of it. These critics, however, have spoken in general terms, and discussed chiefly the literary value of the poet's work, whereas this article will be chiefly personal and particular in its observations. Herrick makes, indeed, a fascinating subject for study; his writings are so remarkable and unique in character, and he possesses the obvious merit of not having written too much. One small volume contains the poet's whole life-work.

Like most writers, Herrick imitated and was inspired by others, and was himself imitated and taken as a model. His debt to Catullus, Anacreon, Martial, and the Roman poets was great ("Gather ye rosebuds" is an almost literal translation from Ausonius), and for those who desire to read them, particulars of the sums owing to these creditors may be found in the pages of the persevering Pollard. Of the moderns, Herrick's beloved 'master,' Ben Jonson, had the most direct influence on his style. The "Hesperides" in title and in character is modelled on "The Forest" and "Underwoods," and the similarity between some of our poet's verses and the minor poems of Jonson is striking. These lines strongly suggest a well-known song of "rare Ben's":—

. . . sweet nymphs, do you but this,  
To th' glass your lips incline;  
And I shall see by that one kiss  
The water turned to wine.

These lines of Jonson's have been imitated by Herrick, in his "Delight in Disorder" and elsewhere:—

Give me a look; give me a face  
That makes simplicity a grace;

Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :  
Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
Than all the adulteries of art ;  
They strike mine eyes but not my heart.

The "Epode" of the elder writer could instructively be compared in form and spirit with the younger's verses on country life, and other instances might be quoted. We hear nothing of Shakespeare in the "Hesperides," which is curious considering Jonson's great admiration for that poet. One or two allusions, however, would seem to suggest that the Devonshire vicar knew his "Hamlet" fairly well, at least. This couplet is distinctly reminiscent of King Claudius in his closet :—

In prayer the lips ne'er act the winning part  
Without the sweet concurrence of the heart.

And this condemnation of the players of his day suggests either that Herrick copied Shakespeare, or that the stage was in a state to move all the judicious to outspoken grief :—

Men did strut and stride and stare, not act ;  
Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,  
Look red, and blow and bluster, but not speak.

Herrick gives much sententious advice throughout his book in the very spirit, and not far from the letter, of Polonius.

. . . Live round and close, and wisely true  
To thine own self, and known to few.

And

Hear all men speak, but credit few or none.

Carew was brother "poet-'prentice" to Herrick, and their styles were very similar in many respects. Carew published his works and died before the "Hesperides" appeared, and his Celia was obviously elder sister to Herrick's "Julia." In Carew's verses, "Ask me no more," "Go, thou gentle whisp'ring wind," "He that loves a rosy cheek," and "Celia singing," the resemblance in style is remarkable. Suckling's well-known simile in his "Ballad upon a Wedding" is used in another form by Herrick :—

Her pretty feet  
Like snails did creep  
A little out, and then,  
As if they started at bo-peep,  
Did soon draw in again.

It would seem as if Herrick played the "sedulous ape" to many of



his contemporaries, for his "Go, happy rose," is a deliberate imitation of Waller's "Go, lovely rose," and compares unfavourably with the original in sentiment and delicate beauty.

So much for Herrick's imitations. We need not look, during the rest of the seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries, for any sign of the reverse process; for during that long period Herrick's poems lay in obscurity, forgotten. To-day his influence is mainly, of course, to be traced in the poems of the lighter versifiers, and is rather general and subtle than particular and noticeable. Yet Swinburne, it may be conjectured, owes some of his florid sensuous grace to the old poet; and Mr. William Watson betrays his study of Herrick most plainly in this poem:—

Sunless flowers I bring thee—yet  
In thy bosom be they set;  
In thy bosom each one grows  
Fragrant beyond any rose.

Sweet enough were she who could  
In thy heart's sweet neighbourhood  
Some redundant sweetness thus  
Borrow from that overplus.<sup>1</sup>

The fancy here set to word-music, the form of the verse, the choice of phrase—all, down to the characteristic last word—all are pure Herrick.

Another and most interesting similarity exists between one seventeenth-century English country vicar and an eleventh-century tent-maker of Persia. The brief nature of delight, the solace of wine, the joy of that fleeting moment Life—these are the favourite subjects of Robert Herrick and Omar Khayyám. Naturally, the old Oriental philosopher is better known to Englishmen to-day than their own poet, so that we need only quote from the latter the various points of resemblance. Herrick was the Omar of his day—of course an Omar with differences—as these lines should prove.

#### UPON HIMSELF.

Th' art hence removing (like a shepherd's tent)  
And walk thou must the way that others went.

. . . When we two are dead  
The world with us is buried.

Our life is short, and our days run  
As fast away as does the sun:  
And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,  
Once lost, can ne'er be found again,

---

<sup>1</sup> Quoted by permission of Mr. John Lane.

So when you or I are made  
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
All love, all liking, all delight  
Lies drowned with us in endless night.

I fear no earthly powers,  
But care for crowns of flowers ;  
And love to have my beard  
With wine and oil besmeared.  
This day I'll drown all sorrow :  
Who knows to live to-morrow ?

Herrick's frequent use of the vine in simile and metaphor, his pensive recognition of the ever-nearing end of life, his love of wine and roses—all recall Omar. These were two pagan philosophers, the one the deeper thinker ; the other more shallow, yet, in his lighter manner, as truly poetic.

We have said that little or nothing is known of Herrick's life. But this is not quite true. To those who care to read and observe, the man's true life, or as much of the truth of his life as man ever tells to man, is to be found recorded in the "*Hesperides*." The book is, in fact, a mirror of the poet's passing thoughts and emotions, a diary, to which the most trivial occurrences and most sacred sentiments were ingenuously and almost instantly confided. Has Herrick been reading the Latin poets ? He transfuses the thought which has most impressed him into one of his sententious couplets. Does a pretty "*conceit*" occur to him ? He embodies it, with that careful-careless skill which is at once his charm and secret, in a verse to Julia, Anthea, Electra, Dianeme—it does not matter which—the first pretty name that occurs to him. A holy day and its customs, faithfully observed by his parishioners, demands recognition in the same way ; the death or marriage of a friend or patron ; a passing thought on death ; the sight of a flower—all are seized upon by the poet and embalmed in verse. Much of this record was probably written during the long, lonely winter evenings in that solitary vicarage, amongst the "*barbarous wildnesses*" of Devon, whither the poet was exiled.

Herrick's character shines very transparently through the pages of his book. We are perhaps most struck by his vanity—that artless and harmless self-pride which many another great man has shown. Under the circumstances of his life, Herrick's self-confidence was amazing, and commands respect. He wrote in solitude, with no appreciating and encouraging circle of admirers, with few friends on whom his book could count for welcome, at a time when the lyric and pastoral were waning and passing away, and with nothing but

sheer merit on which his fame could rely for its perpetuation. Yet his faith in himself never fails him, and he promises immortality, right and left, in the most Jove-like manner, to all those friends and acquaintances whom he honours with mention in his book. Only once does the possibility of failure seem to occur to him, and he faces it with characteristic philosophy :—

Go thou forth, my book ; though late,  
Yet be timely fortunate.

. . . . .

If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fire's by : Farewell.

Perhaps the next most noticeable thing about Herrick, as seen through the "*Hesperides*," is his pagan cast of mind. He has read the old poets until he is saturated with the spirit of their writings and their times. Herrick not only imitates their verse : his outlook upon life has become as theirs ; and with his descriptions of everyday life in seventeenth-century England he mingles the classical, with quaint results. He would have his verses read—presumably by his own countrymen of his or any future day.

When laurel spirits i' th' fire, and when the hearth  
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth ;  
When up the *Thyrse* is raised, and when the sound  
Of sacred orgies flies, "A round ! a round !"   
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointment shine,  
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

These allusions might be intelligible to the better class of readers in Herrick's day ; but the style is none the less artificial, and shows how deeply the poet had breathed of the classic life and atmosphere. Pagan, too, are his thoughts on death and burial : he speaks of his ghost wandering in the shades ; of his "urn ;" and of his embalming. God is often the wrathful Jove with Herrick, in the barest of disguises. Perhaps more than any of his predecessors Herrick caught the spirit of the old Roman writers—such of them as he admired, and took as models.

This is the more remarkable as Herrick was in some respects thoroughly English and patriotic. His patriotism was not, indeed, the love of his country's past, its historic greatness and heroic virtues. Shakespeare's passionate love of his country was not possible to Herrick. The England that he loved was the smiling land of a May-day, the pastoral people with their holy days and village ceremonies ;



England with her fair daughters, and all her summer beauties of hedgerow, river, and meadow. A cockney born, Herrick loved his London, not because it was the centre, the heart of a mighty nation, but for its association of birth and childhood. He regrets it chiefly for the pleasant river holidays on the Thames with "soft smooth virgins," for the feasts of mirth, wine, and good-fellowship with Ben Jonson and a jolly crew of comrades, at the "Dog" or "Triple Tun." He "loathes" Devonshire for the wildness of its scenery and the boorish people amongst whom he is thrown; yet a love for the country grows upon him in the course of years, and there is nothing in the few references to town life in the "*Hesperides*" which can compare with the poet's full, appreciative, and obviously sincere praises of the country. Ruskin's dictum that all good, enduring books are written in the country would seem to gain support from the case of Herrick. It is highly probable that if he had remained in London he would have yielded to the prevailing disease of pastoral artificiality to which so many of his fellow-poets fell victims, and of which traces, indeed, are to be found in his own verses. The lonely life in the country forced Herrick's originality to develop, and to-day he stands higher than any of those little city bards whose lot he envied so. He himself artlessly confesses

. . . I ne'er invented such  
Ennobled numbers for the press,  
Than when I loathed so much.

But Herrick cannot be called a poet of Nature as Wordsworth and Tennyson were. Give him a garden full of flowers, and a meadow beyond, with a purling stream gliding between, and his genius asked no more. He could walk there in perfect content, and sing of these with unsurpassed skill. Those might wander by the waves, climb the snowy mountains, or seek far Eastern lands, that liked: the wild, the sublime, the un-English, were beyond him and as naught. His love of Nature was bounded by the view from his study window; but within his limits he was truly great, and we need not affect to regret the narrow scope of his powers.

It will be easily inferred that during the Civil War Herrick's sympathies were with the King. Apart from the fact that his living was dependent on the success of the Royalists, the poet's nature was essentially conservative and monarchical. Everything that was old-established was sacred in his eyes. It is true that Herrick utters some rather bold sentiments respecting kings and tyrants; but as it is evident that he regarded Charles as a model king, these cannot

be said to count. On the other hand, the poet seems to believe in the Divine Right of kings.

'Twixt kings and subjects there's this mighty odds :  
Subjects are taught by men, kings by the gods.

Herrick discreetly says little of the terrible upheaval which the Civil War brought about. His book was published in the year of the King's trial, but he does not, for a wonder, allude in any way to that historical event. He joyfully (and somewhat rashly) wrote a welcome to the King on his arrival at Hampton Court in 1647 ; but after that he was silent. His knowledge of politics was, like that of many literary men, dangerously little, and that the poet learnt nothing from the spirit of the time is evident from these amazing lines :—

Good princes must be prayed for : for the bad  
They must be borne with, and in rev'rence had.  
Touch not the Tyrant ; let the gods alone  
To strike him dead, that but usurps a throne.

We can conceive with what astonishment and horror Herrick must have looked on whilst a certain Huntingdon brewer presumptuously took upon himself to act the part of Jove.

In morals it may be fairly taken for granted that Herrick painted himself in darker colours than he deserved. His declaration that "jocund his Muse was, but his life was chaste," which he placed by design at the end of his book, assumes the importance of a "last dying confession" and profession, and probably represents the truth. It was the fashion in the poet's time, before he left London, to assume the "virtue" of licentiousness if one had it not; and the grosser passages by which Herrick seemingly convicts himself are in all likelihood as much due to the imagination as are the parting verses to his wife, and the existence of the numberless mistresses whom he addresses. The man, if he resembled the poet, was loose and wanton of speech, as were all the gallants in his day ; but Herrick could never have been a very dangerous enemy to morality. He was too open, too honest of speech ; and he possessed a conscience—of its kind and of its day. As for his "mistresses," it is noteworthy that whilst most of the "Hesperides" was presumably written at Dean Prior, the "maids" of whom he sings are one and all distinctly town-bred. They were, no doubt, idealised memories and nothing more. One of them, however, deserves to be singled out from the beautiful picture-gallery, and considered separately. This is "Julia," to whom Herrick addressed some fifty of his poems—a proportion far



exceeding that devoted to any other mistress. It would be interesting, had one the time and space at command, to discuss the question, Was there a living Julia? Certainly there are considerations which would suggest that Julia was more real than any of the others. Many of the verses relating to her are of a circumstantial nature, suggesting that they had foundation in actual occurrences, such as "Julia's hair, bundled into a net," "Julia's churching," "Julia's fall," and so on. She is described also, not in the high-flown language which an ideal would probably have received, but in moderate terms, which would seem to indicate that the poet had drawn a copy and not an original.

Black and rolling is her eye,  
Double-chinn'd and forehead high ;  
Lips she has, all ruby red ;  
Cheeks, like cream enclaretèd ;  
And a nose that is the grace  
And proscenium of her face.

The fact that Julia is so often quoted as sharing in his religious rites may not be without its significance. But whether she was a "composite photograph" of past-remembered loves, whether she was Herrick's Egeria, or the wife of another man and an object of distant adoration ; whether she was any of these, or had no existence whatever, we shall never know. That she was his wife is most unlikely; that she was his paramour is almost as improbable. Like the "dark lady" of Shakespeare's sonnets, her identity is a mystery.

Herrick is not likely to have been deeply, enthusiastically Church of England. He loved rather the sensuous side of religion, the formal and voluptuous ceremonies which are more characteristic of Roman Catholicism. He would doubtless have been a strong Ritualist to-day. Nevertheless, the spirit of poesy within him forced Herrick at times beyond the narrow bounds of his orthodoxy and talk of hell and the rod, of circumcisions and parasceves, moving him to say some beautiful things, full of humanity, charity, and good sense.

Much more might be said concerning Herrick's character as shown in the poetic diary, the "*Hesperides* ;" but we may avoid going into further detail, and view the book as a whole. We cannot avoid noting a certain vein of melancholy pervading the poems from end to end; a vivid sense of the flight of youth and its joys "mars the song" repeatedly. Some of this gloom Herrick no doubt affected, as many other youthful poets have done since. In the

fourteenth number—at the very beginning of his book—he sighs:—

Age calls me hence, and my grey hairs bid come  
And haste away to mine eternal home.

It will hardly be believed that when the whole fourteen hundred poems were written, and the book was published, Herrick was but fifty-seven, and that he lived twenty-six years after that. He writes at times as if he were eighty at the least. These laments over the passing hour have at times a poetic beauty; but it would be wrong to dignify them by the name of pathos. Herrick's verses become less wanton (and less charming also) towards the close of the "Hesperides:" a touch of chill austerity is felt, and we may be thankful, all we who love our Herrick, that neither success nor vanity tempted him to write more.

Considering all things, the scope and variety of Herrick's poems may be described as remarkable. The verses divide themselves roughly into three classes. Exclude the epigrams, the fairy poems, epitaphs, and personal and political verses, and we get the country poems, the lyrics, and the aphorisms. Of the first we have already spoken, and need only add that Herrick preserved from oblivion many quaint old customs and superstitions. With the aphorisms it is necessary to dwell a little longer. They have been persistently ignored and underrated, and do not deserve either treatment. It may be quite true that many of Herrick's sententious couplets are from the Latin; but surely even those possess an interest if not a value. But many of his shrewd pieces of advice on life, and observations on mankind, are original, and worthy of preservation. These few may serve as samples:—

True mirth resides not in the smiling skin :  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.  
Nothing comes free cost here : Jove will not let  
His gifts go from him, if not bought with sweat.  
Good things that come of course far less do please  
Than those which come by sweet contingencies.  
Maids' nays are nothing : they are shy  
But to desire what they deny.

The lyrics are the immortal part of Herrick. A lyric, be it remembered, requires several qualities in order to stand the test of time. It must possess a singing rhythm and flow, a nameless charm of phrase and of fancy, and it should express one complete thought, and one only. We may describe the lyric as a polished gem; an epic as a vein of gold, varying in richness. Many of

Herrick's songs, thus examined, are found to be flawless. They are chiefly of women, love, and flowers. As Mr. W. E. Henley very happily says : "The flowers are maids to him, and the maids are flowers." The one is so often likened to the other, by Herrick, that they become almost blended, to one's mental eye. Herrick is never profound ; although perhaps "shallow," in its turn, would be too harsh a word. He looks only at the outward beauty of his mistresses, and compares in this respect unfavourably with a forgotten contemporary of Herrick's, George Wither, who in his appreciation of the spiritual beauty of woman was far in advance of his day. Herrick preferred rather to write of his fair one's sweetness of breath than of her heart ; her petticoat called forth the admiration that her purity failed to inspire. Yet when all is said, the smoothness, freshness, and exquisite fancy of his best verses redeem him from blame on these or any other scores.

Herrick's limitations were many, and most of them were "gross and palpable." He was coarse at times (as were most poets of his day, and Shakespeare not the least) ; he was superficial, and the wings of his poesy had but a feeble flight. Fancy, foster-sister to Imagination, he won for his own, and he rarely aspired higher. He half-choked some of his thoughts with ponderous Latinised words, curious diminutives, and classical but inappropriate expressions. He harped repeatedly on the same themes, used again and again the same similes, rhymes, and phrases. But it would be wrong to deny him moments of largeness. "To Anthea who may command him anything" contains true passion and fire ; his "Litany" and "The White Island" show piety and reverence ; "To his Conscience" displays a nobility, at least of mood ; the poems to sack have Shakespearean flashes ; and the "Mad Maid's Song" has an objective pathos rare to him. Nor was Herrick without lofty thoughts :—

Our present tears here, not our present laughter,  
Are but the handsels of our joys hereafter.

There is no evil that we do commit  
But hath th' extraction of some good from it.

God is above the sphere of our esteem,  
And is the best known, not defining Him.

There is much to love in the kindly and very human old poet : much to be thankful for ; and it is to the gain of us all that after a century and a half his poetry woke from its long slumber to that immortality which its author so trustingly promised it, and which was so strictly its due.

HARRY A. SPURR.

*THINGS IRISH.*

"This ripping up of auncient historeyes is very pleasing unto me, and indeede savoureth of good conceite, and some reading withall."

SPENSER, *A View of the Present State of Ireland.*

"Also the Gaules used to drinke theyre enemyes bloud, and paynte themselves with it. Soe also they write, that the old Irish were wonte, and so I have seen some of the Irish doe, not theyr enemyes but theyr friendes bloud. As, namely, at the execution of a notable traytour at Limmericke, called Murragh O'Brien, I sawe an old woman, which was his foster mother, take up his head, whilst he was quartered, and sucked up all the bloud running thereout, saying that the earth was not worthye to drinke it, and therewith also steeped her face and her breast, and tore her hayre, crying out and shreeking out most terribly."

*Idem.*

POET though he was, Spenser failed to discover any quality of picturesqueness, or even of passionate tenderness, in the Munster foster-mother's words or deeds. The whole scene was simple "savagerie" to him. Spenser fairly represents the English mind in the contemplation of things Irish. Saxon stolidity and prejudice are forceful enough to annihilate poetical insight, even such as Spenser's.

For a perfect example of the union of incompatible tempers, thoughtful observers have said that one must go—not to particular couples, but to nations: England and Ireland, Russia and Poland; and, of course, to reach the height of misfortune in the consequences of such unions, the strong arm must be joined to the narrower nature, as with Saxon and Kelt, Tartar and Pole. How bitter is the misfortune for *both*!

Spenser held that it was a mark of venality in "that savage nation of Ireland" that murder under "Brehoone Lawe" was punished by fine; but Blackstone points out that the process of appeal for murder which existed in his day in the laws of England, and which was only abolished in 1819, by stat. 59 George III. c. 46, was analogous to the *eric* fine for murder in ancient Ireland."<sup>1</sup>

"Weregild," a pecuniary satisfaction to expiate enormous offences, was an English custom derived from the Germans—and its fore-

<sup>1</sup> "Commentaries," vol. iv. p. 313.

runner was described by Tacitus. Similar compensations are appointed in the Salic and Repuarian laws of the Franks. Different passages in Homer show compensation for murder to have been customary in early Greece. Thus, it will be seen that there is no foundation for Spenser's contention that the principle of eric (however open to objection) is *repugnant to all human laws*, or that it is *peculiar to the laws of ancient Ireland*. Far from being despicable, deeper study shows more and more clearly the ingenuity, high morality, and equal dealing of the legal code of the early Gael.

I have elsewhere<sup>1</sup> shown that the position of women was high in ancient Ireland; and the position of women, say the greatest ethnological authorities, is "the best criterion of the civilisation of a race."

The celebrated jurist, Sir Henry Maine, declared that, of old, the Irish wife and daughter stood far higher than maid and matron of Imperial Rome. Roman women were "under the hand" of the male head of the family. They scarcely counted as independent beings in the eye of the law. But the Brehoon code gave rights to mothers conceded but in recent years by English law;—in fact the Irish dispensation was the more liberal, for under Brehoon law a child belonged equally to its parents, whereas the last English Custody of Infants Act does *not* secure for the mother a position "equal with the father."

Another curious point is this: Brehoon law anticipated (in its leading provisions) the last Employers' Liability Act of the British Parliament; and our Fosterage Laws of fifteen hundred years ago abound in the very cream of the wisdom of modern advocates of the boarding-out system, and of Poor Law reform. The astonishing "modernity" of the general drift (of the spirit) of many an old law is, perhaps, one feature of the Gaelic code more curious than valuable. Yet we must perforce hold that "the thoughts" of a race "are widened with the process of the suns," and if "the [English] heirs to all the ages,

"In the foremost files of time,"

have but recently brought their laws into line with the old Irish code, so much the greater is the honour of the Brehoons and the law-abiding people that they ruled.

In theory, the weak point of Irish jurisprudence was the absence of a force to compel submission to the decisions of the judges. In practice, no such force was needed, for, as King James's lawyer,

<sup>1</sup> *Gentleman's Magazine*, April 1887 and February 1889.



Davies, admitted, "there is no nation or people under the sunne that doth love equall and indifferent justice better than the Irish ; or will rest better satisfied with the execution thereof, although it be against themselves, so that they may have the protection and benefit of the law, when uppon just cause they do desire it."

An English reader says : "Is not the latter part of that paragraph *a bit of bluff*; for we all say that, above everything, the Irish are lawless and unruly?"

"Certainly," I answer, "if what 'we all say' *must* be true, then mere documentary evidence is humbug." I proceed to point out that Sir John Davies was an Elizabethan statesman ; that King James gave him an Irish position of trust ; and that he wrote an easily accessible essay, "Discovery of the True Causes why Ireland was never entirely subdued and brought under obedience," &c. But my English critic says something contemptuous about "ancient history," and declares hotly that "it is a well-known fact that the Irish are lawless and unruly." If warmth of asseveration be augmentative force, then indeed is my opponent's statement weighty ! Iteration, too, is very potent, and my adversary trusts greatly to it. Why should he not ? A poet tells us, "Say it but oft enough, the thing rings 'true,' and men gain even their creeds by iteration chiefly." We know, too, ever since Plato's day, that "the poets are our fathers in wisdom" !

In the short space devoted to the Brehoon Laws in his "Literary History of Ireland," Dr. Douglas Hyde explains "the inherent weakness of Irish jurisprudence," to which I have just referred, as a thing "inseparable from a tribal organisation." "The idea of the State as distinguished from the tribe had scarcely emerged," and the control of a strong central government was lacking. The learned writer says : "If a litigant chose to disregard the brehon's<sup>1</sup> ruling there was no machinery of the law set in motion to force him to accept it. The only executive authority in ancient Ireland which lay behind the decision of the judge was the traditional obedience and good sense of the people, and it does not appear that, with the full force of public opinion behind them, the brehons had any trouble in getting their decisions accepted by the common people. Not that this was any part of their duty. On the contrary, their business was over so soon as they had pronounced their decision, and given judgment between the contending parties. If one of these parties refused to abide by this decision, it was no affair of the brehon's, it was the

<sup>1</sup> That is Dr. Hyde's spelling, and I don't venture to change it; Brehoon is phonetic, so I prefer it in my own writing.

concern of the public, and the public appear to have seen to it that the brehon's decision was always carried out. This seems indeed to have been the very essence of democratic government with no executive authority behind it but the will of the people, and it appears to have trained a law-abiding and intelligent public." In proof, Dr. Hyde cites the great lawyer Davies' estimate of the law-loving character of the Irish race. And thus, it will be seen, the weak point in the Brehoon jurisdiction furnishes the very highest testimony to Keltic character.

Almost any Brehoon Tract will serve to show the subtlety and fairness of the ancient code. Are not those two qualities equivalent to true equity? Sir Samuel Ferguson wrote that the copious body of laws formulated by the Brehoons furnishes "a striking example of the length to which moral and metaphysical refinements may be carried under rude social conditions."

In contradiction to modern practice, in the Ireland of the Gael, the sliding scale of punishments dealt most hardly with the highly placed. Penalties were "carefully graduated in the interests of the poor," says Dr. Hyde; "and crime or breach of contract might reduce a man from the highest to the lowest grade." Sentimental persons, nowadays, cry out loudly that the penalties for a rich criminal ought to be always largely tempered, because the comforts to which he has been accustomed from childhood will have incapacitated him from bearing any sort of hardship. The old-time view in Ireland was to consider those who had had the privileges of riches and their concomitants as more culpable, and to deal lightly with the weak and ignorant. The Irish view is but *noblesse oblige* transported.

Let us take the Irish Tract on Water Rights as a sample of the old code.

Water-mills were introduced into Ireland by Cormac Mac Art probably in the course of the third century. Before this period there can have been no use and custom in the matter of mills, neither was there, in ancient Ireland, any tribunal for purposes of legislation. Jurists, treating of English affairs, speak of a certain portion of the law as "Judge-made law—foregone decisions coming to have as much weight as statutory enactments." Mr. Nielson Hancock says of old Irish law that it "is like the Roman pandects, and is not statute law, like the decrees of the Roman senate or people, or the constitutions of emperors, or our modern Acts of Parliament."

In old times, in Ireland, in river cases, as in everything else, the

ruling of the Brehoons was the whole law. St. Patrick, and the other eight "pillars of the law, codified this mass of judicial decisions in the fifth century." <sup>1</sup>

Long before St. Patrick's time, however, "Rights as to Mill-water" were recognised. It was a "right" to carry a water-course across a neighbour's ground to your mill.

"Every co-tenant is bound to permit the other co-tenant to conduct drawn water across his border," says the Brehoon Tract. Adjoining owners acquired the right to use such mills, and also to draw water from mill-ponds and mill-races. The Brehoon lawyers supported the claims of any one to buy ground necessary to a miller's purposes: "This is the second instance in the Berla Speech" (the legal dialect), says the same Tract, "where the law compels a person to sell his land though he should not like to do so."

If I remember aright, the compulsory sale of land in England was first legally recognised about the year 1836, and railways were the cause of the innovation.

Mr. A. G. Richey, in his "Introduction" to the Tracts which he edited, says: "The process in question was a very archaic anticipation of the modern 'Land Clauses Consolidation Act,' specifying the terms upon which the necessary land may be purchased, the amount to be paid, the matters to be taken into consideration upon the occasion of the purchase, and the rights arising by implication of law in the work when completed."

He remarks farther on:—

"It would have been fortunate for the English public if the equitable considerations which in the Brehon Law deprived the owners of land taken for public works of any compensation if the construction of these works resulted in a profit, not a loss, to the owners of the land required, had been taken into consideration by modern legislators."

The "considerations" which Mr. Richey infelicitously would wish

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Douglas Hyde's translation of "The Origin of the Senchus Mohr" is by far the smoothest rendering of the old text.

"The Seanchus of the men of Erin—what has preserved it? The joint memory of two seniors; the tradition from one ear to another; the composition of poets; the addition from the laws of the letter; strength from the law of nature; for these are the three rocks by which the judgments of the world are supported." [Otherwise: the Senchus was preserved by Ross, a Doctor of the Legal Dialect; Dubhthach, a Doctor of Literature; and Fergus, a Doctor of Poetry.] "Whoever the poet was that connected it by a thread of poetry before Patrick, it lived until it was exhibited to Patrick. The preserving shrine is the poetry, and the Seanchus [or Shencus, or Senchus] is what is preserved therein."

"taken into consideration," are the "considerations" relating to *the unearned increment*. It gives the student of Brehoon Law a shock of surprise to find Irish judges of sixteen or seventeen hundred years ago struggling with, and providing against, that *bête noire* of our own day!

The three kinds of land on which no compensation was payable (on the ground that the owner was the gainer, not the loser, by being forced to give up part of his acreage) were: (1) "Lands on which a mill stands so that it yields produce"—explained in the gloss as meaning the land used for the construction of a mill-pond which affords to the owner of the land a constant and abundant supply of water; or, according to another commentator, of fish. (2) "A house and close previously without a supply of water, which, therefore, was benefited by the mill-stream being constructed near it." (3) "A trench usually dry, and used only to carry off the winter drainage, the owner of which was obliged to permit its use without compensation."

Clearly, the old law-givers foresaw everything, even to the possible existence of a dog-in-the-manger disposition!

Any agreement made by a landholder in reference to a mill (and also of certain other structures of benefit to the whole community) became absolutely binding if acquiesced in during the lives of two subsequent tenants:—

"If they have been so acknowledged, it is right that they should remain so for ever, *gratis*, or for payment, according to" the Brehoon, said the Right of Water Tract.

Mr. Richey comments:—

"This passage very fully expresses the archaic idea of ownership; the owner was the owner merely for the term of his own life, as between himself and his family he was only in some sort a tenant for life, whose contract as to the subject matter was not binding upon his successor. This idea of ownership is quite foreign to English law, but is exactly what exists in the case of 'substitutions' in the old French law, or in that of a Scotch tailzie."

Professor Richey is much less ready with his sympathy for ancient Irish ways and institutions than are Mr. Hancock, Mr. Whitley Stokes, and other workers in the same field, and he has a rather provoking manner of making all things English the standard of merit, yet he observes:—

"The English law has superadded to this power of dealing with property which is incidental to ownership, the conception of absolute ownership being perpetual in its duration, a fallacy which has



exercised immense influence upon our real property law, and is the basis of our whole system of conveyancing. This rule (the rule corresponding, in Irish law, with 'tailzie' and 'substitutions') also is an instance of the application of the principle of 'limitation' of actions, which, within only recent times, has been recognised as of paramount importance in our jurisprudence."

The same Tract considers the question of damages arising out of negligence in the construction of what may be considered Public Works, such as "the ditch of a fair-green; the ditch of a mill-race; the embankment of a mill-pond," &c. There being no established rule for banking-up a mill-stream, and the construction being in itself lawful, the Tract pronounces that no mode of construction can give ground for damages. In comment, Mr. Richey says: "The obvious mode of deciding the question by an issue of fact" (as to whether the work was properly done, and with all ordinary care), "would not commend itself to the Brehon lawyer accustomed to the use of distinct arithmetical formulæ. This passage" (about mill-races, and so forth) "is interesting, as showing how the Brehon law was taught. In any modern system the author would have laid down an abstract proposition, illustrated it by particular examples, and fortified it by previous decisions; and, thus, having established his general proposition, would have applied it to the facts of the case then under consideration."

The form of the work of the Brehoons "must have been determined by their original function, as the professional witnesses of unwritten custom, the decisions pronounced by them in cases of first instance, would naturally fall within Sir H. S. Maine's definition of Themistes, clearly illustrated in the following passage: 'It is certain that in the infancy of mankind, no act of legislature, nor even a distinct author of law, is contemplated or conceived of. Law has scarcely reached the footing of a custom—it is a habit. It is, to use the French phrase, "in the air."' The only authoritative statement of right and wrong is a judicial decision after the facts—not one pre-supposing a law which has been violated, but one which is breathed for the first time by a higher power into the judge's mind at the moment of adjudication."

The whole question of the Right of Water was novel when the Tract was compiled. It is a curious and indeed admirable example of ingenious methods in dealing with conflicting interests under new conditions. It is surely something more than coincidence that, while the Gael of old should have been such a notable law-maker, all careful observers of the race in modern times concur



in declaring that we Irish, more than any other nation—the Greek, perhaps, excepted, but Greeks do not *surpass us* in this matter—are fond of initiating lawsuits, and persistently haunt the courts of justice, even when no personal interests are touched by the cases that are being tried. The other day I cited a small instance of this characteristic of the race ; and, as the proverbial “straw” serves to show “the way the wind blows,” I recur to it now : The idlers in a little town were “argefying,” by the hour together, about a knotty legal point in which they had but a speculative interest ; and then they collected among the hottest debaters a fee, which would secure a professional opinion to settle the matter ! The “subscriptions” were drawn from all but empty pockets ; however, it was less painful to men who had been wrangling for half a day over the division of a (purely imaginary) inheritance (with complications of “Realty” and “Personalty ;” the conflicting claims of numerous heirs, the immense property considered first as an intestate estate, and then as an estate duly willed away), to starve their pipes for some days, than to bear the tortures of ignorance, or to stifle the pangs of curiosity at not knowing who had been right, who wrong, in the lengthy dispute. True, the pence that had been gathered represented much tobacco ; but “of two evils” the wise “choose the least.”

Mr. A. M. Sullivan remarked that “the only men who, within the last hundred years, became really great popular leaders in Ireland were barristers, who first won popular confidence and popular influence by their forensic abilities—Daniel O’Connell and Isaac Butt.”<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Richey considers it “most interesting to observe that the authority of the brehon among the Celtic Irish arose precisely in the same manner as that of the judges, by whatever title they may be called, among the other Aryan tribes.”<sup>2</sup> A Roman might have

<sup>1</sup> “New Ireland,” chap. iii.

<sup>2</sup> “Thus, it is said, Sean, the son of Aighe, passed the first judgments regarding distress. The law-giver thus referred to is supposed to have lived about 100 years before the Christian Era. ‘Shencha, guided by the law of nature, fixed the distress at two days, which is between one and three days, for every female possession.’ Again, other decisions are ascribed to Brigh Briughaidh [Brigit, a woman-Brehoon] : ‘Thus far, we have described the distresses of two days, as mentioned by Brigh Briughaidh, who dwelt at Fiesin, and by Shencha, son of Ailell, son of Culclain, to whom the Ulstermen submitted.’ These judgments seem to have prevailed ‘until the coming of Coirpre Gnath-choir, who did not consent that any right should be upon one day ;’” which, being interpreted, means : *The stay in pound is fixed variously, according to the*

recognised in the proceedings "before the Brehoon" the ancient formulæ from which slowly, and with much difficulty, the civil law emerged.

I appeal to a passage in Mr. Richey's Introduction to prove how fully we Irish are "the sons of our fathers." He says :—

"We observe in the early history of all Aryan nations the presence of what may be called a natural aristocracy, as the leaders and kinsmen of a natural democracy." Gentle and simple "were equally members of the clan, and to a certain extent had equal rights. But both by public opinion, and by the custom which supplied the place of law, certain sections of the community possessed, in comparison with other sections thereof, an acknowledged superiority. Their descent was purer ; their wealth was greater ; their *wergeld* was higher ; their share in the public lands, or the distribution of booty, was larger." "Leaders in war," they were "councillors in peace." "Strongly marked lines . . . intersect the society of the ancient world."

"Freedom" was established by a certain series of proved pure descents ;" but another and larger "series was necessary for the full enjoyment of all the honours and all the considerations which the community could give."<sup>1</sup>

The rule of nobility seems to result from two other rules. The first is the principle of taking the common great-grandfather as the founder of the family, or *Moeg*; the other rule is that of "the Three Descents." The effect of the second was, that for the purpose of acquiring full rank in any particular status, the claimant must show that his father and both his grandfathers had held that status. Consequently a man that claimed to belong to the nobility of a clan must prove that his grandfather was noble—that is, that his grandfather "had a kin," or, in other words, had a great-grandfather who was a "freeman."

*nature of the thing impounded.* The commentaries on the Shencus referred to many metrical judgments. Mr. Neilson Hancock says that St. Patrick, as a Roman citizen and a great Christian missionary, would have known early of Roman land reform, and of the great triumph of the Christian Church. He would naturally be influenced in his missionary work in Ireland by the knowledge of the framing of the Theodosian code, "and would facilitate the conversion of the Irish, and strengthen the church he was founding, by recognising all that was good in the pagan laws of Ireland. . . . Such precisely is the course St. Patrick" pursued. "The Annals of the Four Masters" (compiled in 1620) aver that "the Seanchus and the Fienchus were purified and written . . . at the request of St. Patrick."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Richey quotes with approval, from "The Aryan Household" (Hearn), this passage about pedigrees.

Any one knowing the Irish peasantry of to-day will recognise in this passage the likeness between past law and custom and present feeling as evinced in the deep reverence felt for "the ould stock," concurrent with a well-bred familiarity (if such a thing can be !) between those O'Connell addressed as "Hereditary Bondsmen" on the one hand, and the owners of the soil on the other. An Irish peasant is almost always gentlemanlike when doing the honours of his poor cabin, or his "bit o' land." He and his family often show a graceful hospitality to complete strangers, or to those among the richer classes with whom they are on friendly terms—a hospitality that often puts to shame the manners at "the big house." Some declare that this is because most of the kingly blood of Ireland runs now in peasant veins. Perhaps so. But may it not as easily be that, once, "gentle and simple were equally members of the clan ;" "all had to a certain extent equal rights ;" but those whose descent was the purer had "prerogatives," and *they* were "the natural leaders of the community in time of war, and its natural councillors in time of peace"? May it not also be—since "our ancestors are the notes of the symphony our life is"—because "strongly marked lines intersected the society of the ancient world"? The question of position once settled, do not ease of manner and a graceful bearing follow as matters of course? To say that the ways of our forefathers do *not* form our manners and character is to flout the great doctrine of heredity! And who dare do *that*, in the face of present-day science?

In Germany, where the respect for rank is enormous, royalty, nobles, and townspeople may meet at some large informal gathering (such as the parties that the Empress Augusta used to give at the Palace at Coblenz), and there will be no servility on the part of the smaller guests, and neither arrogance nor offensive patronage on that of the more exalted—a happy state of affairs which has been attributed to the fact that the position of each present is clearly defined and perfectly well known to the other guests. In so far, the conditions are clan-like!

The Gael is a magnificent leader, as can be proved by reference to the annals of the British Army, or to those of the "Irish Brigade" in France; or by tracing Irish immigrant families, such as the Taaffes in Austria, the MacMahons in France and in Spain; and by following the steps of many a child of the race "successful everywhere but at home," as an ignorant scorn asserts.

Some time ago, under the heading "Irish Names on the Continent," one who is well informed wrote:—

"Witnesses to English tyranny in our country in the past, Irish names are frequently to be met with on the Continent. Their bearers are mostly the descendants of the 'wild geese' who fled the country when 'ne O ne Mac' was allowed to 'strut' in Ireland, and who became in their new homes the 'Irish Knights of St. Lewis,' and of 'St. Leopold;' of the 'White Eagle,' and of 'the Golden Fleece,' that Macaulay tells us of. The late Spanish Minister of War was one such, and rejoiced in the un-Spanish name of O'Ryan. Spain, that has had as Prime Ministers Wall, and, in recent times, Marshal O'Donnell; as Viceroy of Mexico an O'Donnoju; and as Governor of Cuba an O'Reilly, counts many a distinguished subject with an Irish name. If you turn to the 'Almanach de Gotha,' you will see that the Vice-President of the Spanish Senate is an O'Donnell; the Royal Private Secretary Count Morphy; that there is a Vice-Admiral MacMahon; and a Prendergast holds some official position. In Spain, too, there were Irish colleges and hospices, of which but one remains (and that in diminished glory), the Colegio de Nobles Irlandeses in Salamanca. It is not long since I heard of a foundation in Malaga, dating from the penal times, for an Irish chaplaincy, which is in the gift of the Archbishop of Dublin. I was sorry to hear that the post was vacant, and likely to fall into Spanish hands.

"France, with its MacMahons, O'Neills, O'Connors, and Nugents, possesses quite as many Irish names as Spain. The Boulanger movement introduced to us Count Dillon, in whose gardens the Floquet duel was fought. Most of the Franco-Irish, though 200 years may have passed since their ancestors left our shores, have preserved a great affection for Ireland, and each St. Patrick's Day sees a certain number of them united to celebrate the feast of Ireland's patron saint. I had the pleasure of being present at one of these *Dîners de St. Patrice*, under the presidency of the Vicomte O'Neill de Tyrone, a charming nobleman, who claims descent from Owen Roe O'Neill.

"Among Irish names in France I may mention Crébillon de Ballyhigue, MacGuckin de Slane, Mahon de Monaghan, O'Quin d'Etcheparc (formerly Mayor of Pau), Harty de Pierrebouurg, Harden-Hickey (who shows his Irish origin by editing the principal comic paper in Paris, the *Triboulet*). There are a few names with the prefix 'O,' and it is hard to know how they came by it. There is a Baron O'Tard de la Grange, and a Comtesse O'Pole; and I have also seen in a list of students O'Diette and O'Lanyer. These are to be distinguished, of course, from such *noms de guerre* as O'Monroy,



O'Diu, O'Squarr, &c. Your average Frenchman takes the bearer of a name with an 'O' or 'Mac' as a noble.

" Graf Taafe, who is still an Irish peer, has the Irish instinct for Home Rule. From Austria the news once came of the death of the eminent tragic actress, Charlotte Wolter, who off the stage was the Countess O'Sullivan. It was to her father-in-law that Albert de la Ferronays referred when he wrote (in one of his letters published in the *Récit d'une Sœur*), 'What would M. de X. say of our intimacy with M. O'Sullivan, the Belgian Chargé d'Affaires?' M. O'Sullivan de Grasse belonged to a Belgian family of Irish descent; he represented his country at Vienna, and was, *teste* Count Paul Vasili, a charming *causeur*—*il chasse de race*—and the delight of the aristocracy; his grand ways procured for him the nickname of 'Soliman le Magnifique.' The O'Donnells and Nugents have been famous in Austria; the present Grand Mistress of the Court of the Archduchess Louise is the Countess O'Donnell-Tirconnell. The Archbishop of Dublin possesses a privilege in Austria that comes to him from penal days—that of nominating two Irish candidates for the Austrian Army.

" In Protestant Germany, as is natural, Irish names are rarely to be met with. Sidney O'Danne has been represented as of Irish origin, and I see by 'Gotha' that the Commander of Dresden is a Major-General Baron O'Byrne. The Austrian Minister in the same city is of Irish descent—Baron de Herbert-Rathkeale—who had an ancestor that made his mark in diplomacy at the end of the last century, General Peter Herbert, Austrian Ambassador at Constantinople.

" The Secretary-General of the Principality of Monaco is M. Dugné de MacCarthy, and Magawley-Cerati used to be a famous name in Parma. *À propos* of the former name, I should not forget to say that a friend of mine was making some inquiries in the Public Library at Algiers about the Algerine pirates (whose raids on Ireland Thomas Davis celebrated in his 'Sack of Baltimore'), and obtained the information from the librarian, Dr. O. MacCarthy (a very learned gentleman, I understand), who, to judge by his name, might have come from Baltimore itself. (The Doctor is, by the way, an African explorer of repute.) There can certainly be no doubt of the librarian's race, but, as if 'to make assurance doubly sure,' his name is often spelt O'MacCarthy."

When Patrick Egan went to Chili, as Minister of the United States, he found at Valparaiso a statue to Arthur Pratt, an Irish soldier of the War of Independence. Admiral Patrick Lynch was



Chili's most prominent naval commander ; and Bernardo O'Higgins one of her best generals. *Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?*

At a Franco-Irish celebration, the distinguished patriot, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, having spoken some time in French with the Gallic scion of a great Gaelic name, said : "Perhaps you would now rather speak our common tongue." The other answered somewhat scornfully : "*English ?* Ah ! when my ancestors settled in France, Monsieur, our speech at home was *Erse* !"

I have spoken of the Irishman as a magnificent leader. It is a commonplace now that "none can follow but those who can lead ;" and the Gael *is* an enthusiastic follower, as the conduct of the rank and file in many armies witnesses. This, also, the worship of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a score of other heroes, demonstrates. A. M. Sullivan wrote of O'Connell's position : "He had at his back a few of the Catholic gentry, nearly all the Catholic mercantile and middle classes, many of the secular or parochial clergy, and the religious orders to a man. As for the humbler classes, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that *every man, woman, and child was ready to die for him.*"

And to-day, are we not more than ready to die for Home Rule, when so many of us ask no better than to live for the national cause ? Dying is soon done. Perhaps there is more devotion in living for one's country !

Well may the Gael be called "A prince to lead ; a dog to follow." He is *heir* to the necessary qualities.

Some years ago S. Bryant, D.Sc., wrote : "In times of war and trouble, the tenant served the chief without any limit of service . . . but this was in the tribesmen's spirit of voluntary devotion to the tribe and to its chief, a spirit which the whole history of the country had developed to its highest point. The tribal system indeed, kept up as it was in Ireland during long centuries of literary and artistic civilisation, must necessarily have developed in a high degree . . . socialistic capacity in the people, and this probably has something to do with the capacity to act together as one man, for certain common ends, which characterises the Irish of to-day. Other European nations bound themselves together by feudal ties ; Ireland did not. But as the constitution of the tribe altered, the active Keltic intellect . . . thought out the alterations and developed laws . . . harmonising their effect with the idea of the tribe as a group of free men. Rents were fixed by law . . . the ideal was preserved. Stranger tenants, settling under the chief's protection on unoccupied lands, were (in time) absorbed (with) full tribal rights."

The "tribe was a group of free men." Yes, and the tribesmen's descendants have the instincts of freedom. Take an instance: among the English, this saying passes current, "The Irish are lazy." So! The men sprung from the makers of ancient Ireland, who to-day are amassing wealth, leading public opinion, framing constitutions at the Antipodes and elsewhere over-seas; who are building up nations by their doughty deeds, by their intelligence, by their devotion to duty, wherever they take root in congenial soil (and, remember, "they are successful everywhere except at home!") ARE LAZY! The thing is preposterous! An observant writer, addressing our Saxon masters, said: "*Not lazy! But the Irish choose to work as all gentlemen choose to work.*" I think it was an Irish-American who wrote:—

"What do I care for toil or treasure?  
To-morrow I'll work, if work you crave,  
Like a king, a statesman, or a slave,  
But not to-day."

The poet speaks with national sentiment here.

An Englishman has often the convenient regularity of the machine. He is *the child of a newer civilisation*. (How much *that* means!) Where Mr. Hutton, the "observant writer" just quoted, saw the instincts of the gentleman, and the average "Sassanach" mere laziness, I see "our inheritance of blood." The freemen of yore bequeathed to their posterity, with their higher gifts, the need of a certain liberty of action—the very opposite of the mill-horse round, which is good enough for our worthy neighbours. The pains and gains of our hundredfold more highly strung nature are unknown to the ordinary Englishman. The racehorse crams the work of a day into three portentous minutes. The patient teamster would drop dead if urged to half the speed.

Why has nobody drawn up a Table of Nerves, comparing nation with nation? Such a table would go far to explain THINGS IRISH.

E. M. LYNCH.

*ANNA OF CLEVES.*

THE pedigree of the Saxon princes in their various lines is a tangled labyrinth to thread. Those who have taste and leisure for such inquiries may pursue them in Carlyle's essay on the *Prinzenraub* (Stealing of the Princes) or in his German authorities, Huebner, Oertel, Michaelis, and others. Of what may be learned there or elsewhere, suffice it here to state that Ernest, the elder of the two boys whom Kunz von Kaufungen stole, was the founder of the Ernestine line of Saxony ; whilst his grandson, John Frederick the First, styled the Magnanimous, was the last Elector of that line, the electoral dignity or *Kur* passing from him, thanks to his zeal for the Reformed faith, to the Albertine branch of the house. John Frederick the Magnanimous united in himself, we are told, the virtues of his father, John the Steadfast, and his uncle, Frederick the Wise ; what is much less commendable, he also united their names, which, in the family tree, recur through the next century, linked together with wearisome and confusing frequency. Happily we have only to deal with two of those who bore them—John Frederick the Second, called the Intermediate, and his youngest brother, John Frederick, called the Younger. To these like-named brothers and to an intervening brother, John William, their father, John Frederick the Magnanimous, on his decease, left his Saxon duchy, the Electorate being, as was said, now lost, to be ruled by them jointly. Thus it happened that in the year when our first Queen Mary died there were three Dukes of Saxony, whose names may be repeated for the sake of clearness—John Frederick the Intermediate, John William, and John Frederick the Younger. The awkward homonymity apparent here was used, as a surname is, to mark the family tie, and was persisted in until the style was thought to be ill-omened. Six John Fredericks came in quick succession to an evil end ; then even the separate names gave place, in general, to those of happier promise, and Johns and Fredericks grew rare in the Ernestine house.

The somewhat inglorious hero of our history is John Frederick

the Intermediate, a designation not pretty or indeed complimentary ; as if the bearer had nothing distinctive about him except his occurrence, so to speak, between his father and his youngest brother. Nevertheless, he was a man of valour, who had fought by his father's side at Muehlberg, in the Schmalkaldic war, and he founded the University of Jena. Perhaps because of his troubles with the divines at his new academy he is sometimes termed on coins the "Patient," or "Much-enduring," an epithet which the misfortunes of his later years might also tend to justify ; but in books his title is always as set down above.

The wife of John Frederick the Magnanimous and mother of John Frederick the Intermediate was Sibylla, eldest daughter of John the Third, Duke of Cleves, whose second daughter, Anna, held brevet rank for a while as consort of our English king, Henry the Eighth, whilst a third daughter was Amalia, who died in old age unmarried. From which it will be seen that Anna of Cleves and Amalia were aunts to the three conjoint Dukes of Saxony.

How the English king, on the strength of Cromwell's advice and Holbein's picture, caused his fourth wife to be brought him, married her because he felt, since she was come, that as a gentleman he must, found her worse than unattractive, and repented at leisure what he had done in haste, all these things are narrated in the text-books of history. After her dismissal, or rather when the union had been dissolved by consent, she remained in England, living now at Richmond, now at Chelsea. Estates were given her to the value of some three thousand pounds a year, together with dresses, jewels, and other tokens that repugnance to her person was tempered by respect for her rank. She lived amid simple pleasures and gentle charities until July 16, 1557, when her death was reported to her brother, Duke William of Cleves, and by him announced to all the friendly Courts in Europe. Her obsequies were performed in Westminster Abbey on a scale of great magnificence, as if to compensate the dead for the slight on the living. She would probably soon have been forgotten had not events occurred to keep her memory alive among her kinsmen long after their tears were dried.

On December 16, 1558, the Friday after St. Lucia, John Frederick the Intermediate, ruling at this time by agreement for himself and brothers, returned from some short journey of business or the chase to his capital city of Weimar. He found a curious letter awaiting him, which was followed next morning by another in the same hand. Both were dated from Eckardsberg, on the outskirts of Coburg, but not in the jurisdiction of the Saxon Dukes ; both were



of mysterious import, and bore the signature "Anna, by the grace of God Duchess of Aeybelen, relict of Henry, Duke of Cyprus in Ireland." John Frederick had learned from the famous Basilius Monner to read the Scriptures and to recite the Psalms, but of geography he knew little. The signature seems to have caused him no difficulty, or, if any doubt arose, it was quickly subdued by the matter of the letters. Though their style was bald, the tenor was piquant enough. The writer had been compelled to leave her country and suffer many hardships; she had in her charge a rich treasure which John Frederick and his brother (unnamed) were to receive from their aunt, the Queen of England. She could trust paper no further; would the Duke come to her in person, or send some trusty agent to hear her story?

There are few things more delightful than an unexpected legacy, and a legacy from a royal aunt, enriched by the bounty of a conscience-smitten king, would surely be no trifle. The year then near its end had not been altogether cloudless for the reigning Saxon Duke. He had risked his happiness in a second marriage; his theologians at Jena had been unruly beyond their wont; he had not seen eye to eye with the leaders of his faith; and his favourite councillor, William von Grumbach, had been privy, it was alleged, to the brutal murder of a bishop. Apart from these special troubles, he was continually tormented by a longing to regain the *Kur*; the *mitra electoralis*, or red hat lined with ermine, the symbol of electoral powers, was a phantom which haunted him by night and by day. Wealth might give substance to the vision, and restore to the Ernestines what the defence of their religion had caused them to lose. With worry and a fixed idea to impair his judgment, John Frederick took the fatal course of hesitating. At first he was minded to go himself to the writer; he ended by despatching an equerry, who, however, came back rebuffed and chafing. The disdainful Irish Duchess would have no dealings with an equerry; either the Duke or some representative of fitting rank and approved good faith must wait upon her.

John Frederick felt that the situation was a delicate one. His emissary had reported that the lady's exterior and dress were not in keeping with her high pretensions; indeed, in spite of the riches she could convey to others, her own purse, as we shall see, was as empty as well could be. To visit the poorly clad Cyprian-Irish widow was to compromise his position; on the other hand, her very reticence was a spur to curiosity, and the poverty of her appearance a token of scrupulous fidelity to her trust. He determined to play for safety.



Instead of an equerry he sent his confidential secretary, Hans Rudolf, with instructions to probe the matter to the utmost and to furnish him with a private report of his discoveries. The Duchess, who had moved to Trebra, in Saxon territory, now unbent, and from the notes of the secretary we get the first account of herself and her strange experiences. Like Homer, she plunged into the middle of events ; like Homer, too, although prodigal of circumstance, she omitted those minute particulars which add no brilliancy to a poem but a certain measure of credibility to a tale of adventure.

Imprisoned at London, she had escaped from confinement, being lowered by friendly hands from the window of her chamber. She then had taken ship for Danzig, whither too had gone Anna, Queen of England, by birth Duchess of Cleves ; for Queen Anna, although lamented as dead, was still among the living. Their goods were to have been brought to the same port, but the vessel conveying them had put in at Koenigsberg, where an embargo had been laid on its contents. An official of high rank intervening, the property had been released as not being merchandise, and the party—for a distinguished retinue had now joined the ladies—had undertaken a journey through Poland. As they were travelling, in spite of a letter of safe conduct from the king, two Polish noblemen, Tossky and George von Lesynsky, had attacked them near Warsaw, and robbed them of their effects, to the value of eight hundred thousand gulden. She, the Duchess of Aeybelen, in the course of the disturbance, had leaped from a window in her shift, and had saved nothing but a gold chain and her reticule. Her chambermaid, uttering a cry of fear, had been thrown downstairs and killed. John von Hettersheim, a cavalier long in the service of the Queen of England, had also perished in the struggle ; whilst an English nobleman, William Zieritz, had sustained the loss of a hand as a recompense of a gallant resistance. The *Hofmeister* and five maids had been taken prisoners ; she herself had fled to Germany. For twelve weeks she had found an asylum with Duke Frederick of Liegnitz, and had then been guided by Providence to Saxony. But her destitution meanwhile had been so great that she had been compelled to pawn her petticoat and hood.

Her previous reserve and her desire for an interview with John Frederick in person were to be explained by the importance of the secret that Anna of Cleves and England was not dead. On the decease of King Edward VI., who as a Protestant had respected a Protestant princess, that unhappy lady had been immured in a convent and treated as a captive ; she had contrived, however, that

her most precious possessions should be packed in a chest and entrusted to a merchant whose life she had once preserved. He had pledged himself to transport them to Augsburg, and to deliver them there to the Queen's representatives upon the production of the receipts that he had drawn up.

At this point in her story the Duchess of Aeybelen exhibited to Hans Rudolf two such documents in evidence of good faith. In the first was acknowledged the receipt by Jobst Raffhausen, the merchant in question, on St. John's day, 1554, of a royal diadem and globe, together with "the privileges of the crown of England," and a necklace set with a carbuncle and other stones; the second, dated St. Andrew's day, 1557, was for two million five hundred thousand gulden, seven skirts embroidered with pearls, three gold pieces, fourteen golden chains, twenty-four pairs of bracelets, fourteen girdles, fifty-two coifs garnished with pearls, fourteen barrets similarly adorned, and a necklace of jewels valued at three thousand crowns. One can imagine, without much effort, how the mouth of John Frederick would water when he came to read these lists. Apart from the hard cash, there was more in personal property than could have been had by sacking the shops of all the Lombards in his duchy. The *Kur* was at length within his grasp. And this was no dream, but a "sober certainty of waking bliss;" for was not the signature of Jobst Raffhausen, a man in the service of the great house of Fugger, and trading much with England, appended in due commercial form to the receipts? But instead of anticipating the ecstasy of the Duke let us revert to the story of our heroine.

Some weeks before the coming of Hans Rudolf she had sent William Zieritz, the nobleman whose hand had been cut off near Warsaw, to learn how it stood with the money and goods in Raffhausen's care. If all were well, she would be able to hand over to Duke John Frederick and his brother the gifts which their aunt, the Queen of England, designed for them. Moreover, the Queen was anxious to promote a marriage between her god-daughter, Anna Eleonora of France, and Duke John William (the second of the three brothers). Letters to this effect would be forthcoming when Zieritz returned. Meanwhile, in token that the agent enjoyed the confidence of the principal, she produced the Queen's signet-ring. But first of all, she insisted, the treasure must be removed from Augsburg, and that before the Reichstag began to sit; for if the Emperor or Electors got scent of it the Dukes of Saxony might find their share but small.

Such was the highly stimulating narrative that Hans Rudolf, the faithful secretary, laid before his master. Flaws might perhaps have been detected in it by a critical mind. Thus, it is not clear how, after leaping from the window in her shift, the lady could raise money on her petticoat and hood. Curious, above all, is it that Queen Anna disappears after leaving Danzig, and that no mention is made of her escape from the nunnery. But these latter difficulties will be overcome as the action of the drama proceeds. Whatever the value of the story might be, the narrator felt sure that it would find acceptance in the quarter to which it was addressed ; she followed it up by a letter begging for "a little Rhenish and some game."

Game should she have? Yes, not only game, but whatever her heart desired. John Frederick writes back at once expressing his gratitude for her good offices. He has given orders to his servants to supply her with wild boar, venison, hares, and wine in plenty ; moreover, he has bought some satin and a few ells of black velvet, which shall be placed at her service without delay. In regard to the treasure his only fear is that the Emperor may get to Augsburg before the business is done. As he learns that she has had to pledge some trifles, his chancellor, Brück, shall at once redeem them ; and to this end Brück has received forty-two gulden six groschen *baar* (in cash).

Laudable, by the way, is the Duke's accuracy in matters of money. The accounts of all his outlay in the affair are still preserved in the archives at Gotha, whence we learn that he further disbursed at this time one hundred and eighty-four gulden twelve groschen to pay off two attendants to whom the Duchess was in debt ; also one hundred and fifty-four gulden six groschen for her maintenance. But these sums were insignificant in comparison with the fortune that was awaiting him.

The Duchess of Aeybelen had now come from Trebra to Rossla. Without loss of time John Frederick presented himself before her, when she revealed to him the very heart of all the mystery. She herself was Anna of Cleves, Queen of England, his mother's ill-fated sister ; it was the Queen who had been lowered from her chamber with a rope and had so marvellously escaped from her enemies.

How was he to doubt? The lady proved to be acquainted with the inner politics of the Court of Cleves ; she produced documents, such as Raffhausen's receipts ; she corresponded exactly to a miniature which he possessed of his aunt ; but, above all, she had on her brow a peculiar mark impressed (one hesitates to record it) by a pair

of scissors which Sibylla of Cleves, his mother, once threw at her sister Anna's head. Notwithstanding the general belief that the Queen was dead, and the formal announcement to that effect by the Duke of Cleves, John Frederick was convinced that he heard the truth. In a rapture of delight he sent the news off to his brother John William, who happened to be in Paris ; he confided to him too the splendid project of the French marriage ; lastly, he enjoined secrecy. "Burn this letter. Tell no one, not even the Duke of Cleves."

So dazzling were the prospects, so firmly was the Duke persuaded of their speedy realisation, that a warning which might have shaken a weaker faith left his unmoved as a rock. It came from Leipzig, which shows that the news of his windfall had spread. One Fritz Ditterich, Clerk of the Kitchens there, wrote to the secretary, Hans Rudolf, just after the revelation at Rossla, a letter as blunt and circumstantial as a police report. Credible persons had informed him, he said, that a woman (*Weibsperson*) giving herself out to be Duchess of Cleves and Queen of England had been met by the Duke John Frederick at Rossla ; she was probably the adventuress who had already imposed on the Duke of Prussia, Duke Frederick of Liegnitz, the Duke of Mecklenburg, and the Elector Joachim of Brandenburg. From the Duke of Mecklenburg she had borrowed silver vessels for a great entertainment ; when dinner was over she had departed with the plate. At the Court of Brandenburg she had fared sumptuously, promising her hosts treasures which the seekers reported could nowhere be found ; whereupon (a charming touch this) the Elector had gone hunting, while the Electress bade the baggage pack off, lest she be drowned in a sack. Removing to Spandau, the woman had lodged at a convent, where in fourteen days she had got from the nuns all that their poverty could lend. At Wittenberg, which she visited next, she had been less fortunate. A tradesman of Berlin, to whom she was in debt, had pursued her thither ; he had abused her roundly and enforced his claim, receiving, however, in satisfaction of it not money, but part of the fine clothing with which her victims had enriched her. "The hussy," said Ditterich in conclusion, "was very impudent, and wore the arms of the Duke of Cleves on a medallion of gold about her neck."

No measures were taken to discover whether the Duke's newly found aunt was identical with this vagrant impostress. Either the office of the informant discredited his statement, or Anna succeeded in explaining it away as a device of her enemies, of whom she confessed she had many. Far from losing credit, she was treated with



increased consideration ; indeed, she reached at this time the very apogee of her prosperity. An apartment was assigned her in the Grimmenstein, a splendid residence, half palace half fortress, near Gotha. She lived in that atmosphere of deference and respect which is wont to surround rank, wealth, and good intentions. Rare and delicate things for use or ornament found their way to her boudoir. Golden rosettes for her hair, refreshing fruits, flasks of sweet waters, and fragrant herbs covered her table in dainty confusion. She had lapdogs to caress, or could chat when she would with Bernhard von Mila, the commandant of the place, whose sympathy she engaged, and from whom (it was her pretty way) she extracted a loan. Who can picture the alarm when once, having a megrim, she deemed herself poisoned and clamoured for antidotes? The Duke was indignant at the thought and redoubled his attentions, crowning his lavish hospitality with further advances of money. Anna, on her part, drew up a deed of gift (*Schenkungsvertrag*) in favour of the Saxon Dukes : to John Frederick the Intermediate she apportioned one million five hundred thousand crowns ; his brother, John William, should he come to the crown of England, by marriage or otherwise, was to receive the royal insignia of England and some hundred thousand crowns ; John Frederick the Younger, being frail of body and condition, was to have half a million crowns. What less could the Intermediate do than acknowledge her liberality to himself and his brothers by presenting her with a ring? His young consort Elizabeth, in the same grateful spirit, wrote her two courteous and affectionate letters.

But hope is ill food for a hungry man, and deeds of gift owe their merit to the property that passes. As the Duke grew impatient, either the treasure had to be produced or his assurance of its existence confirmed by fresh evidence. Leaving at Augsburg whatever lay there, Anna remembered other sources of wealth in various quarters, and entered into a discursive correspondence to turn the stream to Gotha. Her letters, one may be sure, passed under the eyes of the Duke or his servants. She drew up an authority for Jacob Fohmann, citizen of Erfurt, to receive a sum of fifteen thousand gulden owing to her by the Town Council of Danzig. The debt was not discharged. She wrote to Duke Adolf of Holstein begging him to forward goods of hers which were stored in his domain. The goods miscarried. She desired the Council of Nuremberg to look for and protect one of her retainers who was about to arrive in their town with property of great value in his charge. The councillors, being wary folk and having, perhaps, some inkling of the truth,



despatched a certain Hans Froemundt, who had known the Queen of England well, to sift their correspondent's story. She told it, and Froemundt, on his return, assured his employers that the lady with whom he had spoken was Anna of Cleves. Nevertheless, her retainer did not appear at Nuremberg, although the Council had guaranteed his safety; which, as the person expected was the one-handed nobleman William Zieritz, is rather to be regretted than wondered at. More surprising is it that John Frederick, notwithstanding his many disappointments, about this time made his aunt a present of some ermine lining as a token of continuing regard. With such kindness to encourage her, her communications with Nuremberg grew brisker. Thus, on Thursday after Exaudi (May 11, 1559) she wrote to Froemundt instructing him to remit one hundred thousand gulden, to send also a cask of wine for Bernhard von Mila. The Emperor, she added, growing confidential, had offered by ambassadors to invest her with several of his lordships; those which he tendered were, however, too remote for her liking, but if he gave her Sagan, a few towns in Silesia, and the monastery of Dobecken he should find his account therein. The gulden, the cask of wine, and the lordships remained in the kingdom of air.

And now at last suspicion began to dawn in the mind of John Frederick. Twice had a servant of his, Hans Jaeger by name, been sent to Nuremberg to borrow from the Council a sum which Anna had undertaken to provide, the loan to be secured on her expected goods. By some means she had contrived to enlist the Duke's agent in her interest, and she maintained a secret correspondence with him, as well as with the Froemundt who had so confidently recognised her as the Queen. But the Council hesitated; some of the members were at the Reichstag, the rest, it was alleged, were not competent to act without them. All that Jaeger could get, all, therefore, that he could send his master, were excuses, evasions, and delays. On May 13, 1559, the Duke wrote to Bernhard von Mila, informing him that the reports from Nuremberg provoked grave doubts, and bidding him keep watch on the lady, lest by vanishing she should bring shame and derision on her patron. Three days later he addressed a remonstrance to Anna, who had neglected to furnish him, as she had promised, with a letter for her sister, Amalia of Cleves, to be enclosed in one of his own, *was ihm allerlei Nachdenkens gemacht*, which had induced a variety of reflections. He was still reflecting when Froemundt, who must have begun to think the risks of the business disproportionate to the profits, wrote without subterfuge that neither gold nor goods for the lady had come to

Nuremberg, and that the Council, impoverished by war, must itself borrow money and had none to lend. The Duke again enjoined circumspection on Bernhard von Mila, who himself, though the wine tarried, was still a firm believer in the Queen. The treasure, wrote Bernhard on her authority, was in the hands of Caspar von Minckwitz at Dernau—a new custodian and place of deposit sprung upon John Frederick with bewildering suddenness.

Apart from the cupidity which had blinded him so long, the Duke had another weakness: he was one of the most superstitious of men in an age of superstition. The claim which the Reformers upheld for reason as the interpreter of Scripture had not been vindicated in the domains of nature and life. At all the greater courts of Germany the astrologer and the alchemist still flourished side by side, and horoscopes were in no less demand than elixirs of life. The future was still revealed in globes of crystal, and many a great enterprise was obstructed by a dream. Visionaries, of whom it were hard to say whether cupidity or greed inspired them, were listened to with as much attention as the gravest officers of State. John Frederick was at one time governed by his evil genius, William von Grumbach, by means of a half-witted peasant lad, known as Haensel Tausendschoen, the Angel-seer. Haensel professed to be in frequent communication with heavenly visitants, who, in the form of children, with ash-coloured clothes, black hats, and white wands, emerged from the trap-door of a cellar and dictated their oracles for the guidance of the Duke. In a mind like his another chord might be struck. Conscious that wealth on paper was ceasing to impress her victim, Anna resolved to appeal to his fears. To show how the Lord left not evil unrequited, preserving His own children, and visiting their foes with vengeance, she enclosed to him a letter recounting a strange thing that had befallen the Elector of Brandenburg, whom, perhaps, not without cause, she deemed an enemy. "As the prince was out hunting," said the supposed writer, "six men appeared to him, some with heads and some without heads, who made as if they cut down the corn; but no corn fell, all remained standing. The Elector spake to his servants: 'Seize ye the rascals, lest they bewitch us.' Then a trembling came on him; he could not speak or hear. So they brought him to Berlin, and he lay there six days, stricken dumb. On the seventh day the Lord restored his speech, but not his hearing. What God will do with him henceforth we cannot know; His vengeance is come upon him." If Fritz Ditterich, Clerk of the Kitchens at Leipzig, were right, the Elector had done little, in respect of Anna, to deserve such

chastisement. It is not unusual to explain the misfortunes of an adversary as the judgment of Heaven. Anna, it is reassuring to believe, had invented the calamity as well as interpreted it.

But the period of her deception was now over, to be followed by the more painful days of discovery and exposure. She was chained to the stake, and the waters were beginning to rise. Already John William, not blinded by the marriage project, had sent from Paris to caution his brother against the self-styled Queen of England, "said to have been waiting-maid to our dear mother's sister." To drive the warning home, an envoy arrived from Duke William of Cleves, who had now got wind of the story, denouncing the woman as an adventuress, and producing a copy of the information lodged with the Elector soon after her escapade at the Court of Berlin. With feelings of mingled anger and shame John Frederick set himself to unravel the web which had been spun about him. He ordered his councillors to hold a commission of inquiry, and on the Tuesday after Jacobus (July 25, 1559) the difficult task of fixing the lady's identity was begun.

Never was the equal of Anna at inconsistent lying. It would profit us little to follow her through all her shifts and turns as the commissioners, of whom Dr. Kloedt was chief, hunted her down; and the results of the various examinations which ensued may be given in brief summary. In the first she repeated the statement made to Hans Rudolf, but garnished it with many romantic additions. In the second she still asserted herself a queen; she could say no otherwise, "though they boiled or roasted her." At this stage she was removed from Grimmenstein and Bernhard von Mila to stricter custody at the Castle of Tenneberg. Being told, in the course of a third interrogation, that her seal was of brass, she admitted that William Zieritz had caused it to be engraved; she persisted, however, that her property had a genuine existence, it had been in Nuremberg, but Zieritz had taken it away again. Dr. Kloedt now declared that the Duke could no longer accept her as Queen of England, but would grant her mercy if she confessed the truth. She fell on her knees and related that she was a Countess of East Frisia, and aunt to the ruling Duke of Oldenburg; to which story she adhered in the main in the fourth and fifth examinations. But at the sixth, to the confusion of poor Kloedt, who felt that he was making no progress, she had become Anna Johanna von Rietberg. Lastly, heedless of augmenting the anger of Duke William of Cleves, to whom her various confessions were being transmitted, she averred that she was the illegitimate daughter of his late

father by a nun ; she had been given in marriage, she said, by her natural sister, Queen Anna, to William Zieritz, who, after she had borne him a child, had abandoned her in Poland, and attached himself to another.

About this time she complained that she was nightly visited by the devil, who offered her money, and, as she would receive none, fell to pinching and tweaking her mercilessly. She begged, therefore, for watchers and a light in her cell, threatening to kill herself if this relief were denied her. But a worse trial was in store than these nocturnal vexations ; for the Duke had now resolved, although she besought him "to spare her womanly honour," that she should be tortured. Whilst stretched on the rack she still maintained that she was a daughter of the late Duke of Cleves, until the executioner pronounced that her limbs were quite dislocated, and that another wrench would endanger her life. She was then loosed. When this had been done, she again confirmed her declaration and protested against the cruel usage to which she had been subjected. With tearful eyes and folded hands she prayed that the Duke would grant her grace until it had been ascertained what had become of Zieritz and the goods. She asked also for a preacher to comfort her, and a barber to bind her wounds and put cupping glasses on her arms.

No suffering could drive her from the position which she had taken up after so many changes of front. Duke William of Cleves and his sister repudiated the connection ; nevertheless, her persistence in her story when nothing was to be gained by it, her knowledge of the domestic affairs of the Court of Cleves, and her likeness to Queen Anna afford strong presumption that at last she had told the truth. As to the evidence by which her original claim was supported, it is enough to say that Raffhausen's receipts were undoubtedly forgeries, and that Froemundt, it was discovered, had been long in her service. The seal has already been disposed of. As Anna of Cleves she ended her days. A special prison was built for her, in which she lived, scantily provided with food, and seen by passers occasionally as a spectral figure clothed in white.

In all great deceptions there is an element of tragedy, supplied by the secret pains of the deceiver. A light is thrown on Anna's inner feelings, and indeed on the whole matter, by fragments preserved of a letter written, it would appear, just before her interview with John Frederick at Rossla. It is addressed to William Zieritz, the mysterious retainer, always somewhere behind the scenes, but never venturing on to the stage. "How shall I understand it of thee," she writes, "that thou leavest me and my poor child so long

in waiting?" She is without money and clothes, and in distress. 'Therefore, once more I beg thee, in God's name, come quickly. Willst thou not in God's name, then in the name of all devils, come!' If he did not help her she would be driven to some desperate step. "And prithee," she adds in a postscript, "love none other more than me; but come, come, it is sorely needful that thou com'st."

Though her life had been base, she was a weak and forsaken woman; and if it be too much to say that her mendacity was palliated by the fatuity of her dupe, he cannot be acquitted of a culpable degree of contributory negligence.

W. GOWLAND FIELD.



## THE ISLAND VALLEY OF AVILION.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb  
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,  
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,  
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King  
Down that long water opening on the deep  
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go  
From less to less, and vanish into light.

*Passing of Arthur.*

FALL, snow-flakes, fall, cover our country's earth  
With that white pall it needs so much to wear.  
We hold but ashes now of that we held  
Almost immortal as our love for *Her*.  
We thought she could not die. The soldier fell  
Beneath the Southern Cross on far-off plains,  
And held it sweet to fall and die for *Her*.  
The weeping mothers and grey grieving sires  
In sorrow's darkest hour had said, "'Twas well,  
We gave our best for country and for *Her*."  
'The flag which waved above the sailor boy  
Was not the ship's, and not the land's, so much  
As *Hers*. And she is gone. Or, is she gone?

She pass'd, as Arthur pass'd, upon the waves ;  
The grey-green sea of winter afternoon  
Caught a pale gold of glory from afar,  
And downy lay the lesser Island's hills,  
Seeming as doves' wings, brooding o'er the deep.  
There was the grandeur of the many ships—  
Her own, and vessels of far distant kings ;  
There was the booming of the cannon's roar,  
All to her honour : and the muffled bells

Rang out an echo'd dirge across the waves  
 As pass'd she through that passage made of might,  
 Which might she ruled—the white Queen of the Seas.

Yet not so much this lesser pomp of earth  
 As the great peace of Heav'n which blest the scene,  
 And God's own signal lower'd in the West  
 The crimson emblem of His light and love,  
 As if to hail her passing — and not that  
 Because of honour or magnificence,  
 But even as His blessing on a life  
 Spent for His glory and for others' good—  
 In which the lowliest may be the Queen,  
 And, passing onward, pass to peace like hers.

When watching, at the sun-set hour, the clouds --  
 Which, in white majesty, do onward ride  
 Gold-lin'd, in fleecy and fantastic shapes  
 Out towards the West—then in a waking dream  
 We look, beyond the hills, to that far sea  
 Whose waters wash an island valley's shore,  
 Fairer than that she left. But not in pomp  
 We see her thither borne. No muffled peal  
 Or cannon's thunder greets her coming there,  
 Nor dirge of fun'ral march or hymnal strain,  
 But a great silent peace o'er which doth steal—  
 Borne on the perfumed air—a whisper'd breath  
 Of Welcome Home from voices known and lov'd.  
 Deep to the strand the full, calm ocean moves  
 Around the Isle ; so that no grating keel  
 Sounds on the shingle ; and the bark is moor'd  
 In stillness—and the shadows shroud the rest

For all who weary, sweet the quiet peace  
 Adown that valley ; yet the grateful shade  
 Most dear to those who know the weight of pow'r,  
 The living in that glaring light which gleams  
 E'en to the sacred chamber of the heart—  
 The Sanctu'ry of Sorrow. Shelter'd here  
 The winding ways, where pure white lilies bend  
 Beside the stream, which wanders o'er the Isle  
 By wooded banks, to swell that tranquil tide  
 O'er which our visions bear us.

So we dream  
Thro' moonlit, mist-clad hours, and wake to know  
The dull reality, the chill of Dawn  
On this our weeping world ; the silver light  
Vanish'd ; the vapour turn'd from mystic veil  
To falling rain—and sorrow on the sea.

And yet, behold, the sun shone forth again  
On that sad following and last farewell:  
Then "All was over," so the written words  
Tell of a great eternity begun——  
We turn away, and would our sorrow hide  
As sacred. Let the night and darkness come.  
There is a silence for a space ; then earth  
Wakes, garb'd in one great robe of purity.  
Fall, snow-flakes, fall ! For we have paid our last  
Sad tribute : yet, again ask, has she gone ?  
Her form, her presence are with us no more !  
(Oh ! Doth our wild lament reach that far Isle ?)

A twofold being has its birth in Death.  
For while her soul in sweet security  
Doth dwell, her spirit lives in that estate  
Made holier by her life than heretofore ;  
And tho' the course of her eventful years  
Gain'd far-off lands and untold wealth to be  
The added glories of her throne and crown,—  
These shed but lesser lustre—'twas the life  
Of grace and love which was the greater gain  
To that fair heritage she held of God.

E. M. RUTHERFORD.

*TABLE TALK.*

## THE IDEAL ANTHOLOGY.

THAT we shall ever attain such I am scarcely sanguine enough to believe; but the Oxford "Book of English Verse,"<sup>1</sup> chosen and edited by A. T. Quiller-Couch, goes far in the right direction. It is wonderfully comprehensive, and there are few lyrics for which in its pages I have sought in vain. This is a great deal to say. In common with most who have glanced critically through the book, I regret the inclusion of living poets. In dealing with these the editor seems to have lost his taste and his sense of proportion. I am not, however, seeking to criticise. My notion of an anthology would exclude many of the finest poems Mr. Quiller-Couch selects. It is waste of time and space to give Shakespeare's "Sonnets" or Milton's "Lycidas" in a work of this class. The former every lover of poetry knows, and the latter he has by heart. It comes about that almost all anthologies are practically the same. Mr. H. C. Beeching's "Paradise of English Poetry"<sup>2</sup> is a beautiful selection, beautifully named, but is open to exactly the same objection, for I will not use such words as charge or censure. Mr. Quiller-Couch is, moreover, a little too indulgent, and in order to swell a collection that can never be complete includes some poems of very little merit. In a work such as Campbell's "Specimens" it seems necessary to give an example of each poet. In an anthology no such need exists. I am not disposed to be ungracious or churlish or force on others my own views. Of the two collections I mention each is excellent in its way, and I should be sorry to be without either.

## THE REAL KING ARTHUR.

MY observations upon King Arthur, which appeared in "Table Talk" for January, have brought me into a pleasant correspondence with Miss Jessie L. Weston, one of the best authorities

<sup>1</sup> Clarendon Press.<sup>2</sup> Rivington.

on the subject. Some of her remarks are likely to be useful to those whom the subject attracts, and I quote them for the benefit of my readers:—"As an Arthurian student you may perhaps be interested to know one or two points in which I think modern scholarship can clear up your difficulties. We are all practically agreed now that Arthur, *as we know him*, is a composite creature—historic, mythic, traditional. The historic Arthur was, according to the now generally received opinion, a British chieftain, holding a position analogous to that which, under the Romans, was known as *Comes Britannicæ*, in which office he held a roving commission to defend the island wherever attacked. This, of course, accounts for the widespread nature of tradition and diffusion of Arthurian localities. Mr. Stuart Glennie's book is not thought to be very reliable, and the extreme similarity between certain Armorican and British place-names helps to make it doubtful whether any special tradition be continental or insular. This is a subject much debated by French and German scholars. You are, no doubt, aware that a certain important body of scholars (mainly German) hold that the Arthurian romantic tradition is of purely continental origin and had no root in these islands. With this view I by no means agree, and am bringing forward some important arguments against it in my forthcoming studies. Naturally Arthur being merely a military chief, and in no sense of the word a 'Welt Kaiser' (a development probably largely due to the influence of the Charlemagne legends), there is no such difficulty as you surmise in placing him. Most scholars agree with the traditional 5th century date. But, of course, he had no 'knights' properly so called. All the confusion has arisen from the *literary* form of the story being *six* centuries later than the date of the story itself. The writers of the 12th and 13th centuries naturally dressed the legend in the customs and costumes of their own date. Arthur and his warriors certainly knew nothing of chess-boards. Nor does Tristan in the earlier and better form of the story write letters! I very much doubt whether any of the heroes save Tristan, and perhaps Perceval, had a real existence; Lancelot and Galahad certainly *not*, nor had they anything to do with Arthur in reality. I believe I am the only person who has worked out the Gawain-Cuchulain parallel, though of course Mr. Nutt was the first to hint at it; and though I firmly believe in *that*, it would not make Arthur of Irish origin. The two were originally independent. The contact of Irish-Celtic with Brythonic-Celtic stories was probably largely due to Irish monks, and is a very important question."



ENGLISH *VERSUS* TEUTONIC SPORTSMEN.

HEINE in a well-known passage rebuked the young Englishmen because so soon as the sun shone, and the air was balmy with beauty and fervid with worship, they asked what they should kill. I am not quoting his exact words, since I am not able at present to verify the reference. The arraignment is, however, his, and it is well merited. We may not shake it off, and there seems no probability that we shall ever wipe off the rebuke. We are not alone, however, in our joy in destruction. Heine was a German, and I have just hit on a proof that Germans on occasion can be guilty of a cruelty from which I think the average Briton would shrink. The story I tell, on the authority of the man himself, is narrated by Professor Dr. C. Keller, the author of "*Madagascar, Mauritius, and the other East African Islands.*"<sup>1</sup> The most interesting mammal in Madagascar is the Babakota (*Indris brevicaudatus*), an inoffensive animal, quadrumanous in the physiological sense. It is held in great veneration by the Malagasy, as the abode of the spirits of his ancestors and the progenitors of his race. When the Professor Doctor was about to shoot one of these creatures his guide seized his weapon, declaring that the animal was Fady, in other words, taboo—sacred. In spite of remonstrance and effort the writer brought the animal down. With naïve astonishment he declares that thenceforward all hospitality in the village in which he lived was withdrawn from him. Personally, I am not astonished at this, and I think that all European hospitality among the merciful and the humane would be similarly withheld. There is no cruelty that indulgence in sport or the pretended pursuit of science does not seem to justify.

SYLVANUS URBAN.

<sup>1</sup> Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

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THE PITY OF IT.

BY A. WERNER.

"Well, some are born to be hanged, and some are not; and many of them who are not hanged are much worse than those who are."—*The Romany Rye*.

I HAD never taken any special interest in the Courtenay case. I had heard talk about it among our staff and elsewhere—knew vaguely that the man supposed to be guilty had made his escape, and was even then in South Africa, if not in our own colony—and cared to know no more. It was only when, detained in the office one stifling "hot-wind" afternoon, I was listlessly turning over a pile of exchanges, that a casual paragraph caught my eye, and set me thinking.

The paragraph was the description of the man in question—Courtenay he called himself, but had half a dozen other *aliases*—and it reminded me of one I had known, and liked, and lost sight of. Nothing could be more absurd, I told myself, and read over all the reports of the matter I could find, to discover some proof or disproof. There was nothing very conclusive either way, but the thing somehow took hold of me unaccountably, and made me *distract* and not altogether amiable when the man I had been waiting for at last came in. At least he told me, with the candour of true friendship, that it was just as well I was going to take my holiday to-morrow, for overwork and hot wind between them had evidently told upon my temper.

"You don't half appreciate your luck," he added. "I'd give something to be in your shoes—take my ticket for Charlestown to-night, and have a good three columns of spicy matter for the old *Spec.* by this time to-morrow."

"What do you mean?" I asked, somewhat perplexed.

"Why, that fellow Courtenay—you won't give away the show, I know; I've just heard it privately—they've nabbed him on the Rand, and Elliott goes up by this night's train to meet him at Charlestown and fetch him down to Durban on the quiet."

"But there's no extradition treaty with the Transvaal, is there?" My interest was wide-awake by this time, but I did not care to show it.

"That's what he reckoned on. But there's just as good. They've a law allowing them to escort 'undesirable persons' over the frontier; so the Capetown police have just wired to let them know that he is an undesirable person, and so on. But I don't suppose they'll find it so easy. They say the chap's as strong as a bullock, and a splendid boxer, and if they do get him as far as Charlestown he won't be taken without a fight. That's why they're so very anxious to keep the whole thing quiet, and why I want to be there. Heywood may talk about keeping up the tone of the paper, and not inserting details of crime, and so on, but he'll never be able to resist such a scoop as that. Just look at the sale that old rag the *Table Bay Clarion*'s been having on the strength of this business!"

"I haven't read anything about it—till to-day. Who is this Courtenay? I mean, what countryman?"

"Calls himself an American—they say he's a Mexican, or something of that sort—an uncommon bad lot, anyway. Came over with another sharp of the same kind, set up a gambling-place in London, and then quarrelled with his partner and killed him, and skipped over here. I've never been able to make out how the home police let him slip through their fingers. . . . I say, though—what's up?"

"Nothing—only the hot wind, and, no doubt, as you say, temper."

"Oh! get out! Can't you stand a bit of chaff? You do look seedy, though; you've been doing far too much these last weeks, with Heywood away. Don't bother about those things, I'll see to them all. Just go home and get a good rest before you start to-morrow morning."

My head was in a whirl as I left the premises of the *Southern Spectator*, and strolled along under the Australian willows bordering the Maritzburg Market Square. No doubt it was a fancy born of overwrought nerves; but that description—I could see the small pica lines whenever I closed my eyes—called up before me the image of a man, dark and tall and curly-headed, and presumably "strong as a bullock," certainly a magnificent rider and swimmer, and a good

shot with the rifle, and handy enough with his fists when occasion required—as I had known well once or twice. But that man was not a Mexican, nor a criminal of any sort, but a Levantine who claimed the *civis Romanus sum* as his birthright—of Maltese descent, I believe, to be precise—and an erratic and unaccountable, but very lovable human creature. And when, five years before, I had been stranded in Tangier, sick and penniless, this man—an utter stranger, but for the chance acquaintance of the Gibraltar boat—had stood by me, and cared for me, and set me on my feet again, and laughed when I spoke of thanks. No! it was an insult to think of him in that connection. And yet . . . there had been times when I feared for him. . . . He had ceased writing to me long ago, before I came to Natal, and of late even Bridgman had lost sight of him in the raging whirlpool of New York.

It was Bridgman, the novelist, a man fastidious even beyond the wont of highly-cultured Americans, who had once said to me as we paced the *Orotava's* deck together, "A queer fish, Cuschieri—and a heart of gold. I often wonder what his special niche in the Universe is . . . and sometimes I'm afraid he'll come to awful grief before he finds it. All the same, 'I'd take my chance with Jim at Judgment Day' sooner than—— Never mind, I'll leave you to fill up the blank."

And then—two or three points . . . the small semicircular scar on the cheek, for instance (Cuschieri had one like that, done by the neck of a broken bottle in an explosion at a Paris café) . . . well, they might be coincidences . . . but they were strange ones.

By the time I was in front of the Legislative Assembly Buildings, a thought had come to me, which I dismissed as futile. . . . Yet, absurd as it seemed, I must have certainty somehow. If I could get one sight of the man's face I should know that I had been the victim of sick fancies—if not. . . . And Elliott was a good fellow. I knew him well, and now and then I had caught a glimpse of something under his dry, official manner which warranted my supposing that I could make him understand. . . . So, after walking slowly on for a few yards, I turned and went back to the police station.

I asked for Elliott, and was shown into his private room. I felt some awkwardness in beginning when I found myself alone with him. But I made an effort and blurted out, "You're going up to arrest that fellow Courtenay?"

He looked at me sharply. "How did you know that? I wanted it kept quiet——"

"Oh! I only got a private hint. I've not said a word to any-

one, and it's not for the paper I want to know. And the man who told me wouldn't have done so if he'd thought I was likely to let it go further."

"What is it, then?"

"I want—I should like"—I hesitated so long that he raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Is there any chance—any way I could see him? You come through here, I suppose, to-morrow night, on your way to Durban?"

"You can't get much copy out of seeing him, you know, and you wouldn't be allowed to interview him."

"But I told you that's not what I want."

He whistled. "Well—I shouldn't have suspected you of that sort of curiosity."

"It isn't that, either," I said desperately. "Elliott, you'll laugh—I know myself it's utterly absurd—but——" And I told him the truth. He did not laugh either.

"There's no difficulty about that. If all goes right I shall be here with him by the train that gets here 2.55 A.M. and waits twenty-five minutes. There's no objection to your coming up to the carriage to speak to me, and then you can get a look at him, quietly—only naturally, I don't want all the fools in Maritzburg crowding the platform, as they would if it got known."

"You can trust me not to say a word to any one."

"Here, perhaps—that may help you," and he handed me a couple of cabinet photographs, "these are the latest we could get of him. Do you recognise him?" He watched me narrowly while I studied them. "I wouldn't let this thing get on my nerves, though, if I were you. You don't look quite the thing, anyway. Well?"

"It might be—and it mightn't. . . . Both are like him in a way, but—— There's not much character in either of them. They might stand for any passably good-looking Spaniard—or nearly enough, as these touched-up photos go."

"Yes, they take all the individuality out of a face, all the little points one identifies a man by. . . . But they're the only recent ones to be had."

The addresses on the back told nothing. One was Regent Street, the other Broadway—the favourite studios of the moment, where it was just then the thing to get your image perpetuated. All that I could say was that there was, so far, no proof of what I dreaded to learn. The photographs certainly did not represent my Cuschieri; but there was a surface or exoteric Cuschieri not a bit like that other one, at whom the world was apt to turn up



its nose—when not actually wanting to make use of him—as a bit of a bounder. And he—well, he was not so very unlike them.

“You don’t happen to know,” I asked, as I handed them back to Elliott, “where he was five years ago?”

“No, we haven’t got his record so far back as that. But he seems to have made himself a nuisance in most countries of the world.”

“There isn’t—any doubt about it—I suppose—of his having done it, I mean?”

“No, that’s clear as daylight. Haven’t you read the case?” He gave it to me again in outline. “He seems to be a tough, but so was the other man—I fancy, if anything, he was the worst of the two. It’s not likely this is your friend; but anyhow, one look to-morrow night will decide it, and in the meantime I’d advise you to put him out of your head altogether. Anything more I can do for you?”

“One moment. They won’t let me on the platform unless I’m going by train; and if I were to explain——”

“That’s so. Well—let me see——”

“Wait; I have it. I hadn’t settled where to go for my holiday, beyond a general determination to take the train to Ladysmith, and then look about me. I’ll go up the coast instead, and come with you, if you’ll let me—instead of waiting till the morning.”

“Just as you like. I should say it’s rather a high price to pay for——” He kindly did not finish his sentence. “I’ll look out for you, then. First-class carriage. Good-night.”

I spent an eternity on the platform, waiting for that train to come in. Boshoff’s Road . . . Zwartkop . . . now it was roaring down the last gradient . . . now I could hear it . . . in ten—five minutes more I should be laughing at the whole thing. No, not laughing; for one could not forget that some man, though not Cuschieri, was going to his doom; and that, deserved or not, was serious enough for him . . .

It had stopped. I saw Elliott leaning from a carriage-window, and walked towards him like one in a dream, with my valise in my hand. He moved aside to let me look, and I saw a man in the further corner, with his hat pulled down over his eyes; a tall man, in a light suit. Something in the pose—in the way he shivered as a gust of wind swept through the carriage, for the night was chill—in the lower part of the face, which was all I could see—struck cold——

"I'm going to see if there's anything hot to be had here. Will you come?" said Elliott, turning to him.

He had not seen me. He turned his head, and a voice I knew said "No, thank you," quietly and civilly. There was no need for the lamp-light to fall on his face. I could not be more certain.

"Let me speak to him, Elliott," I whispered.

"Is it——?"

"I fear it is."

"Take care. He's been quiet enough, but——" Elliott let me pass him and stepped out, taking care to remain in front of the door. I sat down opposite him—I had my hand on his arm.

"Cuschieri!"

"That's not my name," but I had felt him start.

"It's no use, Cuschieri, I should know you in the gates of death!"

"You do me too much honour if you take me for a friend of yours," said the dry, impassive voice. "I am Courtenay, as Mr. Inspector Elliott will tell you. I have not the honour of knowing you."

"You can't deceive me." I caught his hand. I recognised the ring I had persuaded him to accept as a remembrance when we parted. "Shall I tell you what is engraved——"

He burst out with an oath that did not ring true. He was still hoping to persuade me I had been mistaken. But I knew too well. Our eyes met, and wrestled for half a minute.

"Yardley," he whispered. "Why have you come?"

"Because I wanted to see, with my own eyes, that it was not you."

"And now you know it is you'll go back again."

I looked round. I heard Elliott's voice outside, speaking to one of the station coolies. I put my arm round his neck.

"Cuschieri, it's not my business how or why you're in trouble, but if there's anything in this world I can do for you, let me, for—for the sake of—old times."

"You can't do anything."

"There's—the defence."

"There is no defence. I killed him, and they can prove it."

"You didn't mean to!"

His face hardened again. "I did. There's no time to tell—even if you wanted to hear it; but there's nothing to be said or done for me. Bridgman . . . he has washed his hands of me by now."

"He hasn't. And if he has, I won't."

He looked me in the face—a look of his old self, but humbled, broken, hopeless. “Here’s Elliott. Good-bye—and thank you.”

“I’m going down to Durban with you.”

He smiled and shook his head, and Elliott got in.

“They’re going to send us some coffee before the train starts. Yardley, would you mind looking out to see that the Kaffir doesn’t miss the carriage?” I had just got out when he leaned out to stop me, and whispered “Well?”

I nodded—I could not speak.

“I don’t know that I ought to have left you with him. He nearly got away when the post-cart was changing horses at Standerton, and there was a bit of a fight before they secured him. You’d better look out.”

I should have been angry if I had not remembered that Elliott could not possibly know the grotesqueness of what he was saying.

“No fear. I know him. Besides, if he wanted—can’t you see he’s tired to death?”

“Well, I shouldn’t wonder. We’ve been in the train since mid-day yesterday, and he left in the post-cart at five that morning—and they’ve handled him none too gently, either, though that’s his own fault. . . . So you’re certain of him?”

“Quite certain—God help me!”

I did not mean to utter it aloud; but something in the touch of Elliott’s hand on my arm showed me that he had heard—and understood.

I descried the holland-clad native in the distance, and set off to pilot him to our carriage before he could be waylaid by other cold and thirsty passengers; and we all three sat and drank our coffee with a ghastly pretence at sociability. It was abominable coffee, and it brought back, perhaps by force of contrast, the queer ramshackle old Spanish *fonda* at Tangier, where . . . No, it would not do to think of that just then.

Elliott had turned away to hand back the cups; it was nearly time for the train to start. Cuschieri caught me by the sleeve. “Don’t you understand?”

“Understand what, dear old man?”

“That I did it—that I’ve got to hang for it. You’re wasting your sympathy on me.”

“I do understand that you need a friend badly. Cuschieri! tell me all, or nothing, just as much or as little as you like—but remember this, nothing—nothing in all the world can change the past.”

“There is nothing you or any one can do,” he said hoarsely, as

he wrung my hand. "Say good-bye, and go—and try to forget me."

"It's no use talking." Elliott took his place again—we heard doors slam and the guard's whistle blown. He looked with a quick, despairing gesture towards the door. The train began to move.

"I'm coming with you to Durban!" I shouted in his ear. "I wish——" One couldn't shout any more of that sort of conversation—though Elliott was carefully concentrating his attention on the lighting of a fresh cigar.

"Have a cigarette?" I said, handing over my tobacco-pouch. "You used to prefer making them for yourself, that time."

He leaned over to my ear.

"Don't speak to me—about Tangier. I—can't bear it."

What could one say? I rolled one for him, and one for myself; and really, absurd—if not worse—as it seems to say it, there was, to me, something almost sacred in the trivial act: I could see that it meant so much to him. We sat and smoked in silence, till at last, getting gradually used to the noise, and finding the right pitch for our voices, we began to talk; in abrupt, awkward snatches at first, but with less constraint as we realised that Elliott either could not or would not hear, and, in the end, almost able to forget his presence. I understood—though not very clearly or coherently—that Cuschieri had become entangled with some doubtful New York club whose most reputable *raison d'être* was high play. Under the surface, I fancy, it was little else but an agency for robbery, and, on occasion, murder; but its members, in ways I need not particularise, so controlled the police force that they had practically nothing to fear.

" . . . I couldn't get away from it. I'd tried it once, and that fellow Netherton dragged me back. . . . It's not easy to explain . . . but he'd fixed things so he could have me sent to Sing-Sing for life whenever he wanted. . . . Yardley!"—the piteous appeal in his eyes would have gone to my heart then if nothing had before—"I hadn't done anything so bad as that—but, if you can understand . . . I'd been off the rails just enough to give him some hold over me. And he could get any number of men to swear just what he wanted. . . . So I had to go with him to London, and we took swagger rooms in—you know where!"—he broke off with a mirthless laugh.

" . . . And we started a kind of little private club, you know—where swells came to play on the quiet. I could tell you some queer things about that—but it's all done with now. We went on



for three or four months. I was pretty sick, as it was ; and then your letter reached me. It had followed me about, and got lost on the way—lain in some post-office for months together ; and when I got it, I tell you, that made me sicker still. I reckoned I must have one more try—and I found I couldn't do it. And Netherton taunted me to my face with being his slave, and then——" He had spoken all this in a thick, hoarse undertone ; and just here he choked. I moved nearer him and grasped his hand. Elliott seemed to awaken from a nap, sat up straight, knocked the ash from his cigar, and said, in a dry, creaking voice, irresistibly suggestive of his having been wound up to go off at that moment :

"Anything—say—used in evidence against you !"

"Oh ! I don't care !" said Cuschieri wearily, and we were both silent for a time. I put my arm round him and made him rest his head on my shoulder—and we both swayed with the motion of the train as it swung round the curves, and watched, with unseeing eyes, the black, rolling miles of veldt, starred here and there with the twinkling fires of kraals. Elliott had turned up his collar and was leaning back—he might have been asleep, for all one could see.

"You'll be cold, old man, in that thin suit. Haven't you got an overcoat ? Let me get you out a rug—I have one."

"No, no," he whispered earnestly. "Never mind—let me speak now while I can." His voice only just reached my ear. "I went for him. I was mad with passion. He had spoilt my life, over and over again. I can't say I didn't know what I was doing. I wanted to kill him. I think I meant to kill myself, after—but there was no time. She came in, and then she screamed and fetched in the police."

"She—who ?"

"Marguerite, his sister—at least they called her so ; but, Yardley, *she wasn't*. . . . I was to marry her ; that was part of the slavery. You'll despise me for this, I know. . . . I *had* consented, but then I didn't know the whole—not at first, and then, I told you, Netherton had me under his heel. I had put it off as long as I could, but it was fixed to be before we left London. I do not know why they should both have wanted it so ; I suppose it suited their book."

"I don't wonder at *her*," I answered sadly. "And perhaps she, too, wanted to escape from Netherton."

He shook his head. "She swore at the inquest that I attacked him deliberately, with no provocation."

The whistle sounded just then, as we neared Camperdown. He said no more, and I sat still and thought.



"Surely, if they knew all"—I began at last to put my tumultuous thoughts into words—"they couldn't—make it the—the capital sentence."

"I have no proof. She is the only witness to the quarrel. . . . Besides, I had rather hang than—the other thing. Oh, man! have you ever thought what it means?—for life!"

He was right. Five, ten, how many years could he live? The thought sickened me; I could not speak.

"You must not take it so to heart." As his deeper self came to the surface, the New York accent and idiom gave place more and more to the curious, staccato, half-foreign English of his speech as I remembered it in the old days. "No, no, I am not worth it. The best thing they can do is to hang me. What could I make of my life now? I am tired, tired. Yesterday I was like a mad dog hunted down. I would have fought till they killed me. They were too many for me, but I thought, I will wait. I thought, when I get alone with him in the train"—he nodded towards Elliott—"I would throw him out, and myself after, the first high bridge we came to. But he—he has treated me like a gentleman; I could not do it."

"He's a good fellow, Cuschieri," I said warmly. "I know him."

"He has been kind, so kind. It was he bound up this cut for me"—I had noticed a gash across one side of his forehead, treated, *secundum artem*, with sticking plaster. "So I could not. And I am more glad now you have come."

"Dear old chum, bad as things are, I'm glad too. May I say this, Cuschieri?—though I don't want to preach to you, God knows. This life isn't all. There's help, and comfort——"

"I know what you mean, but—I have no religion now; I am not a good Catholic. I——" Poor boy! He poured out a confession of curiously mixed shortcomings, some of them too technical for me as a Protestant to judge of.

"That doesn't matter the least little bit. You're just in need of help, aren't you?" There is no need to repeat all I said. . . . He shook his head sadly.

"I have been bad and careless all my life, 'running free,' as Bridgman says. And now all is finished, and there is no more *pasear*, and I cannot come and—and say, 'I am sorry: let me in with the good ones.' Bridgman told me, 'What you take you'll have to pay for'—and it is time to pay now."

No, he would not whine or flinch, and he was paying—in drops of his heart's blood.

"Cuschieri," I said, "if you'd wronged me or Bridgman, wouldn't

you come and tell us and make it up? Even if you found you could never put it right again? I know how I should feel if you were unhappy about it. . . . And we're only men."

He did not answer in words, but his eyes said all I needed to know at the time. And then, in the relief of having told me all, bodily weariness asserted itself, and he consented to wrap himself in my rug, and lie down with Elliott's handbag (which happened to be a more convenient size than my own) under his head. He looked up at me, said, "I will not forget," and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

Elliott moved along beside me (after an elaborate pantomime of awakening), as I sat looking at him.

"Sleeping like a baby! Doesn't look such a bad sort, now, does he? Don't believe he is, either. It isn't always the worst men do the worst things—at least, the things that seem worst to us."

"Do you think there's no chance for him?"

"None whatever. You see, facts are all that the law takes into account; and there's no doubt about the facts. . . . So what can any court on earth do but hang him? It's the way law works in this world . . . it has to do the best it can, with imperfect tools, and nine times out of ten the results come out pretty straight. The tenth time—well——"

"Go on; the tenth time?" I asked, seeing that he stopped.

"The tenth time we can't help, as things are. It would dislocate such poor justice as we have if we made exceptions. But I believe it's dealt with in the Supreme Court—where everything is known, and no mistakes made—the Court that retries the men we hang."

I held out my hand in silence. Now I knew why I had always liked Elliott more than I had been quite able to account for.

"Somehow I felt you would understand. It's not often I say things like that to anyone." He bent over and looked long at the sleeping face. "Poor chap!" he said softly, as he turned away. I leaned back in my corner and fell asleep—a fitful, troubled sleep—and awoke, stiff and weary, to see the sunlit ripples racing up the bay towards Congella, and Cuschieri, fresh, bright, and alert, sitting talking to Elliott, as if they had been old friends. And somehow—because no one is able to feel any more beyond a certain point—I put the whole horrible thing from me, and joined in their talk; and we tacitly agreed to pretend we were three friends out for a holiday, and I found myself laughing at Cuschieri's stories about Gomez Halevy, who used to be Vice-Consul at Tangier. I do not think it was altogether pretence, either; his eyes had such a look of

peace and utter relief, as if a heavy weight had been lifted off him, and my spirits rose for the moment from sheer force of reaction. . . . The London detective met us at the station, and we all four went on board the mail steamer, which was to sail in three hours.

It was I who broke down when—by Elliott's friendly contrivance, as I suppose—we were left alone in the cabin together, and the thing I had kept at bay for the last few hours came close to me and gripped me by the throat. And it was he who forgot himself in comforting me.

"My dear—my dearest, you must not! Did you not tell me we should meet again? . . . I have not tried to thank you—because I cannot."

The tug sounded her last warning, and Elliott knocked at the door. The wrench had to come. Elliott shook hands with him before he drew me away.

On board the tug, as we watched the vessel heading seaward past the Bluff, he said, half absently, with his hand upon my arm :

"Good thing that job's not to do again. . . . Oh! by-the-by—did I tell you? I rather like that chap Benham, and—and he won't make it harder for him than can be helped."

I knew that he had been talking to Benham, and also that he did not wish to be thanked in words.

Bridgman took care to be in London when the trial came on. This is part of the letter he wrote me after all was over :

"I was with him on the last day. What seemed to give him most comfort was to talk of you. He told me the whole story of that night journey down to Durban. . . . He asked me to say good-bye to you for him, and tell you he had never forgotten what you said. There was no terror of death, or of what might come after—not even the shrinking I should have expected from his joyous fulness of life as we knew him in the old days. He was perfectly ready and willing to suffer whatever might be in store for him, with a simple trust in the Infinite Goodness, and looking forward (he asked me to tell you this) to the time when you and he shall meet again. I don't undertake to define his position from the doctrinal point of view; and the chaplain, God bless him! didn't either; he is not much of a theologian, but a great deal of a man. He got at our poor boy's confidence, and, I think, did him good. . . .

"I am able to tell you that he faced the end very quietly and fearlessly, and that it was mercifully short and easy. You can put *that* horror out of your mind. . . . I saw your ring

on his hand when he was lying dead ; we had got permission to have it left there.

"I write calmly ; one can do no otherwise if one brings one's self to the point of writing at all. . . .

". . . One can find no fault with the sentence from any point of view of human justice—perhaps, of Divine—I don't know. But one sickens to think there should be no better use for such a man as that. It's awful waste, anyway—it would be still more awful if it were not for the Other Life."

## *SIR FRANCIS BARRY'S NEW EXCAVATIONS OF BROCHS.*

SINCE the appearance of Walter Scott's historical novels, Scotland has exercised a peculiar attraction upon Germans. Few of them, however, so far as my knowledge goes, travel to the northernmost parts of a country which, by its scenery and its past, offers so much interest to the ardent lover of Nature, to the zealous inquirer into ethnological problems and race characteristics, and to those given to the study of struggles for independence and freedom.

It was, therefore, with all the greater pleasure I accepted, not long ago, an invitation from Sir Tollemache Sinclair to spend some time at his beautiful seat, Thurso Castle, opposite the Orkney Islands. I had known him since the days when he represented his constituency in the House of Commons as a Liberal member. At that time he energetically supported—in 1870-71—the cause of German rights against French aggression, both by letters to the *Times* and by humane service on the battlefields for the relief of the wounded and the sick. I knew him, too, as a good connoisseur and collector of works of art, and also as one deeply versed in modern French literature. So fully, indeed, has he mastered the language of France that translations of his from English into that tongue—for instance, Hood's "Song of the Shirt"—are truly remarkable feats in fidelity of version and noble impressiveness. His philanthropic exertions for the suffering masses always constituted between us another bond of sympathy. With him and his family I spent a delightful time at his splendidly situated and architecturally noteworthy castle, which—like the river Thurso, that discharges itself into the grand rock-bound bay there—has its name from Thor or Thur, the Norse and Teutonic God of Thunder.

It was through Sir Tollemache Sinclair's kindness that on the occasion of that visit I was put into communication with Sir Francis Tress Barry, the Conservative member for Windsor. He, in the close neighbourhood of his own seat, Keiss Castle, on the east coast of Scotland, has unearthed a number of those ancient, prehistoric



strongholds called "Brochs," whose origin is to this day wrapped up in the deepest mystery. To Germans this north-eastern part of Scotland is historically of a special importance. From the most ancient times, when that region first emerges into light through Roman records, there have been relations of our own people with that far-off land. Perhaps a few indications may usefully come in here.

Tacitus, to whom we owe the most valuable work about our early history—namely, "The Germania"—was the son-in-law of Agricola, the Governor of Britain and army-leader, who penetrated as a conqueror into that eastern part of Scotland, once called Caledonia. "The Life of Agricola" is from Tacitus's pen. Evidently from his father-in-law's own statement, who through prisoners of war and interpreters could certainly obtain the best information—more especially so as numerous Germans served in his army—Tacitus reports that the red-haired, large-limbed barbarians of Caledonia (that is, strictly, of Eastern Scotland) had the marks of their Germanic origin. To attempt setting aside such clear testimony requires a great deal of boldness—not to say presumption. The kindred racial character of the Caledonians did not prevent the Teutonic auxiliaries of Agricola from fighting against them on the Roman side, as well as against the Keltic and Iberian tribes of Britain. Our history is, unfortunately, only too full of similar cases.

I had an excellent opportunity for renewing old studies concerning the early connection of Germany with the conquering Italian armies in this country, when I was on a month's visit at Capheaton Hall, in Northumberland, the beautiful country seat of Sir John Swinburne, the former Liberal member, whose hospitality I shall not easily forget. Capheaton Hall is stocked all over with valuable books in many branches of knowledge. In its neighbourhood, in the last century, some precious Roman metal-work, partly representing mythological subjects, has been found, which may be seen in the Anglo-Roman Room of the British Museum. During the stay at Capheaton Hall we inspected the famous Roman Wall which once served as a boundary and defensive work against the fierce warrior tribes of Northern Britain.

In a few crevices of that Wall we saw a curious little flower sprouting forth, which is not to be met with anywhere else in this country. It attracted at once the attention of Sir John Swinburne's late charming wife, who would have liked to get a sample. By the guide we were, however, told not to root up any specimen of the rare plant. It came originally by the Romans from Spain. In the

neighbourhood of the Wall there were once placed various cohorts of German soldiers : Batavians, Frisians, Tungrians, Nervians, Vangions ; also Thrakians, eastern kinsmen of the Teutons and Scandinavians. This fortification of yore extended from the mouth of the Tyne, at the German Ocean, to the Solway Firth in the west. A number of place-names are still in existence which refer to the wall, such as Walton, Walwick, Walhouses, Wallfoot, Wallhead, Wallsend, and many others. The Wall was at first the Roman *limes*, or frontier, in Britain. Afterwards another fortification of a similar kind was erected, still more towards the north.

Among the German auxiliaries or mercenaries of the Roman army in Britain there sometimes occurred, it is true, dangerous mutinies. Thus we read in Tacitus and Dion how a cohort of Rhenish Usipians, which had been levied in Germany, one day killed the centurion and some soldiers, their instructors in military discipline, and then seized three light vessels, forcing the masters to go on board with them. Finally, these shipmasters too were killed. The Germans, driven at the mercy of the waves, and fighting several times with the natives on the shore, sailed from the west, round the Hebrides, and through the Pentland Firth, into the German Ocean and the Baltic. At sea their sufferings became such that they had to feed upon each other by lot. Being regarded as pirates, they were intercepted by the Suevians and the Frisians, and, in spite of their German nationality, sold by these as slaves. In the end, through repeated changes of masters, they came again into the possession of the Romans on the left bank of the Rhine.

This striking adventure merits attention. It is one of the many cases of early German acquaintance with that Britain which in later centuries was made into an "England" by Frisians, Angles, Saxons, Rugians, Hunes, and other Teutonic warrior-clans, whose forefathers had learnt a great deal about this country in the military service of Rome.

Five German cohorts, composed of Batavians and Tungrians, fought under Agricola, in the greatest battle against the Caledonians, in the foremost ranks. Their bravery during a most terrible hand-to-hand encounter decided the victory. The description of this struggle, as given by Tacitus, is one of the most graphic. "The legions," he says with Italian artfulness, "were placed in the rear, before the entrenchments—a disposition which would make the victory eminently glorious if it were won *without the expense of Roman blood*, and which would ensure support if the remainder of the army were driven back." Upon the Germans the Roman general chiefly relied.

They were put in the forefront. The Teutonic Batavians, striking with the bosses of their shields and mangling the faces of the enemy, bore everything down by their impetuosity. In all the "Annals" of Tacitus, there is not a more vivid battle-picture than this one of the Battle of the Grampians.

As far as the northernmost parts of Scotland, Frisians have penetrated as conquerors since ancient times. From them Freswick Bay has its name. Literally, Fres-Wick means the Frisian Bay. The addition of the word "bay" is merely an amplification, or tautology, which arose when the meaning of "wick" was no longer understood. There are many bays called "wick" on the Scandinavian as well as on the German coasts, in the German Ocean, and in the Baltic, where we find the Tromper Wiek, the Schwanen-Wiek, the seaside place Wyk or Wik on the Isle of Föhr, and many more similarly called. These names have nothing to do with the Latin *vicus*, from which, no doubt, a number of other place-names in this country have their ending syllables.

From the Germanic word "wick" the Vikings, or Wickings, are named—that is, bay-men watching in creeks for their opportunities. Often the word Viking (erroneously pronounced vi-king, instead of vik-ing) is translated in English by "sea-king." A Viking may have been a king, or rather an aristocratic chieftain, but he may as well have been a simple freeman; and the mass of them were nothing else.

*Mare Fresiacum*, the Frisian Sea, the Firth of Forth was still called in the Middle Ages. Freswick Bay lies not far from the Pentland Firth, which has its name from the Pehts, Pechts, Peiktar, Pakkar, or Pihtar—Latinised in the third century, in a rather punning way, into *Picti*. It is that people which by some has been identified with the Kelts; by others regarded as Turanians, kindred to the Mongols; but by many first-rate writers as a Gothic, Germanic race. The clearest ancient evidence is to the effect that they came over, "in not many long ships," from Scandinavia (of old often called Scythia),<sup>1</sup> where their very name formerly also occurred. When the Romans first mention them, they occupy the same part of Scotland as the Caledonians. They were evidently the same people. I will not enter here further into this subject, which I have more fully discussed elsewhere, beyond saying that I hold the Picts to have originally been of Gothic, Germanic stock, but to have been Kelticised, later on, in language.

With this short reference we come to the "Brochs," borgs, or

<sup>1</sup> "Pyhtar comon suthan of Scitthian mid langum scipum na manegum."

*Saxon Chronicle*

in other words, castles,—that is, to those prehistoric strongholds with which parts of Scotland and the northern isles were once dotted over. Burgs, or brochs, is the name given them by the Norsemen, who in clearer historical times—so to say, as a second Gothic wave—invaded Shetland, the Orkneys, and Scotland, as well as Ireland and the Welsh coasts, and who still found a number of those strange circular towers standing, or in decay. In treating of the “thorny question” as to the racial origin of the early inhabitants who built those curious round forts, Mr. Robert Goudie, in a lecture, also asked: “Were they Turanian, Celt, or Gothic?” He then said that “the historic age of Christianity in the islands was preceded by ages of active life, evolved from barbarism to a fairly advanced state of civilisation, yet independent of Christian influence, in art and culture, and that that Pagan age, in its later manifestations, was indubitably Celtic.” As to the antiquity of the strongholds, he added that “there were no data available to warrant limiting the date of their erection to post-Roman times, as some antiquarians had ventured to assume; and there was no inherent improbability in the supposition that the Castle of Mousa, and others, might have looked out upon the battle and the breeze as far back as the earliest days of the Christian era, *or even at a date still more remote.*” With this latter opinion I fully agree.

## II.

It is the merit of Sir Francis Barry to have brought to light, in the neighbourhood of his castle, eight of these ancient “Brochs,” at places where nobody would have guessed their existence underground, so imperceptible did the marks on the grass-grown soil appear to the ordinary eye. From the slightest elevation of the ground, nay, from a seemingly unimportant stone sticking out at some spot, his penetrating glance drew a conclusion, which the appliance of the spade presently showed to have been correct. For ten years past he has conducted, and is still continuing, his excavations, with full success. He may truly be called the Schliemann of that part of Caithness where his estate lies.

In a recent lecture on these prehistoric buildings, before the Society of Antiquaries in London, Sir Francis Barry said:

Along these shores, and over the entire surface of Caithness, the wanderer is struck with the appearance of numerous grass-mounds and standing stones, which are met with in the most unexpected spots—on the sands of the shore, the summit of hills, at the junction of water-courses, or in the centre of vast moors, far removed from any present habitation. These appear to have been regarded by the



inhabitants generally as stones in their natural positions, and the mounds as mere inequalities of the surface. True it is that here and there you may be told that they are "Picts' Houses," or spots around which, in the evening twilight, fairies and goblins delight to sport ; but few of them have been investigated or opened out, save for the purpose of using them as quarries from which to obtain stones for building walls or cottages ; and, unfortunately, only too many have by these means been destroyed, or rendered valueless for antiquarian research. To the thoughtful observer, however, they point to a bygone age whose history has been lost in the lapse of centuries ; the very existence of these ruins having probably been unknown to the founders of these crumbling strongholds to which allusion has been already made.

What a deep, yet finally impenetrable, vista is opened up by all the "Brochs" which have been discovered, or found in ruins, for many years past in Shetland, the Orkneys, and on the Scottish moorland ! On the small Shetlandic Isle of Mousa one of those towers still stands erect at the height of thirty-seven feet. Out of Shetland, the Orkneys, and Scotland, the peculiar form of those mysterious towers is to be found neither in England proper, nor in Wales, Ireland, or Cornwall, nor in the Scandinavian countries. The Nuraghi Round Towers of Sardinia, of which it has been asserted that they bear a remarkable resemblance to the "Brochs" in the northern parts of this country, are like them only "externally, but they possess none of the characteristic features of the typical Broch structure." So it is stated in Dr. Anderson's "Scotland in Pagan Times."

There are cyclopean or uncemented stone walls in the Brochs discovered by Sir Francis Barry. Though no two of them agree exactly in their dimensions or arrangements, they seem to have been all constructed upon the same general plan ; but nowhere did he find traces of any metal tools. The outward appearance of the structures, judging from the still standing one of Mousa, approaches very closely to that of the Martello Towers which stud the southern shores of England near Eastbourne and Hastings. Bones of the great auk, found near one of the Brochs by Mr. Samuel Laing ; limpet shells, bones of animals, rough pottery, ashes, sling stones, pounders, smoothing stones, querns, and not a few, partly inexplicable, little objects, were disentangled from the accumulated rubbish.

When Sir Francis Barry, during my stay at his house, most kindly conducted me, in the course of two days, over the various Brochs he had dug out, showing me also the mass of articles found, I confess I was deeply impressed at the sight of those relics of ancient races. A great many of the objects, it is true—as Sir Francis Barry remarks—may have probably no connection with the oldest and original builders of the Brochs ; for a large



number of the articles have come indiscriminately from its ruins and from the later habitations that surrounded them. "As a general rule," he says, "it was observed that, as depth was obtained, the articles became rougher and of a less civilised type. At the bottom of the Broch the relics were of the roughest description, more particularly the pottery, of which there was little."

As we went down into the ruins, there could be seen small guard-rooms of these prehistoric forts. There were wells, still with some water in them, which had served for the garrison. Within the central area you saw slabs of stone from two to three feet high, on edge, and sunk a few inches into the clay soil. They had formed fire-places; witness the red ashes still there. The stones themselves bore marks of fire.

Most wonderful was the clear evidence of the many generations which, probably at the distance of not a few centuries, had over and over again rebuilt parts of the Towers. It reminded me, in some measure, of the many layers of cities on the wind-swept hill of Troy, where Schliemann had unearthed the mystery of a prehistoric Thracian past. In the words of Sir Francis Barry, the Brochs excavated by him "had been inhabited by a succession of people, after considerable lapses of time. . . . At different levels of height, all through the *débris*, floors were found superposed one above another, with layers of rubbish, fallen stones, and *débris* from one to two feet thick between, each occupier having made a new floor of rough flat stones, upon which he had left an accumulation of bones, pottery, ashes, shells, and rough implements of stone, horn, or bone—a sure testimony to his occupancy. It is this fact that makes it so difficult even to guess at the age of these ruins."

It is not possible, in the short space of this paper, to enter upon the literature which deals with the Brochs, and in which the most different solutions of the riddle are offered. Strangely enough, the Romans, whose fleet once sailed round the Scottish coast, do not mention the remarkable Towers, either there or at all. This is the more surprising as Agricola himself erected a great number of forts in Britain, and therefore must have had a doubly-quickenened eye for such strongholds.

To the sons of British chieftains he, with a view of strengthening Roman dominion, gave a liberal education, accustoming them to the use of the Latin language and to the wearing of the toga. Baths, the joys of an elegantly furnished table, and other luxuries became frequent among them. So Tacitus states. From such men, one would imagine, Agricola would have learnt something about the

many towers or castles in Caledonia. Again, from prisoners of war, whether they were Kelts or Germanic Caledonians, he could learn a great many things either through the natives about him, or through leaders of his Teutonic auxiliaries, who could serve as interpreters. Yet the Roman sources are wholly silent as to those numerous fortresses in the North!

To all appearance there was once in the neighbourhood of Keiss Castle a large number of such fortresses, closely together near the cliff. This is Sir Francis Barry's firm conviction. If the surmise is correct, the enigma gets more and more dark. Are we to assume that these tower castles, standing on high rocks close to the coast, and clearly visible from the sea, had already sunk into the soil at the time of the Roman occupation of Britain? Or were those particular Towers built in later centuries, and then fell into decay? The roughness of type in the articles found at the lowest depth of these Brochs seems to militate against the latter assumption. To what distant age, then, have we to assign their first erection?

In the Norse Saga—that is, the historical record—of Egil Skallagrimson it is reported that (about the year 900 of our era) Björn Brynjulfson, fleeing from Norway with Thora, Roald's daughter, because her father would not consent to their marriage, was shipwrecked on the island of Mousa, landed his cargo there, and lived in the Burg during the winter, celebrating his marriage in it, and afterwards sailed for Iceland. In the Orkneyinga Saga a similar romantic story is told. Erlend, who in the middle of the twelfth century had carried off the widow of Maddad, Earl of Athol, took her north to Shetland, and resided in Moseyar-borg, that is, the Broch of Mousa. Her son, Harald, Earl of Orkney, pursued Erlend, and besieged him in the Borg; but it was difficult to take it by assault, and the siege failed, because Erlend had made great preparations. This is the only record of the use of a Broch as a place of defence in historical times. The rest is silence and utter darkness.

From the Orkneyinga Saga we also learn that in Caithness the ren-deer was still hunted in those times. The excavations in the Brochs have confirmed the presence of that animal in Caledonia since far earlier times. But who raised those strange, darksome Towers, to which only a single entry led, so small that one had to creep through it, and which, in their much-complicated interior arrangements, were quite dark, whilst being open at the top? Nay, what a number of generations did follow there each other? Almost everything found within the Brochs points to grey antiquity. Some

of the things that appear to be of another character, evidently got accidentally into them in later epochs. Who put up those mostly rude stones, placed without mortar, so as to make a stronghold of them?

They were Kelts, writers like Dr. Joseph Anderson say. They were Scandinavians, said the Shetlander, Dr. Laurence Edmonston, and Dr. James Fergusson, the late eminent writer on ancient and modern architecture, with whom I once had occasion to have a highly interesting conversation about Schliemann's excavations. But how if these circular strongholds had been raised in an antiquity utterly beyond our ken?

Here I have before me a number of snail shells. When Sir Francis Barry showed me his newest excavation, at which the workmen were still busy, I had gathered these shells from a heap of sand just thrown up. They were the kitchen middens of a prehistoric Broch. In colour they looked as fresh as if their contents had been swallowed yesterday by its inmates.

But who the people were who consumed such simple food, it is impossible to make out. It is a problem which will, no doubt, remain for ever a riddle.

KARL BLIND.

## THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AND COLONEL KEITH.

“ I AM sorry to say that the climate, society, and politics of this Kingdom are equally uncomfortable. . . . After looking around me with an anxious, yet a benevolent eye for anything that may be called a society, or even a single friend, male or female, I am forced to own to myself that there is not any hope of succeeding.”

This was a sufficiently dispiriting outlook for an Ambassador just entering upon his duties. The writer was Colonel (afterwards Sir) Robert Murray Keith ; the scene was Copenhagen ; the time October 1771. Colonel Keith had just filled the post of Ambassador at the Court of Saxony ; he had seen active service in the English army, and at the age of forty-one, with all his powers in their prime, he found himself planted down in a stiff little northern capital, completely cut off from all his old friends, and with very little prospect of making new ones. Fortunately he was a man of buoyant temperament, and with the adaptability of a soldier was able to make himself at home in almost any surroundings. To a man used to camps as well as courts, the oppressively strict etiquette of Danish society seemed childishly absurd. A round of festivities was in preparation, and he writes :

“ Our week is now going to be parcelled out in plays and operas, and there will be at least a place of *rendezvous* every evening. Yet we are starched and demure even in our playhouses, for every human being has his or her place allotted by the book of *etiquette*, and *sticks* to it during the whole performance. Those who sit two boxes from me might as well be in *Norway* for any manner of communication I can have with them. . . . It is really ridiculous to see how the world is parcelled out here into no less than nine classes, six of whom I must never encounter without horror.”

Colonel Keith little thought that the turning-point in his career was fast approaching, and that in this uncongenial society he was about to achieve his greatest diplomatic success. Three months



later saw Copenhagen in a political revolution, with the British Ambassador playing a leading part.

The cause of this revolution was the animosity of the Dowager Queen Juliana against Queen Caroline Matilda, wife of Christian VII. of Denmark, and sister to George III. of England. Queen Juliana, who was step-mother to King Christian, had a son of her own, and her object was to get rid of the young Queen and her heirs. Accordingly she devised a plot for seizing the Government and imprisoning Queen Caroline Matilda and the chief persons attached to her interests. It was not difficult to manage the debauched, half imbecile King, who was already living apart from his Queen, and could be easily terrified into playing any *rôle* that was wanted. The conspirators having made all their plans, resolved to carry out the scheme by a *coup*, and chose the morning after a State ball for the attack.

At four A.M. there was a meeting in the apartments of the Queen Dowager. The Chief Councillor Guldberg rehearsed the scheme, offered up a prayer, and then the whole party proceeded to the King's bedchamber by a secret staircase. Half stupefied with sleep and fright at this unexpected visit, the King asked what it all meant, and was told that Queen Caroline Matilda and her chief adviser, Count Struensee, were heading a revolt against him, and he must act at once. A number of documents were then presented to the King to sign, and he was made to write a letter to the Queen, ordering her to betake herself at once to the fortress of Kronburg.

When this was done, two of the party went to arrest Count Struensee, who was found in his bedroom, it being still early. So little ceremony was observed that the Count, who had been at the ball the night before, was hurried off to prison in the fancy dress which he had just taken off.

Then came the turn of Queen Caroline Matilda, whose apartments were immediately over those of the Count. The Queen heard the commotion in the Count's rooms, but having no idea of the cause, went to sleep when the noise ceased. She was shortly after aroused by one of her attendants bringing the King's letter. The Queen at once grasped the danger of the situation, and hastily throwing on some garments, resolved to seek the King before he could take further steps. On opening the door of her room she found an officer stationed to bar her passage. In great agitation she cried that she must speak to the King or Count Struensee. The officer replied : " Madam, I only do my duty and obey my orders. There is no Count Struensee now, nor can your Majesty see the King."



The Queen, however, pushed past him to the door of the antechamber, where stood two soldiers with crossed fire-locks. She commanded them to let her pass, and they answered quite respectfully, that to do so would cost them their lives. Finding that neither commands nor entreaties would avail, the Queen sprang over the muskets, the soldiers not daring to lay hands upon her, and rushed to the King's room. It was empty, and she was forced to return to her apartments, escape being impossible. After being hastily dressed by her women, the Queen was conducted to a carriage which was in waiting, and driven off under a strong escort to Kronburg, twenty-four miles distant. It was a gloomy fortress in a desolate region, and although it was the middle of January, the Queen was imprisoned in bare rooms, which were never warm in the hottest weather, and was not provided with any of the comforts necessary in such a rigorous climate.

The conspirators having secured their prisoners, proceeded to reorganise the Government and make fresh appointments. There were public rejoicings and festivities to celebrate the success of the revolution, but these were accompanied by such wild excesses that strong measures had to be taken to restore order.

The self-appointed rulers, in concocting their scheme, had left England and England's representative out of account. Whether the Queen's assassination was really meditated seems uncertain, but her situation was extremely critical. It would be several weeks before the news could reach England and an answer could be returned. Colonel Keith made up his mind to act at once on his own responsibility. He forced his way into the presence of the Councillors, and then and there declared war against Denmark if the slightest harm came to his Sovereign's sister, Queen Caroline Matilda. Then he wrote a despatch, stating what he had done, and sent it off by special messenger to England, after which he shut himself up in the embassy and refused to hold communication with any one until the answer arrived. For nearly a month he lived in complete isolation, torn with anxiety as to whether his action would be upheld by the British Government. He writes to his father during this period of suspense :

"I need not tell you with what anxiety and distress I have passed these last three weeks, nor with what impatience I wait for letters from England. The roads and weather are so bad that I may still be a week before I receive answers to my first letters. In a most difficult situation, I have endeavoured to act with moderation as well as firmness. My position is singular, perhaps unprecedented."

It may be noted in passing that the Danish Envoy in England, Baron Dieden, was in a similar predicament. As soon as the news reached England he, too, was obliged to shut himself up and wait for instructions.

Anxious as he was, Colonel Keith was not tortured with doubts as to whether he had acted rightly. Writing a few days later he says :

"Having in the six-and-twenty days of my present confinement recapitulated every incident of these eight months past, I would not, if it were in my power, *recall one step* I have taken, or one word I have either spoken or written."

At length the return courier struggled through the frost and snow with his bulky package. When it was opened the Order of the Bath fell out, with a command from King George that Colonel Keith should invest himself forthwith, and appear at the Danish Court thus decorated. An English fleet was made ready, and stood equipped for instant action if any injury came to the Queen.

All this time preparations for the Queen's trial had been going on, and the royal prisoner had found a means of sending a despairing letter to the British Ambassador, begging him to come to her assistance :

"There is not a single person about me whom I do not suspect," she wrote, "and I despair of ever recovering my liberty. For the love of God, endeavour to visit me."

Colonel Keith wrote warning the Queen that a commission would be sent to interrogate her, and advising her to refuse to recognise any judge but her husband.

It is unnecessary to go into the circumstances of the Queen's trial, and the charges brought against her, which resulted in a divorce being pronounced. The trial occupied but a short time, and was suffered to proceed without interference from England. The great point was that whatever judgment was pronounced against the Queen she should be set at liberty. The fear of the English fleet insured the Queen's life, and the persistent pressure of the English Ambassador wrung from the new Government a promise that the Queen should be released and delivered into his keeping, to be conducted by him to the Castle of Zell, in Hanover, which George III. had ordered to be made ready for his sister. Colonel Keith himself conveyed to the Queen the news that she was to be set at liberty, and never was Ambassador received with more joy and gratitude. In describing these events to his sister Colonel Keith writes :

"To demand the liberty of a captive Queen, and to escort her to a land of freedom, is truly such a commencement of my chivalry as

savours strongly of the romantic. I am heartily grieved for the occasion which has laid this duty upon your brother ; but from what you know of his disposition you will easily judge of the warmth of his zeal in the execution of a commission so well adapted to his genius. Can you figure to yourself what he must have felt in passing through the vaulted entrance of *Hamlet's Castle* to carry to an afflicted and injured Princess the welcome proof of fraternal affection and liberty restored ?”

Colonel Keith worked hard at the negotiations with the Regency, and at length wrung from them a promise that the Queen should be granted the sum of £5,000 a year.

When the day came for the departure from Kronburg, Colonel Keith went in person and escorted the Queen in an English frigate to Strade, the voyage lasting between five and six days. From Strade they proceeded to the château of Göhrde, thirty miles distant, and here the Ambassador took his leave after placing the Queen in the care of her sister, the Hereditary Princess of Brunswick Wolfenbüttel.

Colonel Keith's labours were now ended, and he was to be rewarded by being transferred to a better post. “A man in Denmark is truly on a par with the departed,” he used to say, and he looked forward to quitting Copenhagen with as much eagerness as if he too had been a prisoner. Writing to his sister in these last days he says :

“I count the hours till my deliverance is completed. In this I am guilty of no ingratitude, since in the long eleven months I have sojourned in it (Denmark) I never met with a single glimpse of cordiality or kindness from a native. . . . Fire and water are not more opposite in their natures than these people and your brother. . . . The Lord knows where I shall pitch my tent next, but I pray that it may be among a nation of warm feelings ; for cold and callous hearts are to me worse than poison. But enough of these people, against whom I have no rancour, and with whom I have no more intimacy than with the inhabitants of Siam.”

His reception at St. James's was all that he could desire. When he presented himself before George III. and bowed low to kiss his master's hand, the King raised him, saying, “No, no, Keith, it is not thus we receive our friends,” and cordially embraced him. To his great joy he was appointed to Vienna, where his father had been formerly Ambassador, and had left hosts of friends.

## A PROVENÇAL PILGRIMAGE.

ON the low, desolate coast of the Camargue, near the western extremity of the base of the great delta of the Rhône, lies the little fishing village of the Saintes-Maries de la Mer.<sup>1</sup> That is its official name, but throughout the whole island, from Arles to the Mediterranean, it is known simply and familiarly as "les Saintes," precisely as if, to the inhabitants, the Maries of the Sea constituted the entire calendar. The particular Saints from whom the place derives its name and fame were, according to Catholic tradition, Mary Jacobe and her daughter, Mary Salome, the Virgin Mary's sister and niece, the latter being the wife of Zebedee and the mother of his sons. The local belief is that both were the Virgin's sisters, and it would not be easy to say which version is the more favoured by Scriptural and historical evidence. The visitor to the Saintes-Maries would do well to accept one or other of them implicitly, however, for the natives have the evil reputation of casting stones at strangers, even without the formality of catechising them concerning their beliefs. Any uncertainty, therefore, which he may harbour as to the coast having been the veritable landing-place of the Saints in the first century, and as to the ancient church being the veritable repository of their bones in the twentieth, he had better leave behind him on the farther bank of the Rhône, lest a worse thing than stoning come unto him.

It is to the persecutions which followed the death of Stephen that Provence ascribes the arrival of these early Saints upon her

<sup>1</sup> It was the men of this village who, with their comrades of Carro, played so heroic a part in the memorable rescue of the passengers and crew of the *Russie*, wrecked on the coast at Faraman on the night of January 5, 1901. To reach the scene of the wreck the Saintes-Maries fishermen had to transport their boat over a distance of twenty-five miles, in a tempest of almost unexampled fury. When they were driven ashore by the force of the gale they dragged the boat by main force over the land, and through the marshes that skirt the coast. Their subsequent dauntless and unrelenting efforts during four days and nights to save the people on the *Russie* have justly gained them the admiration of France and of the world.



shores, and that she is indebted for the most glorious pages of her hagiology. The two Mariés were not alone in their enforced exile from Palestine, but were accompanied by many others who had followed the footsteps of the Master. The wretched vessel in which they were turned adrift,

. . . sans voile et sans cordage,  
Sans mât, sans ancre, sans timon,  
Sans aliments, sans aviron,

contained also Mary Magdalene and Martha, Lazarus, Saint Maximin, Saint Saturnin, Saint Trophimus and others. Among the humbler members of the persecuted band was Sara, the Gipsy maid-of-all-work whom tradition has assigned to Mary Jacobe and her daughter as the faithful attendant of their later years in France. The boat, it is said, had already left the land, when Sara rushed into the sea and implored her mistresses to take her with them. This they did, and, as it happened, wisely; for Martha's dislike of single-handed domestic service—which may possibly account for her being the patroness of the "general" in Catholic countries—seems to have remained ineradicable. At all events, it was not long after setting foot on French soil that she took her departure for Tarascon, of heroic memory, where she found more congenial labour in the subduing of a dragon. Sara, who remained behind in servitude, is to-day the patroness of all true Bohemians—those swarthy nomads who have never voluntarily suffered the restraint of stone walls, or borne the yoke of any strange master. Once a year they flock to the Saintes-Mariés in hundreds, and even thousands, to pay Sainte Sara homage. They come immense distances—often many hundreds of miles—and for several days they are the pest of the whole country. What with their picturesque but unclean caravans, their ragged, unwashed children, their hungry horses and yelping dogs, their fortune-telling, their pocket-picking and chicken-stealing, the inhabitants are glad to see the last of them. It is true that the ardour of their devotion is unquestionable. Indeed, it is a help rather than a hindrance to their other engagements. And be sure that the tapers which they burn so freely for two whole days and nights to the glory of their beloved Sara and her mistresses have not all been bought.

The history of the relics of which the church of the Saintes-Mariés is the guardian, is not, perhaps, so convincing in itself as to render a certain measure of faith unnecessary. While Martha, Mary Magdalene, Lazarus and Maximin are said to have dispersed themselves throughout southern Gaul, and to have been its first evangelists, the two Mariés, with Sara, settled among the fisher-folk of the village.



which afterwards took their name, close to the spot where their vessel had been safely stranded. There, after having converted the inhabitants of the district, they lived in retreat and died in sanctity. According to some authorities, they themselves built an oratory on the site of the present church. According to others, the oratory was built after their death by those who had known and honoured them as holy women while they lived, and the custom that arose of praying to them at their tomb was the origin of the pilgrimage that has taken place for centuries and still takes place to-day.

In the fourth or fifth century the oratory was enclosed in a church dedicated to the Virgin, and in 513 Saint Césaire, Bishop of Arles, established a convent of nuns as guardians of the tomb of the Saints. During the Saracen invasions between the eighth and the tenth century, the bourg was sacked, but the remains of the Saints were hidden beneath the altar, and the church and oratory escaped. The present church dates from the end of the tenth century, although it has suffered several restorations and additions in later days. Of the charter signed by William I., Sovereign Count of Provence, in 992, only these words remain : “. . . church of Saint Mary built on the sea-shore . . . rebuild in this place . . . will pray God for him, his wife and his son.” Writing at the end of the twelfth century, Gervais of Tilbury alludes to the coast of the Camargue as the site of the first of all the churches on that continent, and there is no doubt that, for several centuries previously, it had been a firmly rooted belief throughout the region that the spot now known as the Saintes-Maries de la Mer was the cradle of Christianity in France.

Although the relics remained buried and lost from the eighth to the fifteenth century, the church was visited by many pilgrims during the Middle Ages, and numerous miracles and favours were then ascribed to the virtue of the Saints. In those days, apparently, the personal attendance of a sufferer was not indispensable, if we may credit the cure which, in the words of an old Carmelite rhymester, was accomplished

L'an mil CCCVII et cinquante,  
En may que ly rossignol chante,  
Un pou de temps avant Compiè.

Pierre de Nantes, Bishop of Saint-Pol de Léon, “a man of great piety and learning,” but nevertheless crippled with gout, made a vow to the Saints to visit their church if they would but deign to cure him. He composed a Latin hymn in their honour and, falling asleep, beheld the Saints, who touched his limbs and straightway restored them to their former suppleness and vigour. On awaking, he lost

no time in setting out for the Saintes-Maries, where he gave rich offerings to his benefactresses, and on his return he dedicated three altars to them, at Nantes, Longjumeau and

Un bel autel aussi fonda  
A Paris, au revestiaire  
Des Carmelistres le fit faire,  
Ault moult bel, et les peintures  
Des Maries, et les figures  
De leurs maris et de leurs filx,  
Tout y est mis, je vous affis.  
Ne verrez mais plus biaux ymages  
Sy bien pourtraits ne tels visages.

It was not until 1448 that the relics were brought to light, and received their invention and official elevation. Their discovery was effected by King René, at the instance of his nephew, the Dauphin of France—afterwards Louis XI.—who had returned from a pilgrimage to the Saintes-Maries. René obtained the consent of Pope Nicholas V. to the necessary explorations, and the Archbishop of Aix and the Bishop of Marseilles were appointed apostolic commissioners. The Archbishop began by taking the depositions of many of the inhabitants of the town, who then numbered some three thousand, or just about double their number to-day. There were many who testified that “d’après les dires des anciens,” the remains of the Saints lay beneath the floor of the oratory, between the nave and the choir. Subsequent excavations in the quarter indicated revealed a vault, beneath which were found the fragments of a bowl and some burnt wood. After demolishing a walled-up doorway, the workmen arrived beneath the oratory, where the spring reputed to have been used by the Saints emerges, and there, in the direction of the high altar, they found a marble slab supported by a stone column and surrounded by an enclosure of clay. As Durand de Mende had written in his “Rationale” two centuries before: “In comitatu Provinciæ, in castro S. Mariæ de Mari, est altare terreum quod ibi fecerunt Mariâ Magdalena et Martha et Maria Jacobi et Salome,” there was naturally no disposition to doubt that the altar, with its obliterated pagan inscription, was the first raised by Christian hands in France, those of the Saints and their companions to wit. Finally, two bodies were discovered, one on the right, the other on the left, their feet turned towards the altar, their heads resting on a block of marble, and their hands folded over their breasts. The remains emitted a sweet odour that could not be attributed to the earth adhering to them, “quæ humiditas,” says the official account of the proceedings, “potius sanitatem quam bonam fragrantiam prodire est

censenda." Nothing remained, therefore, but to celebrate their invention publicly as relics, and solemnly declare their authenticity.

At Vespers, on December 2, 1448, in the presence of King René, his wife Isabelle, his daughter Yolande, his son-in-law Ferry de Lorraine, the Archbishop of Aix and many other high ecclesiastical and civil dignitaries, Cardinal de Foix, the Pope's legate at Avignon, after formally verifying the investigations that had been made, pronounced the remains to be truly those of Mary Jacobe and Mary Salome. Next day, after celebrating mass, the Cardinal himself descended into the tomb and lifted forth the sacred bones. They were laid on a table in the middle of the church, and the Bishops of Marseilles and Conserans washed them one by one with white wine contained in silver vases presented by the King. They were then placed in a reliquary provided with four keys, which were entrusted to the keeping of the King, the prior of Montmajour, the consuls of Arles and those of the Saintes-Maries de la Mer. On the following day the reliquary was raised to the upper chapel of Saint Michael, some fifty or sixty feet above the high altar, where the remains still rest to-day, and whence they are let down into the church at stated seasons.

The reliquary itself may be opened only once in every hundred years. An order dated January 7, 1449, drawn up in the Pope's name by Nicolas de Brancas, sanctions its descent and exposition on the festivals of the two Maries or on that of the elevation, at the command of the Sovereign of Provence or his successors, and during the visit of a king or prince of France, or of a cardinal. It is rare, however, that it is exposed, except at the festivals of the two Saints, on the 24th and 25th of May and the 22nd of October. It is the earlier of these dates that is the occasion of the pilgrimage; the second celebration is attended only by the people of the village and the inhabitants of the neighbouring farmhouses.

During the disorders of the Revolution the relics of the Saints narrowly escaped despoilment. On May 5, 1794, the church was sacked and the reliquary was burned. The curé, however, had taken the precaution of removing the relics themselves on the night of the previous festival in October, and had concealed them in the wood-house of one of his parishioners, so no great harm was done. The relics of Sainte Sara, the authenticity of which is so certain to her dusky devotees that it would probably be dangerous for any one to seek even to establish it, were also saved during those troublous times. They were restored to the church in 1797, when the celebrations were resumed, after having been interrupted for three years.

In Provence old beliefs die hard, and to-day the reputation of the Saints seems in no degree to have abated since the Middle Ages. The curé is required to register miracles as they occur, and it is not infrequently that they are recorded. Mirèio, in Mistral's poem, is counselled by her lover to hasten to the Saintes-Maries should any evil ever threaten or befall her :

Se quauque mau te desvarlo,  
Courre lèu i Sànti Marlo,

and the poet's narrative of her journey across the Camargue has immortalised a corner of Provence that probably aroused little enthusiasm in the poetic courtiers of King René. Like Mirèio, the people of the island have faith in the intercession of the Saints for the relief of all manner of affliction, spiritual and physical, and the nature of the evil is not always the most convincing measure of the miraculous in its aversion or cure. The natives still tell of a violent storm which nearly engulfed the little town in 1862. The sea broke through the dykes and had already begun to wash against the houses when the population, bethinking themselves of their patronesses, rushed in a mass to the church to implore their aid—and, it is asserted, with simple inconsequence, not in vain, for the tempest soon after subsided. The Saints, however, are chiefly invoked for the cure of fevers—which are exceedingly prevalent in that marshy region—of madness, and for “*la délivrance des femmes en mal d'enfant*”—a malady which French statesmen would like to see more widespread than it is. A manual of devotion published in 1750 contains “a Mass proper for the insane,” and many curious counsels for the encouragement of such unfortunates during the journey to the Saintes-Maries, together with indications as to the best means of reaching such a remote spot from various quarters, for the whole district was then very badly served with roads.

To-day this is no longer the case, and the traveller coming from the direction of Arles will find even a light railway ready to transport him over the ground that Mirèio trod on foot. In a train made up of all the company's carriages and most of their cattle-trucks, seated with deal boards for the occasion, one is borne across the great plain of the Camargue, with its immense horizons, its strange silence, its herds of wild cattle, its swarms of mosquitoes, its vineyards, its rice-fields, its salt-marshes, its lagoons and its mirages—marvels of formation, vegetation and atmosphere that recall the pampas of South America or an African plain rather than the soil of France. Without, the long grass swishes against the footboards, for with only two trains a day it has time to grow under their wheels. Within, the



pilgrims eat their bread and their Arles sausage, washed down with native wine. A few of the older women tell their beads. One, younger, bends an anxious face over a much-muffled-up child on her lap, cautiously lifting its thick white veil from time to time to peer into its pale, wizened features, and trying—apparently with poor success—to induce it to suck the “biberon” of which an elder child beside her is in charge. From the mother’s answers to the inquiries of her neighbours, it appears that the infant is twenty-one days old, and has been sickly since its birth. As the train slackens speed at the end of the journey, a hopeful and resolute look takes possession of the woman’s face, so that, were the disease but her own, even the sceptic—if he were anything of a psychologist—might have hope also. Swiftly, but cautiously, she descends from the carriage, hastens out of the station and is lost in the crowd.

The church of the Saintes-Maries would be impressive amid any surroundings, but after traversing the Camargue the sight of such an edifice in such a place excites one’s wonder. Without, its aspect is that of a fortress rather than a church. The severity of its outlines and the immensity of its mass, its solidly buttressed walls pierced with their narrow loophole windows, its flattened roof surrounded by a crenellated gallery and surmounted by a watch-tower as formidable as the rest of the fabric, combine to make it one of the most striking and curious examples of Romanesque architecture in France. During the pilgrimage it is the centre of a cordon of stalls and booths for the sale of candles, objects of piety, books of devotion, sweet-stuffs, fruit, and gorgeous sacred orieographs from Bavaria.

Although the descent of the relics does not take place until nearly four in the afternoon, the church is crowded from early morning. The interior is spacious, for in past days it had frequently to serve as a refuge for the entire population when pirates ravaged the coast. At noon it is with difficulty that one can make one’s way towards the spot in the choir, beneath the upper chapel, reserved for the reception of the reliquary. Men, women and children have already taken up their position, and nothing will dislodge them. The railing enclosing the double staircase that leads from the choir to the nave and thence down to the crypt—the lower of the three superposed churches—is ablaze with precariously planted candles, whose grease drips unheeded upon the garments of the faithful who sit closely packed together on the steps beneath. The air is noisome with the exhalations of the throng and the smell of burning tapers. The tumult of many tongues is broken at frequent intervals by a spontaneous burst of song from some more or less considerable



section of the congregation. The gloom of the great nave is scarcely lessened by the slender rays that fall from the narrow southern windows, and one issues from the church into the glare of the midday sun dazed and blinded.

After lunching wretchedly at one of the crowded inns, the stranger, if he does not intend returning to Arles for the night, bargains for his bed. With sufficient obduracy he may prevail upon the innkeeper to accept twenty francs for the accommodation, but something like double that sum may be necessary to induce the villagers to exercise their hospitality. Already the ordinary population has been quadrupled, and more people are arriving every moment—in caravans, waggons and donkey-carts, on horseback, bicycles and on foot. The village and its environs have the aspect of a great fair, and there is no lack of the amusements common to rural festivals. And as if to mark twenty centuries of progress, the shore trodden by the apostles of gentleness and compassion is given over to the sport of fowl and pigeon shooting in its vilest form. Ruffians, who to-morrow will accompany the sacred barque of the Saints down to the spot where they are said to have landed, lustily shouting,

Je suis chrétien, c'est là ma gloire,  
Mon espérance et mon soutien,

now blaze away with impunity and pleasure at birds tied down securely and immovably like targets to wooden boxes on the sand, until the wretched creatures have received enough pellets to unfit them for further sport and oblige their proprietor to carry them off for sale to the nearest restaurant.

It is a relief to return to the church and to descend into the gloom of the crypt. This is the favourite haunt, or rather lair, of the Bohemians. Last year the passage of the Rhône was forbidden them in consequence of an epidemic of smallpox in certain parts of the Midi, and now that the sanitary precautions have been relaxed they must needs make amends for the involuntary neglect of their devotions by a display of zeal and assiduity greater, if possible, than ever. Tottering old men and wrinkled crones, strapping youths and dark-eyed dishevelled maidens swarm about the little reliquary of Sainte Sara that stands behind the altar. Holding their candles close to the small window of dull glass let into the front of it, they cross themselves and peer in at the sacred bones. After pressing their chaplet or some other object of piety against the glass—which is much scratched in the process—they gloat over the casket for a

moment, kiss it fervently, and, making way for others, resume their seat upon the steps that lead up to the church, or crouch upon the stone floor, joining from time to time in cantiques of their own to the "santo patrouno."

But if one is to witness the great event of the day, it is time to begin gently forcing a passage up to one of the tribunes that flank the interior of the nave, where, in return for a payment of three francs at the curé's house—transformed for the pilgrimage into a "bureau de location"—one has already secured a seat. The church, which was full before, is now packed in every corner. Some have perched themselves on altars, pulpit stairs, and the tops of confessionals. For the nonce the order of worship is in the hands, or rather the mouths, of the people. With inexhaustible enthusiasm they sing the melodious old hymns, in French or Provençal, associated with the memory of the Saints. There is neither choir nor conductor. Everyone sings as he lists, or as he thinks he can get a hearing and a following.

Vers la mar que nous encanto,  
Grandi santo,  
Adusès vosti secour(s).  
P'atrouno di travaiaire,  
De tout càire  
Vous carrejan nost' amour.

Vigorously started near the high altar by a knot of young men with stentorian voices, the words are speedily caught up by the whole congregation. It is scarcely finished when the fresh young voices of a band of girls in one of the great western galleries break forth into another cantique, of which the refrain,

Courons aux Saintes-Maries,  
Ranimer notre foi ;  
Et sur leurs tombes chéries  
Implorons le divin Roi,

will linger in the memory for many a day.

The chanting of Vespers brings an interval of relative silence and calm. As the Magnificat approaches, all eyes are raised expectantly towards the sort of shutter-door in the wall of the upper chapel high above the heads of the people. At the first note a harsh grating sound traverses the church, and the reliquary is exposed to view. Immediately there is a great joyous shout of "Vivent les Saintes-Maries !" and in a few moments the entire building, from crypt to gallery, is a blaze of lighted tapers. The Magnificat

proceeds as best it can, constantly broken in upon by the acclamations of the multitude as the relics slowly descend. The reliquary is in the form of a sort of double Noah's ark, and appears to be tolerably weighty. As the cords are unwound from the windlass in the aperture from which it is lowered, they are adorned with wreaths and bouquets of flowers. The reliquary approaches the table reserved for it, and a hundred pairs of hands are raised in the hope of being the first to touch it and receive its virtue.

At length it is at rest. Men and women press each other feverishly to reach it. They kiss it passionately, and clasp in their arms as much of its bulk as they can compass. Mothers and fathers raise their children aloft so that they may touch and kiss it. There is a piercing cry of "*Saintes-Maries, guérissez mon enfant !*" A cripple boy of four or five is laid at full length in the hollow formed by the double roof; he is turned over on his face and sides; his hands and fingers are pressed against the cypress-wood, so that every part of his body may receive the sacred contact. The sight is pitiful. The most callous sceptic hopes for a miracle, but in vain. The sufferer is removed to give place to other unfortunates. The mother of the three weeks' infant slowly approaches through the throng. She lays it, feebly protesting, upon the reliquary, evincing in her every movement the faith and hope that it is powerless to express—with what result is not apparent. And all the time the church resounds with the hymns to the Saints, irregularly punctuated with cries of "*Vivent les Saintes-Maries !*" from a thousand throats.

Nothing that follows is so impressive as these few moments. During the evening devotees press in an unceasing stream to pay their homage to the relics, and the church remains open all night for confession. Even so, the number of penitents far exceeds the supply of priests. Many take advantage of the opportunity of sleeping in the church. Next day the affluence of pilgrims is even greater, and their fervour is no less intense. Before noon a miniature representation of the barque of the Saints is borne with sacred song in solemn procession through the village streets and down to the historic, or legendary, shore. There the officiating priest raises a reliquary in the form of an arm—the "*Saint Bras*"—over the sea, whereupon the water recedes. This, at least, is the popular belief; but when the weather is calm such a phenomenon is somewhat difficult to observe on the shore of a tideless sea. At Vespers, in the afternoon, the reliquary of the Saints is raised to its resting-place in the upper chapel, with the same ceremony and enthusiasm that accompanied its descent. As the slack ropes tighten the devout

press forward to embrace it for the last time, and as it rises clear of the table sick children are held high in the air that they may touch it once more before it is drawn beyond their reach.

The pilgrimage is over, and all prepare to depart. A hasty visit to the upper chapel reveals the mother of the sickly infant in the act of removing an old ex-voto from its hook on the wall to make place for her own. One descends, taking a last look at the old fortress church without and within, and makes one's way with the remnant of the pilgrims to the little station. There is now no room except in the corner of a cattle-truck ; so, having ceased to be a pilgrim, one is whirled off towards Arles like a penitent. The ear is haunted by the cantiques of the Saints, rattled and beaten out by the revolution of the waggon wheels. The sun sinks slowly beneath the horizon of the Camargue, and in one's meditations one asks oneself in bewilderment whether it is really the age of faith or of materialism that one has left behind.

JOHN MANSON.

## *FRANCIS OSBORNE, AUTHOR.*

“**G**IVE a dog a bad name and hang him !” says the proverb. Call an author dull, and the world will carefully avoid his works. When Boswell expressed a liking for the writings of Francis Osborne, and asked Johnson what he thought of the author of “Advice to a Son,” the Doctor answered, “A conceited fellow. Were a man to write so now, the boys would throw stones at him.” The saying has been quoted many times, and in spite of the protest of Boswell, and of the effort made some few years ago by so cultured and discriminating a critic as Judge Parry, Francis Osborne remains a forgotten author, and is thought of by the few who do remember his name as a dull, pedantic fellow.

Johnson’s criticism in this, as in other instances, is more forcible than just. Boswell tells us that it did not alter his “opinion of a favourite author,” “in whom I have found much shrewd and lively sense expressed, indeed, in a style somewhat quaint ; which, however, I do not dislike. His book has an air of originality. We figure to ourselves an ancient gentleman talking to us.” The criticism is admirable. Far from being a dull, conceited fellow, Osborne was a man of marked ability, shrewd observation, and liberal ideas. Much that he wrote was commonplace. His style is not unfrequently turgid and pompous ; his advice often shocks modern susceptibilities by its bluntness and cynicism. But some of his more questionable pages were obviously written in a spirit of bitter mockery rather than in sober earnest.

In his chapter on “Love and Marriage” he rails against women in “good set terms.” His son is warned against the “soft passion,” which causes “madness in some, folly in all ; placing, like stupid idolaters, divinity in a silly creature, set by the institutes of nature in a far inferior class of perfection” to that of man. “To cure youth wholly of this desire were as uneasy a task as to divest it of humanity.” Marriage is a thing to be avoided, if possible. “When discontented with your present condition, tumble towards any change rather than into that bottomless pit out of which no repentance can bail you.”



But if his son must marry, it must not be for love or for beauty, but for money. The inconveniences of marriage are best "palliated under a great estate." But Osborne did not practise what he preached, and his cynical advice need not be taken too seriously. His own marriage seems to have been a particularly happy one. Though a lady of his own rank, his wife could not have brought him much money, still less "a great estate." She was a Miss Anna Draper, a sister of William Draper, Colonel in the Parliamentary Army, and a Parliamentary visitor of the University of Oxford. That she was an excellent wife and mother may be gathered from Osborne's injunction to his son: "Bear always a filial reverence to your dear mother, and let not her old age, if she attain it, seem tedious unto you; since the little she may keep from you will be abundantly recompensed, not only by the prayers, but by the tender care she hath and will ever have of you. Therefore, in case of my death (which weariness of the world will not suffer me to adjourn, so much as by a wish), do not proportion your respect by the mode of other sons, but to the greatness of her desert beyond requital in relation to us both." A man who writes in that strain of his own wife at the close of life cannot have been the cynic he at times represents himself to be.

Many of Osborne's estimates of mankind are astute and memorable, such as we might expect from "a father wearied (and, therefore, possibly made wise) by experience." In two matters, at least, he was far in advance of the times in which he lived. He condemns duelling as an unlawful and detestable practice. "I cannot find it suitable with prudence or religion," he writes, "to make the sword umpire of your own life and another's." Fame lost or gained by brutish valour will not be valued in the opinion of those who are "either wise or pious." Nor does Osborne appear to share the vulgar credulity which warped many of the greatest minds of the 17th century. His views on witchcraft were remarkably enlightened for the age in which he lived, and in striking contrast, for example, with those of Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne. "Be not easily drawn," says Osborne, "to lay the foul imputation of witchcraft upon any, much less to assist at their condemnation, too common among us." The frequent execution of people for witchcraft makes him think "the strongest fascination is encircled within the ignorance of the judges, malice of the witnesses, or stupidity of the poor parties accused. Be not, therefore, hasty to register all you understand not in the black Calendar of Hell."

In contrast with these enlightened views, we may quote from the

evidence given by the famous author of the "*Religio Medici*" and "*Vulgar Errors*" at the trial, in 1665, at Bury St. Edmunds, of two old women named Rose Cullender and Amy Duny, for witchcraft. The unfortunate women were indicted for having bewitched Elizabeth and Ann Durent, William Durent, Jane Bocking, Susan Chandler, and Elizabeth and Deborah Pacy. No more ridiculous evidence was ever brought forward than that recorded for us in Howell's report of this remarkable trial. It was alleged that the prosecutors were afflicted with apparitions, "to their great terror," that at times they lost sight, hearing, and speech, and the use of their limbs; that they fell into fits and convulsions; and vomited crooked pins, and twopenny nails with flat heads. Called as one of the witnesses for the prosecution Sir Thomas Browne gave it as his opinion "that the persons were bewitched"; and said, "That in Denmark there had been lately a great discovery of witches, who used the very same way of afflicting persons, by conveying pins into them, and crooked as these pins were, with needles and nails. And his opinion was, that the devil in such cases did work upon the bodies of men and women, upon a natural foundation (that is), to stir up, and excite such humours superabounding in their bodies to a great excess, whereby he did in an extraordinary manner afflict them with such distempers as their bodies were most subject to."<sup>1</sup>

The two unfortunate women resolutely persisted in asserting their innocence, but without avail. In charging the jury Sir Matthew Hale, Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, said: "That there were such creatures as witches he made no doubt at all, for first, the Scriptures had affirmed so much. Secondly, the wisdom of all nations had provided laws against such persons, which is an argument of their confidence of such a crime." The accused were found guilty, were sentenced, and hanged. Not only was there no evidence against them, says Campbell, in commenting upon this trial, "which ought to have weighed in the mind of any reasonable man who believed in witchcraft, but during the trial the imposture practised by the prosecutors was detected and exposed"; and Sir Matthew Hale, in ignoring this, "violated the plainest rules of Justice," and was really "the murderer of two innocent women."

<sup>1</sup> Browne firmly believed in witchcraft, sorcery, incantations, and demoniacal possessions. In his "*Religio Medici*," he says, "for my part, I have always believed, and do now know, that there are witches." This was published some twenty years before the trial at Bury St. Edmunds. In one of his commonplace books there is a passage on possession and witchcraft, beginning, "We are no way doubtful that there are witches."

Osborne's "Advice to a Son" was published nine years before this trial at Bury St. Edmunds' assizes. That his views on witchcraft should have been so much in advance of the age in which he lived is not less creditable to his understanding than to his humanity. To judge from his writings it may be doubted whether there is any other author of the period so free from belief in the vulgar errors and gross superstitions of the time.

The first part of "Advice to a Son" appeared in 1656. At the time of its publication and for some years afterwards, it enjoyed a wide popularity, the little volume going through five editions within two years. In 1651 Osborne added a second part which, though never as popular as the first, contains much of the author's best work. The book was a favourite one with Pepys, who, under the date October 19, 1661. in his diary speaks of a visit with Sir G. Carteret and Sir W. Pen to Captain Marshe's, at Limehouse, where "we had a very good and handsome dinner and excellent wine. I not being neat in clothes, which I find a great fault in me, could not be so merry as otherwise, and at all times I am, and can be, when I am in good habit, which makes me remember my father Osborne's rule for a gentleman, to spare in all things rather than that." Further evidence as to the popularity of Osborne's "Advice to his Son" is found in the diary under the date January 27, 1663-4, where Pepys describes a literary conversation at a coffee-house. Sir William Petty, "who in discourse is. methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear," tells Pepys and Sir G. Ascue, "that in all his life these three books were the most esteemed and generally cried up for wit in the world—'Religio Medici,' Osborne's 'Advice to a Son,' and 'Hudibras.'" But it is evident that Sir William Petty did not agree with this opinion, for Pepys goes on to record that "he did really find fault and weaken the strength of many of Osborne's arguments, so that in downright disputation they would not bear weight—at least, so far, but that they might be weakened, and better found in their rooms to confirm what is there said."

Osborne's defects as a writer are palpable enough. He seems to have been aware of them himself, for he says in the brief preface to his "Advice to a Son," that such as make it their business "to suck out the crudities and corruptions in books are unlikely to fail of matter here." But he is far from meriting the harsh judgment of Dr. Johnson, or the treatment of Swift, who, in the "Tatler," classed him with others, who, "being men of the Court, and affecting the phrases then in fashion, are often either not to be understood or

appear perfectly ridiculous." In reply to these bitter criticisms we may cite Osborne's advice: "Mingle charity with judgment, and temper your zeal with discretion, so may your own fame be preserved without entrenching upon that of others;" and again: "Let your wit rather serve you for a buckler to defend yourself by a handsome reply, than the sword to wound others." But as Johnson himself wrote: "The reciprocal civility of authors is one of the most risible scenes in the farce of life."

There is little doubt that Francis Osborne was a sadly disappointed man. The fifth and youngest son of Sir John Osborne, of Chicksands Priory, Shefford, Bedfordshire, he was educated at home, being sent neither to school nor university. According to Wood, the father, Sir John, was a Puritan. But this is doubtful. The grandfather of Francis, Peter Osborne, was educated at Cambridge, was called to the Bar, and became Keeper of the Privy Purse to Edward VI. Later on, he obtained a grant to himself and his heirs of the office of Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer in the Court of Exchequer. He was a man of great ability, highly esteemed as a lover of learning, and an authority on all matters connected with commerce and finance. Many opinions upon commercial questions, which he drew up for Queen Elizabeth's Ministers, are preserved among the Lansdowne MSS. He was an Ecclesiastical Commissioner, an Assistant-Governor of Lincoln's Inn, and held many other offices; and sat in Parliament successively for Horsham, Plympton, Aldeburgh, and Westminster. He married Anne, daughter of Dr. John Blythe, the first Regius Professor of Physic in the University of Cambridge. In 1560 the manor and advowson of South Frambridge, Essex, was granted him by Elizabeth. Here the family remained till about 1600, when his eldest son, Sir John Osborne, purchased the larger estate of Chicksands Priory from Richard Snow. The Frambridge property appears, however, to have remained in the family till 1720, when it was sold by Sir Danvers Osborne to John Stevenson.

At an early age Francis went to seek his fortune in London, and attracting the attention of the famous William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, became his master of the horse. As long as the friend of William Browne, Donne, Massinger, Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Shakespeare, lived, things apparently went well with young Osborne. It could not have been difficult to serve a master who was "the greatest Mæcenas to learned men of any peer of his time or since." But when the Earl, whose sweetness of temper and affability of manner are remarked upon by all his contemporaries,



died in 1630 and was succeeded by his choleric and foul-mouthed brother, the young man speedily began to feel the yoke of dependence upon the favours and caprices of the great an intolerable one. When, or under what circumstances, he gave up his employment in the Pembroke household there is no record. But it is clear that events rankled in his mind and bitterly disappointed his hopes. "Honourable persons," he writes, "like too great fires, may warm and comfort such as are content only to serve them at a distance, but blast the parts and consume the fortunes of those who are found to attend them in any nearer relations ;" and he goes on to say that he remains in "so high a feud with greatness," that if he did not find "Lord" in his daily prayers, he would never use the word without detestation.

In his "Traditionall Memoyres of the Raigne of King James the First," Osborne has drawn a vigorous portrait of Philip, Earl of Pembroke, whom he says James "caressed for his handsome face, which kept him not long company, leaving little behind it so acceptable as to render him fit society for anybody but himself." "This I can attest for the man, that he was intolerable choleric and offensive, and did not refrain, whilst he was Chamberlain, to break many wiser heads than his own ; Mr. May, that translated Lucan, having felt the weight of his staff ; which, had not his office, and the place, being the Banqueting House, protected, I question whether he would have struck again." It is interesting to note that in speaking of the disgraceful assault upon Thomas May, who was an author of ability, and afterwards Secretary to the Long Parliament, Osborne uses words which are to be found in "The Maid's Tragedy," the play in which, under the character of Calianax, Fletcher is supposed to have ridiculed Pembroke's violent behaviour in the exercise of his Court offices. In Act I., Scene 2, the Deputy Chamberlain, who is endeavouring to keep back a crowd, referring to Calianax, exclaims : "Would he were here, he would run raging among them, and break a dozen *wiser heads than his own* in the twinkling of an eye." The "Banqueting House" where the assault upon May occurred was the famous Banqueting House at Whitehall—now the Royal United Service Institution.

Like all bullies, Philip, Earl of Pembroke, appears to have been a coward. Osborne gives an account of how a Scotch courtier, named John Ramsey, afterwards Viscount Haddington and Earl of Holderness, switched Pembroke across the face at the Croydon races ; "but Herbert not offering to strike again, there was nothing spilt but the reputation of a gentleman." This is too partial an



account to be accepted without reserve. Osborne admits that there was danger of a collision between the "Caledonian bores," as he calls the Scotch, and the English, and that Herbert's friends defended his conduct on the ground that he swallowed a personal insult rather than provoke what might have become a serious national quarrel. Be that as it may, there is no doubt that Philip Herbert was an illiterate, selfish bully, who was as generally hated by the literary men of the time as his brother had been beloved. As Chancellor of Oxford he was employed in 1647 by the Parliament, with whom he sided, to reform that University, and expelled all who refused to take the Covenant, "which was, upon the matter," says Clarendon, "the whole University," as scarcely any of the heads of Colleges, and very few scholars or fellows, would consent to renounce their principles.

After severing his connection with the Pembroke family, Osborne probably secured some small employment in the office of the Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer, which was presided over by his eldest brother, Sir Peter Osborne, who was the third member of the family that had held this hereditary post, granted the first Sir Peter by Edward VI. This was apparently the only notice of his youngest brother Sir Peter Osborne ever took ; and the course of political events soon separated them altogether.

Though a friend of the Monarchy and of the Church, Francis Osborne was a sturdy enemy, as became a man of his robust common sense and enlightened views, to the encroachments of king or hierarchy upon the liberty of the people. Of Queen Elizabeth, under whom, he says, his father and grandfather "did enjoy a quiet, happy, and plentiful fortune," he writes with enthusiasm. "As she was the choicest artist in king-craft," he says, "that ever handled sceptre in this northern climate, so she went beyond all her ancestors in adapting to her service the most proper tools, in whose fittest applications she was seldom mistaken." But for James I. he had little loyalty or respect. "All kings cast away money the day of their enthronement, but James did it all his life." The King's treatment of Raleigh aroused Osborne's deepest resentment. He justly says that James could pardon anyone "sooner than those injured by himself" ; and referring to the execution of Raleigh, and the "high and religious resolution" he displayed, Osborne adds : "But as the foolish idolaters were wont to sacrifice the choicest of their children to the devil, the common enemy of humanity, so our King gave up this incomparable jewel to the will" of the "Spanish faction, then absolute at Court."

In the struggle between Charles I. and the Parliament, Osborne appears from the outset to have been in favour of the demands of the representatives of the people. A strong Protestant, with probably a leaning to Calvinism, he was naturally opposed to the Arminians, who were supported by the King, to the rash and disastrous policy of Buckingham, the high-handed proceedings of Laud, and the unconstitutional action of Charles. But though his sympathies were with the Parliamentary party, Osborne does not seem to have taken any active part in the stormy events between 1641 and 1649. His association with the Parliamentarians must, however, have made an irreparable breach between him and the other members of his family, with whom his relations never appear to have been very cordial. Of his brothers, Sir Peter and Richard Osborne—the only two of whom any record survives—were ardent Royalists. Richard was engaged in the plot of 1648 to release the King from Carisbrooke Castle; and Sir Peter Osborne, the father of the beautiful and fascinating Dorothy Osborne, who afterwards married Sir William Temple, was for twenty-eight years Governor of Guernsey, and held Castle Cornet for several years against the Commonwealth, by whose forces it was besieged.

That Francis Osborne had no sympathy with the growing sentiment in 1658 in favour of the restoration of the Stuarts, may be gathered from the following passage in his "Advice to a Son": "Contract not the common distemper, incident to vulgar brains, who still imagine more ease from some untried government than that they lie under—not having passed the first form of experience, where we may learn that tyranny is no less natural to power than lust to youth."

The "Advice to a Son" created no little stir when it first appeared. In his "Athenæ Oxoniensis," Wood states that the two parts, being "greedily bought up and admired in Oxon, especially by young scholars, it was then noted among the godly ministers that they did instill principles of atheism into them. Whereupon a public complaint being put up against the said books to the then Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Jo. Conant, there was a proposal made to have them publicly burnt. But it taking no effect, it was ordered 27th July, 1658, that no booksellers, or any other persons, should sell the books; which made them sell the better." What the "godly ministers" found contrary to the principles of religion in "Advice to a Son" it is difficult to discover: though it must be admitted that there are other sentiments which merited censure.

The book was held up to ridicule in a parody entitled "Advice

to a Daughter," by Eugenius Theodidactus, a pseudonym for John Heydon, whose dreary attempt at wit drew from a barrister, named Thomas Peck, a counterblast called "Advice to Balaam's Ass; or Momus Catechised. In answer to a certaine scurrilous and abusive scribler, one John Heydon, author of 'Advice to a Daughter,' by T. P. Gent." The last word, however, remained with Heydon, who in a second edition of his book replied in a prefatory chapter entitled "Thomas Peck, Counsellor, examined, turn'd over the Bar, and sent to Bedlam for his madness." But the controversy is without a spark of interest.

In 1676 a collected edition of Osborne's works, issued three years earlier, was brought before the House of Lords, by a Captain John Seymour, as a seditious and treasonable publication. In the House of Lords Calendar the treason and sedition complained of are set out in these terms: "Denouncing a Monarchy and saying that the Commonwealth is the best Government; that men in just Government resemble horses that are far less restive when linked together in a team; that no people endowed with a natural desire of being happy would admit the Prince of a beggarly nation to rule over them, however just his claim; that these objections owned a countenance stern enough in the opinion of many to face the entrance of the King; that the Stuarts suborn principal speakers of Parliament; that princes are religious only to secure their own safety, but esteem it a mere accident where reasons of State drive on a bargain; that kings, as history teaches, may be as safely destroyed as preserved." But though there were constant appearances before a Committee of the House of Lords nothing appears to have been done. The proceedings, as Judge Parry points out in the introduction to his charming reprint of "Advice to a Son," afford evidence of "the importance attached, by those who differed from his views, to Osborne's writings."

That Osborne's means were small, and that he found a difficulty in making both ends meet, may be gathered from the tone of many passages in his writings; and his cynical advice to his son about marriage was no doubt largely due to a fatherly solicitude that the young man should not wreck his chances in life by making an early and foolish choice. How Osborne managed to add to his small income we have no knowledge beyond the statement of Wood, who says that in 1641 "he ran with the time, having been puritanically educated, and had public employments then and under Oliver conferred upon him." But the only official employment which Judge Parry can find he obtained under the Commonwealth, was that he

became "one of the seven for the countie and city of Oxon., that was a Judge as to all prisons and persons committed to any prisons in comitatu vel civitate Oxon. 1653."

The last years of Osborne's life were spent partly in London, partly at Oxford, and partly at Kelvedon, Essex, where his wife died about 1657, an event to which her husband refers as a "sudden and to me, most unfortunate accident." He also speaks of the "dole-someness of living without her," who "prized my content equal if not above her own." Oxford had strong attractions for him. He liked to be there to supervise the education of his son John, who in 1648 was entered as demy at Magdalen College, and afterwards, through the influence of his uncle, Colonel William Draper, secured a Fellowship at All Souls. Osborne seems to have had many friends at Oxford, for in one of his letters he speaks of hoping to find there "some estimation if not content." That he was an excellent husband as well as father, we may conclude from the fact that his relations with his wife's brother and sisters were always of an affectionate nature, and that he died in Colonel Draper's house at Netherworton, near Oxford. He was buried in the Chapel of Netherworton, and Judge Parry states that the inscription upon his tombstone is as follows :

"Here lieth Francis Osborne, who, by his wife Anna, the daughter of William Draper, Gent., had issue : three daughters and one son, Katharine, Frances, Dorothy, and John. He was born the 26th of September 1593, and died the 4th of February 1658."

What became of the three daughters there is no record. Two of them appear to have died before their father, for in the "Advice to his Son" he charges him to "continue in love and amity with your *sister*, and in case of need help *her* what you are able." John Osborne was called to the Bar in 1657, and became an eminent lawyer. He was Prime Serjeant-at-Law in Ireland ; a King's Counsel ; a Bencher of the Inner Temple ; and in 1691 declined the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland.

In the Traditional Memoirs of the Reign of King James, there is among many passages of much interest a curious account of the use of Old St. Paul's Cathedral as a lounge and promenade by the fashionable world. Osborne writes : "It was the fashion of those times, and did so continue till these . . . for the principall gentry, lords, courtiers, and men of all professions, not merely mechanick, to meet in Paul's Church by eleven, and walk in the middle ile till twelve, and after dinner from three to six ; during which time some discoursed of businesse, others of newes. Now, in regard of the



universall commerce, there happened little that did not first or last arrive here ; and I being young, and wanting a more advantageous employment, did, during my aboad in London, which was three-fourth parts of the yeare, associate myselfe at those hours with the choycest company I could pick out, amongst such as I found most inquisitive after affaires of state ; who being then myselfe in a daily attendance upon a hope (though a rotten one) of a future preferment, I appeared the more considerable, being as ready to satisfy, according to my weak abilities, their curiosity, as they were mine."

Many of Osborne's aphorisms display a sound judgment and acute observation, and there is often something particularly quaint and pleasant in the turn of his phrases. A few examples may be quoted:

"Such as take Princes for other than men, show they never saw them in the true light." Princes are "so remote from owning any real divinity, that with the crown they put on greater frailties than they do divest."

"'Tis not dutiful nor safe to drive your Prince by a witty answer beyond all possibility of reply ; it being more excusable to appear rich than wise at the prejudice of one in superlative power."

"Launch not too suddenly upon a rough, deep censure of such authors as you find go contrary to the high tide of opinion for the present, lest compelled to a retractation you confess yourself apt to be misled by the common prejudice daily found in the way of desert."

"A few books well studied, and thoroughly digested, nourish the understanding more than hundreds but gargled in the mouth."

"Never buy but with ready money."

"Yet live so frugally, if possible, as to reserve something that may enable you to grapple with any future contingency. And provide in youth, since fortune hath this proper with other common mistresses, that she deserts age, especially in the company of want."

"Where you never mean to return, extend your liberality at the first coming . . . for what you give at parting is quite lost."

"He that seeks perfection on earth leaves nothing new for the saints to find in Heaven."

"Next to experience, languages are the richest lading of a traveller."

"A supercilious aspect might be more suitable to the Court of Spain, where men seem wiser than they are, than that of England, where they for the most part were wiser than at the first sight they appeared to be."



"Impudence is no virtue, yet able to beggar them all, being for the most part in good plight, when the rest starve, and capable of carrying her followers up to the highest preferments ; found as useful in a Court, as armour in a camp. Scotchmen have ever made good the truth of this."

If you find a good servant "look upon him under no severer aspect than that of an humble friend ; the difference between such a one and his master residing rather in fortune than nature. Therefore do not put the worst constructions upon anything he doth well, or mistakes."

The use of tobacco "I neither persuade nor prohibit, having taken it myself since sixteen, without any extraordinary marks of good or ill."

"He that always regulates his diet by the strict rules of physick, makes his life no less uncomfortable to himself than unsociable unto others."

"Grant, if ever, a courtésy at first asking, for as expedition doubles a benefit, so delay converts it into little less than an injury, and robs you of the thanks, the fate of churlish natures."

"If one in power ask your advice in a business of consequence, it may appear rashness, if not folly, to answer suddenly upon the place . . . so much time as may be borrowed with safety from the emergency of any occasion, is likelier to increase rather than abate the weight of a result ; and in this interim you may gain leisure to discover what resolution suits best the mind of the party, who is commonly gratified most by such as comply nearest with his own judgment, which 'tis ever wisdom to observe, where all the counsels given are indifferent."

"Be not solicitous after pomp at my burial, nor use any expensive funeral ceremony."

"That man were better forgotten, who had nothing of greater moment to register his name by than a grave."

"Neither can I apprehend a tombstone to add so great a weight of glory to the dead, as it doth of charge and trouble to the living."

"Unquietness importunes a living body more than a ceremony can advantage one that is dead."

"Death, if he may be guessed at by his elder brother Sleep, cannot be so terrible a messenger, being not without much ease if not some voluptuousness. Besides, nothing in this world is worth coming from the house-top to fetch it, much less from the deep grave, furnished with all things, because empty of desires."

CHARLES C. OSBORNE.

## SOME RECENT ADVANCES IN STELLAR ASTRONOMY.

**A**STRONOMICAL discoveries are now being rapidly made, partly due to the large telescopes which have been recently constructed, and partly to the increased interest now taken by amateurs in the "sublime science." Almost daily we hear of something new, and books on astronomy soon become out of date. In the following pages I propose to consider the most important and interesting advances which have been made in the department of stellar astronomy during the past seven years (1894-1900)<sup>1</sup>, the closing years of the nineteenth century.

Let us first consider the result of investigations made on the distance of the stars from the earth. For the five stars in the Plough,  $\beta$ ,  $\gamma$ ,  $\delta$ ,  $\epsilon$ , and  $\zeta$ , which have a common proper motion, Dr. Höffler finds a parallax of  $0''.0165$ . This makes their distance from the earth about 200 years' journey for light! Placed at this vast distance, the sun would, I find, be reduced in brightness to a star of about  $8\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude, and therefore quite invisible to the naked eye! According to the above parallax, the actual distance from  $\beta$  and  $\zeta$  would be at least four million times the sun's distance from the earth! Such is the scale on which the heavens are constructed! The spectra of all five stars are of the first or Sirian type, a fact which probably indicates an intrinsically brighter body than our sun. Dr. Höffler thinks that  $\epsilon$  is forty times brighter than Sirius.

From a series of measures made in different years, Dr. Gill finds that the parallax of Sirius is  $0''.370$ , and he thinks that the parallax of this brilliant star has now been satisfactorily determined. He finds that the parallax of  $\alpha$  Centauri certainly lies between  $0''.74$  and  $0''.75$ . This implies a distance of about 275,000 times the sun's mean distance from the earth, or about 25 billions of miles. Dr. Gill thinks that the parallax of the bright star Rigel is not greater than  $0''.01$ , which implies that the star's distance is certainly greater

<sup>1</sup> For advances prior to 1894, see my book *The Worlds of Space*.

than 20 million times the sun's distance, and a light journey of 325 years ! For some of the other bright southern stars Dr. Gill finds the following parallaxes :— $\beta$  Centauri,  $0''.046$  ; Antares,  $0''.021$  ; Fomalhurt,  $0''.130$  ; and  $\alpha$  Gruis,  $0''.015$ . For Canopus he finds no measurable parallax, a result which is very remarkable, as, next to Sirius, it is the brightest star in the heavens.

For the ten brightest stars in the Northern hemisphere, the following parallaxes have been found at the Yale University Observatory (U.S.A.) :—Arcturus,  $0''.024$  ; Capella,  $0''.081$  ; Vega,  $0''.082$  ; Procyon,  $0''.325$  ;  $\alpha$  Orionis,  $0''.023$  ; Altair,  $0''.231$  ; Aldebaran,  $0''.107$  ; Pollux,  $0''.056$  ; Regulus,  $0''.022$  ; and for  $\alpha$  Cygni, a negative parallax of  $0''.012$ . According to these measures, Procyon is the nearest to the earth, and Regulus and  $\alpha$  Cygni the farthest from us.

With reference to stellar motions, it had been for many years considered that the star Groombridge, 1830—the so-called “runaway star”—had the largest proper motion—about  $6''.7$  per annum ; but now Mr. Innes and Professor Kapteyn have discovered a star of the eighth magnitude in the southern constellation Pictor, which has a proper motion of  $8''.7$  seconds per annum. The faintness of this new “runaway star” is remarkable.

As is now well known, the *actual* velocity in the line of sight can be measured with the spectroscope. Some large velocities in the line of sight have recently been found by Professor Campbell, now Director of the Lick Observatory. For  $\eta$  Cephei he finds 74.1 kilometres (46 miles) a second ; for  $\zeta$  Hercules 53.9 kilometres ( $33\frac{1}{2}$  miles), and for the planetary nebula, G.C. 4,373, 50.9 kilometres ( $31\frac{1}{2}$  miles), all approaching the earth.

A *variable* velocity in the line of sight has been observed in a number of stars, suggesting that they are binary stars with the components so close together that no telescope could divide them. Among these may be mentioned Capella, Castor,  $\zeta$  Ursæ Majoris,  $\beta$  Aurigæ,  $\alpha$  Persei,  $\beta$  Herculis,  $\eta$  Pegasi,  $\sigma$  Leonis,  $\chi$  Draconis,  $\zeta$  Geminorum,  $\iota$  and  $\kappa$  Pegasi,  $\theta$  Draconis,  $\lambda$  Andromedæ,  $\epsilon$  Ursæ Minoris,  $\omega$  Draconis,  $\beta$  Capricorni,  $\zeta$  Centauri,  $\mu$  Scorpii, and the Pole Star. Of these Capella is a most interesting object. According to the spectroscopic observations, the relative velocity of the components is about 36 miles a second, and the period about 104 days. If we assume that the plane of the orbit passes through the earth, the mass of the system would be about equal to the sun's mass ; but this result seems improbable, as the star is so bright, and its distance so great, as indicated by its measured parallax of  $0''.08$ . If, however,

we suppose the orbit to lie at a considerable inclination to the line of sight, the mass of the system may be considerably greater. Attempts to see the star visually double with the great telescope of the Lick Observatory have failed, but several observers at Greenwich Observatory believe that they have seen the star "elongated" with the 28-inch refractor. The observed changes in the relative position of the components agree well with the period of 104 days found with the spectroscope. Professor Campbell finds that one component of Capella has a spectrum of the solar type, while the other seems to show the hydrogen line  $H\gamma$  and the principal lines of iron. The Pole Star is found to be a binary system, with a period of about four days. The orbit is nearly circular, and in dimensions about that of the moon's orbit round the earth. The presence of a third body is suspected.

The brighter component of the well-known double star Castor was found, by Dr. Belopolsky, to be a close spectroscopic binary. The period is about three days, and the relative orbital velocity about 20.7 English miles a second.

From spectroscopic measures of motion in the line of sight of the famous binary star  $\gamma$  Virginis, Belopolsky finds a parallax of  $0''.051$ , and a combined mass equal to fifteen times the mass of the sun. The system is receding from the earth at the rate of nearly 13 miles a second. He makes a similar calculation with reference to the binary star  $\gamma$  Leonis, finding a parallax of  $0''.0197$ , and a mass of  $6\frac{1}{2}$  times the sun's mass; but he seems to be unaware of the fact that the orbit of  $\gamma$  Leonis is very uncertain.

Belopolsky finds that the velocity of 61 Cygni—as derived from spectrum photographs—is about 26.8 miles a second towards the earth. Assuming a parallax of  $0''.5$ , and a proper motion of  $5''.2$ , the velocity across the line of sight would be 22.6 miles a second. Combining these velocities, he finds an *actual* velocity through space of 35 miles a second.

With reference to double and binary stars some interesting results have been found. Professor Barnard observing with the great 40-inch telescope of the Yerkes Observatory (U.S.A.) in 1897, found a faint star near Vega which was not seen with the Lick telescope. In 1864, Winnecke found a small star at the same distance ( $53''$ ) from Vega and not far from it, but Barnard's new companion is much fainter than Winnecke's, which is rated  $14\frac{1}{2}$  magnitude. Curious to say, Struve's well known companion (10th magnitude) is also at the same distance from Vega, but in a different quadrant. A faint and close companion to the bright star Procyon has been



discovered by Schaeberle. It is evidently revolving round the bright star, and Dr. See finds a period of forty years. He finds the masses of the two stars in the ratio of one to five. With Elkin's parallax of  $0''.266$ , the semi-axis major of the orbit is  $21.2$  times the earth's distance from the sun, or a little larger than the orbit of Uranus. The combined mass is about six times the mass of the sun, and hence—as in the case of Sirius—the faint companion has about the same mass as the sun.

Numerous and interesting additions have been made to the list of variable stars. A very interesting variable of the type of Algol was discovered at Potsdam by Messrs. Müller and Kempf. It varies from about  $6.89$  to  $8.05$  magnitude, and it has a secondary minimum of  $7.35$ . These magnitudes give the relative brightness of the component stars in the proportion of  $3$ ,  $2$ , and  $1$ , and, if the eclipses are central, it is easy to see that the phenomena may be satisfactorily explained by supposing two components of equal size of which one is twice as bright as the other. It has been computed that the two stars revolve in their orbit in a period of  $3$  days,  $23$  hours,  $49$  minutes, and  $32.7$  seconds. The Algol variable  $W$  Delphini has the largest variation of this class known, namely,  $2.71$  magnitudes. Next comes  $U$ . Cephei, which varies  $2.44$  magnitudes. The variation of Algol itself is only  $1.04$  magnitude, and  $U$  Ophiuchi only varies  $0.66$  magnitude. Several other variables of the Algol type have recently been detected. An interesting short period variable (*not* of the Algol type) was also discovered by Müller and Kempf in  $\delta$  Serpentis, a naked eye star (Fl. 59), which lies about three degrees north of  $\eta$  Serpentis. It varies from  $5.0$  to  $5.7$  magnitude in a period of  $8.72$  days. The form of the light curve appears to resemble that of  $\beta$  Lyrae. There are two maxima, one at  $2.2$  days and the other at  $6.2$  days from the principal minimum, while there is a secondary minimum of about  $5.5$  at  $4.3$  days from the principal minimum.

A variable remarkable for its large variation and comparatively short period was discovered in 1896 by Miss Louisa Wells, near Schmidt's *Nova Cygni*. It varies from  $7.2$  to  $11.2$  magnitude with a period of about 40 days. It lies about half a degree *north following* the star  $\gamma$  Cygni.

A number of variable stars have been discovered by Mrs. Fleming at the Harvard Observatory from an examination of photographs of stellar spectra. A number have also been found by Dr. Anderson, the discoverer of *Nova Aurigæ*.

Dr. W. J. S. Lockyer has undertaken a discussion of the variations of the well-known variable star  $\eta$  Aquilæ. He found about



12,000 observations available for this purpose. Of these over 7,000 were made by the late Dr. Julius Schmidt of the Athens Observatory, discoverer of the Nova Cygni of 1876. Dr. Lockyer finds that Argelander's mean value for the period cannot be much improved on at present. He finds, however, that there are oscillations of a few hours in the times of maxima and minima. These cause a variation in the period between 7 days, 4 hours, 14 minutes, 40 seconds, and 7 days, 4 hours, 13 minutes, 28 seconds. Dr. Lockyer finds that one secondary maxima (among others) occurs 15 hours after the principal minimum. From spectroscopic observations of the star for motion in the line of sight, Belopolsky finds evidence of orbital velocity in a period of 7 days, 4 hours, but he thinks that the variation of light cannot be produced by an eclipse (as in the case of Algol), as the time of observed minima does not agree with the time of an eclipse in the computed orbit. He finds a somewhat similar result in the case of the variable star  $\delta$  Cephei. A small variable star, with a remarkably short period—now known as U. Pegasi—was discovered by Dr. Chandler in 1894. According to Chandler the period is about  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours, but from photometric measures made by Wendell, Professor Pickering makes it about nine hours, or double the period found by Chandler. Another variable star of very short period was found by Professor Bailey in the globular cluster  $\omega$  Centauri. The period is about 7 hours 11 minutes, so that this curious star goes through all its changes three times in 24 hours!

A large number of variable stars have been discovered in globular clusters. Prof. Bailey has found at least eighty-seven in the cluster Messier 3 in Canes Venatici. In some cases the variation of light is two magnitudes or more, and some have very short periods, only a few hours. In the cluster No. 5,272 of the New General Catalogue, Bailey found 113 variable stars! In Messier 5, eighty-five have been found out of 750 stars, and in  $\omega$  Centauri 122. Variables are also found in some other clusters, but in the well-known cluster in Hercules, Messier 13, there are very few, if any.

From an inquiry into the structure of nebulae, the late Prof. Keeler found that spiral nebulae are much more numerous than were formerly supposed; and that "any small, compact nebulae not showing evidence of spiral structure appears exceptional." Even Herschel's spindle-shaped nebulae probably belong to the spiral class.

With reference to the probable temperature of stars of the "Orion type," it has been found by Kayser and Runge that in the spectrum of magnesium the triplet of lines known as  $\delta$  cannot exist

at a very high temperature, and as they are absent in the spectra of Rigel and other stars of the Orion type, it has been inferred that the temperature of these stars must be higher than that of the electric spark.

The presence of oxygen has been determined in the spectra of  $\beta$  Crucis and  $\beta$  and  $\epsilon$  Canis Majoris, also hydrogen, helium, and probably carbon, and magnesium. Dr. Huggins finds that in stars whose spectra show strong lines of helium, such as Bellatrix and Rigel, there are dark lines which probably coincide with the lines of nitrogen.

As is well known, the nature of the substance giving the two well-known lines in the nebular spectrum has not yet been determined. For this unknown substance the name "nebulum" has been suggested by Sir William Huggins, and the term has been adopted by Sir William Crookes.

Prof. Barnard finds that there is no trace of any real nebulosity in any of the great globular star clusters, as seen in the great Yerkes telescope.

The 3-foot reflector presented by Mr. Crossley, of Halifax, to the Lick Observatory, has been used for photographing stars and nebulae, and with considerable success. The photographs show stars and nebulae "far beyond the range of any visual telescope," and it is said that the total number of nebulae shown in the whole sky would much exceed 120,000; and it is remarkable that most of these nebulae seem to be spiral.

It has been found by Schaeberle that photographs taken by Dr. Max Wolf with a Voigtlander lens of 6 inches aperture show as many stars as the 36-inch telescope of the Lick Observatory! Dr. Max Wolf's station is near the level of the sea, whereas the Lick telescope is placed at a height of about 4,000 feet above sea level.

Several of those interesting and mysterious objects known as "new" or temporary stars have been discovered during the last few years by Mrs. Fleming, from an examination of photographs of stellar spectra taken at the Harvard Observatory (U.S.A.). One of about the ninth magnitude seems to have appeared in the constellation Perseus in 1887, but it could not be found with the telescope in after years. One in the Southern Constellation Norma appears to have reached the seventh magnitude. Its spectrum was similar to that of Anderson's star in Aurigæ, and, like that star, it seems to have faded into a planetary nebula. Another, of about the eighth magnitude, was found by Mrs. Fleming in the southern constellation Argo.

It seems to have appeared between March 5 and April 8, 1895. The spectrum seems to have been the same as that of the new stars in Auriga and Norma. Another star of the same kind was also found by Mrs. Fleming on photographs of the constellation Centaurus. It was about the seventh magnitude, and appeared some time between June 14 and July 8, 1895. It was observed visually on December 16, 1895, by Professor O. C. Wendell with a 15-inch telescope, and had then faded to the eleventh magnitude. The spectrum was *not* similar to those of the temporary stars in Auriga, Norma, and Argo; but, like those stars, "it appears to have changed into a gaseous nebula." Early in the year 1898, or possibly towards the end of 1897, a new star appeared in the constellation Sagittarius. It was detected by Mrs. Fleming on photographic plates taken in March and April 1898. These photographs show that on March 8 it was about 4.7 magnitude; March 13, 5.0; April 3, 8.2; April 19, 8.2; April 21, 8.6; April 26, 8.2; and April 29, 8.4. It was observed visually on March 13, 1899, by Wendell, and he estimated it 11.37 magnitude on the photometric scale. A photograph of the spectrum taken on April 19, 1898, shows the hydrogen lines bright, and some other narrow bright lines, which appear to be identical with lines in the spectrum of Anderson's new star in Auriga. When observed by Wendell on March 13, 1899, its light was found to be nearly monochromatic (that is, of nearly one colour), showing "the chief nebular line" and a faint continuous spectrum. It would seem, therefore, that this star—like other "new" stars—has "changed into a gaseous nebula."

Another small "Nova," also discovered by Mrs. Fleming, appeared in April 1899, in the constellation Aquilæ, a little south of  $\delta$ . It was of the eighth magnitude in April 1899, and in July 1900 it was found to be "a nebula of the twelfth magnitude."

The discovery of so many of these temporary stars in the last few years suggests that the phenomenon may not be so rare as is generally supposed. But unless a star becomes clearly visible to the naked eye it might very easily escape detection.

It is an interesting fact that most of these "new" stars have blazed out in or near the Milky Way. The principal exceptions to this rule are: the star of 76 B.C. in the Plough, the star recorded by Hepidamus in A.D. 1012, and the "Blaze Star" in Corona Borealis in 1866.

To explain the phenomena of "temporary" stars, several hypotheses have been advanced. Tycho Brahé thought they might be formed from the cosmical vapour of which the Milky Way was

composed, an hypothesis which was supported by Kepler. Sir Isaac Newton seems to have thought that they were in some way related to comets. In 1865 Zöllner advanced the hypothesis that the phenomenon of a new star might be due to the sudden rupture of a crust beginning to form on the surface of a cooling-down star. This hypothesis was supported by Vogel in 1877. Huggins and Miller suggested that the outburst of light in the "Blaze Star" in Corona Borealis may have been due to a convulsion taking place in the body of the star, causing the evolution and combustion of hydrogen and other gases. Lohse, in 1877, suggested chemical combinations of gases cooling down as a probable cause. In the same year Lockyer advanced the theory of a collision between two meteoric swarms. In 1885 Mr. Monck suggested—with reference to the new star in the Andromeda nebula—that "as shooting stars are known to be dark bodies rendered luminous for a short time by rushing through an atmosphere, new stars are dark (or faintly luminous) bodies which acquire a short-lived brilliancy by rushing through some of the gaseous nebulæ which exist in space." Mr. Monck's hypothesis seems as probable as any other, and were our sun, in its journey through space, to pass through a mass of nebulous matter, its heat and light would be vastly increased by the friction produced; and "the heavens being on fire," the earth would be "burned up," and St. Peter's prediction of a general conflagration would at once be fulfilled.

J. ELLARD GORE.



## *THE PORTUGUESE CLAIMANT AT THE COURT OF ELIZABETH.*

A Portogall being Treasurror to ye Kinge of Portuigall died in ye house of Robart Ridsdaile, Inhoulder, att ye Peter and Paule, when the said Kyng laied in this parish, and was burried the first day of Aprill.

THE foregoing entry, written in the year 1591, may be seen in the registers of a venerable little church in the East End of London, which for some four or five centuries has formed a picturesque object in the middle of the main road leading from the City of London to Romford, Colchester, and Harwich. The building was formerly known as the Chapel of St. Mary, Stratford Bow, but now constitutes the parish church of Bow.

At the time of the entry the country lying immediately beyond the Aldgate of the City was a pastoral district, studded with villages and market gardens, and with the suburban residences of many of the nobility, including such men as Sir Francis Walsingham, Edmund Lord Sheffield, Lord Howard, the Earl of Cleveland, Sir Arthur Ingram, and Sir William Dethick. And of the several villages Bow was one of the most important, for at this date it formed a station for the mobilisation of troops and for the storage of ammunition; it was, moreover, a connecting link between the Essex farmers and the consumers of food in London. The fact, therefore, that a gentleman recognised by Elizabeth as the King of Portugal should be lodged in what is now termed the East End of London need cause no surprise.

The King of Portugal, to whom reference is here made, was Don Antonio, Prior of Crato, a nephew of doubtful legitimacy of Henry, King of Portugal, who perished in the battle of Alcazar in the year 1580. Don Antonio claimed the crown in opposition to Philip, King of Spain. He was supported by a section of the Portuguese, who regarded the transference of the crown to a Spaniard with great disapprobation. Don Antonio appears to have been duly crowned as King of Portugal, but he was speedily driven from his throne and country by the forces of Philip.



With the object of obtaining the aid of Queen Elizabeth in his attempt to recover the crown, he landed secretly at Dover towards the end of June 1581. He is described as a man somewhat below the average height, with a thin face and very dark hair, "the hair and beard being somewhat grey, and the eyes green."

Although an attempt was made to keep the fact of his arrival secret, the Spanish Ambassador almost immediately heard of it, and complained to Elizabeth that she was harbouring an enemy of the King of Spain.

Don Antonio was evidently sent on to London almost immediately, for Walsingham, writing on June 29 to Lord Burleigh, states that "the new guest, Don Antonio, arrived last night at Stepney, and for lack of apparel he will not demand audience these two days." And writing again two days later Walsingham informs Burleigh that the strange guest had audience on the previous evening, and desired leave to provide himself with ten ships to conduct him to the Isle of Terceira.

Ambassador Mendoza, writing to Philip on July 4, says that he should be quite certain about the arrival of Don Antonio even if the Queen had not confessed it. He continues: "The Queen has had him lodged two miles from Greenwich, at a place called Stepney, in the house of an alderman who was Lord Mayor last year. I understand that Leicester and Hatton went there to see him at night, when the Queen was at Eltham at the end of last month, and he went secretly to see her the next day. In the afternoon he was with Leicester and Walsingham; and Captains Drake, Winter, and Hawkins, *who are pirates and seamen*, were present, and a conversation took place about their going to the island (Terceira), encouraged by the hopes which Don Antonio held out to them."

Elizabeth did not at first make up her mind to aid Antonio, and occasionally treated him with marked coldness; but she refused to hand him over to the Spaniards. He had brought the crown jewels of Portugal with him, which he confided, upon arrival, to the care of Walsingham. These jewels he found some difficulty in regaining, and when, in September of the same year (1581), he at last set sail he had to leave the greater portion of them with Elizabeth as payment for his ships and stores. Upon leaving England he went to France to try to obtain more substantial aid from the French Queen mother. In her name two expeditions were fitted out to assist him at Terceira and elsewhere, but after a series of misfortunes and defeats he returned to England impoverished but still sanguine.

The Spanish Ambassador was dismissed by Elizabeth in January

1584, the Queen allowing him fourteen days in which to leave the country. He then went to Paris, but continued to have vigilant watch kept upon the movements of Antonio in England, and various plots to capture or murder the unfortunate Portuguese were devised. For example, in September 1586 the Spanish secretary Idiaquez writes to Mendoza : " As an attempt to capture him by horsemen in the way suggested might fail, it will be in all respects safer to reject the instrumentality offered, and serve him like the rest." However, all attempts against the life of Antonio seem to have completely failed, and from a letter of Mendoza's, dated March 1586, Antonio appears to have been kindly treated by Elizabeth after the departure of that Ambassador. He writes that " Leiton reports that Don Antonio and his people have been very comfortable hitherto, as the Queen caresses and makes much of him, giving him 1,000 or 2,000 crowns at a time. At Christmastide she presented his sons with a great quantity of silk and cloth of gold."

Don Antonio was apparently blessed with a numerous family, for in addition to the two sons, Don Emanuel and Don Christoforo, to whom reference is here made, we read that seven daughters of Don Antonio were taken by the Spaniards from Portugal to Castile and were kept imprisoned in a nunnery, in which they were treated with much harshness.

In September 1585 Drake left England with a large force for Portugal, and Don Antonio fully intended to accompany him, but just as the expedition was upon the point of sailing Don Antonio was recalled by Elizabeth. In 1586 we find him residing at Eton, and the Queen, by providing him with money to pay his debts, is steadily strengthening her power over him. When at last, in the year following that in which the Armada was destroyed, she permitted him to go in person with Drake's great expedition to Lisbon, she induced him to sign agreements under which, if successful, he would have occupied the Portuguese throne practically as her vassal. The story of that unfortunate and terribly mismanaged expedition, in which it is said that over 700 gentlemen of England perished from various causes, has already been well narrated by Martin Hume in his " Year after the Armada."

The failure of Drake and Don Antonio to accomplish the object of the expedition must have had a most depressing effect upon the unhappy claimant. However, he returned to England, and was soon busy with fresh schemes. The following extract from a letter from the Grand Signor at Constantinople to Elizabeth shows that he endeavoured unsuccessfully to obtain the support of the Prince of

Fez. The letter is also interesting as an illustration of the delightfully hypocritical intercourse carried on between the European rulers at that period. The letter, dated from Constantinople January 30, 1592, proceeds thus :<sup>1</sup>

"Queen Elizabeth, thrice glorious and thrice resplendent, first among the first followers of Jesus, and reconciler of the differences between the Nazarenes ; heir of everlasting blessedness and glory of the kingdom of England.

"After wishing all success to your operations by these presents, we inform you that your letters have been handed to the happy and blessed Porte, the home of Princes, the seat of Justice. They tell us that for the affection and loyalty which you bear to our happy and blessed person, you have continued the war against the King of Spain ; and that, with the consent of Don Antonio, King of Portugal, you have subdued many of the Spanish possessions after various feats of arms, and the spilling of your subjects' blood, and your own treasure, for the benefit of this our happy Porte.

"And further, you inform us that the said Don Antonio asked assistance from the Prince of Fez, and, as a hostage, left his son in the hands of that Sovereign. To please the King of Spain the Prince of Fez has not only refused to help Don Antonio, but has actually kept his son, and refuses to give him up. Don Antonio applied for assistance to us, and the Prince of Fez, to gratify the King of Spain, has arrested all your subjects who were trading in his country. All this our profound and prudent intelligence has grasped, and to meet your wishes we have sent express orders to the Prince of Fez that he is to consign Don Antonio's son to our sublime Porte, and to set your subjects at liberty, giving them freedom of trade. You may rest assured that the Prince of Fez, on receipt of those orders, will obey. As soon as Don Antonio's son reaches the Porte, we will, with your knowledge, come to a fitting resolution about him."

Notwithstanding his repeated failures, Don Antonio persevered in his efforts until August 1595, when death suddenly seized him and ended all his troubles. Whether his death was from natural causes or was caused by poisoning we do not know, but the following brief extracts from letters of the same date (August 31, 1595) show that to the day of his death he was actively engaged in furthering fresh schemes to obtain possession of the Portuguese throne. The first is from a letter of the Venetian Ambassador in Spain, and states that "the (English) fleet is to be employed this year against the King of Spain, and Don Antonio of Portugal and Antonio Perez are

<sup>1</sup> *Calendar of State Papers* (Venetian).

opposed to Drake as to the nature of the operations to be effected." The second is from the Venetian Ambassador in France, and says, "This morning news arrived that Don Antonio of Portugal is dead. I saw him the day before I left, quite well, in a carriage in Paris. The poor gentleman died in great poverty, and frequently collections have been made on his behalf at Court."

Supported alternately by the Courts of England and France, the tool and plaything of the rulers of both countries, he held to his purpose with a tenacity which one cannot but admire, whatever one may think of the legality of his claim. Truly ambition is often a hard taskmaster.

HAROLD F. HILLS.

## WAS VICTOR HUGO COLOUR- BLIND?

THE literature of the 19th century is eminently personal; its aim and object is to inquire, to search, to analyse. But although, according to Carlyle, biography is the only true history and the most universally pleasant, the most universally profitable of all reading, it is evident that it hides many pitfalls into which it is only too easy to slip.

Unable to avoid one of the most obvious of these, M. Mabillean in his life of Victor Hugo asserts, after pages of eulogium, that the poet of "*Les Orientales*" was *no colourist*, that he was even deficient in what is called the colour sense.

So astounding a proposition cannot but recall La Bruyère's cynical saying that criticism is often as much a trade as a science, since so able a commentator does not hesitate to offer something new and unexpected to a public already sated with panegyric; but, desirous of avoiding one-sided or dogmatic opinion, he primarily observes that Hugo's eyesight was "*excellente—d'une netteté et d'une portée exceptionnelles*," thereby ignoring the fact laid down by experts that in a vision organically sound the presence of so great a defect as colour-blindness would be unusual and in a high degree improbable. He maintains that the poet could only distinguish objects as being light or dark, and that forms were reflected on the retina in relief, as on a photographic plate, and recognised because he saw them as unequally illuminated, not as differentially coloured.

With a rare disregard of common logic he proceeds to say that "a prevailing literary tradition has made le Maître the most marvellous of colourists, that artists by profession attested it, that public opinion followed suit, and that he himself acknowledged it needed some courage to call in question such well-grounded authorities."

Extreme candour, if heroic, may be damaging, and when *Hugo lui-même* is cited *pour arbitre* the argument is shaken to its foundation, being simply based on his well known habit of sketching on the



margin of books and papers whilst in conversation with those around him. "Of these designs," says M. Mabillean, "not one offers the least trace of colour," inferring that the absence of one of the principal modes of expressing physical life is not without its significance, although in another burst of magnanimity he refrains from pressing the point, "since it would also apply to those artists who, using pen and pencil *par préférence*, voluntarily deprive themselves of the "resources proper to painting." It may probably suggest itself to the reader that "the resources proper to painting" are not always ready to illustrate a passing fancy, or that being at hand they should be employed: the critic, however, comes to the conclusion that Victor Hugo does not render colour it is because he does not see it."

We are also warned not to take into account the poet's early works—recollections of his childhood or the luminous impressions of his travels—as possessing merely a verbal and rhetorical value, being all merged in a universally dazzling radiance; but it is added, without any apparent sense of contradiction, that in his description of a journey during the year 1825 his terms *as to colour were numerous and very precise*. Taken by themselves it is not easy to see which side of the question such arguments are meant to support; and here something extraordinary seems to have taken place, for we are told that "during the period extending between 1828 and 1840 Hugo's sense of sight completed its actual evolution under the effort of constant æsthetic observation. When all the pictures, all the images forming *tableaux*, at this epoch reproduce one sole identical object, *the sky*: earth and sea are but the surfaces on which the sky is reflected, and although pure colours appear in these poems—blue, yellow, red, such impressions—wheresoever they are noted, are all issues of a study of the sky: the blue is always azure—that is to say, a softened and transparent colour, purified from its warmth or more violent rays, a profound and uniform brilliance which is only light seized in its essence, at its source. Yellow takes the name of gold in poetry, but this familiar figure of speech should not mislead us as to the shades of difference it implies, and which possess neither the precision nor the stability of metallic appearance. The word gold expresses a certain effect of light seen through a mist: it is thus that Hugo compares his clouds to *marble blocks veined with gold steeds caparisoned with gold, waves fringed with gold*, all mere reflections: the same rays become red through morning and evening vapours, and the purple hues of dawn, the roseate tints of twilight are only the diluted rays of thickened air: thus the three celestial colours disappear before analysis."

This treatise on waves of light will be taken for what it is worth ; but practically it will be remembered that colour blindness is not altogether inability to recognise one particular colour, but a confusion between shades possessing the same amount of light ; that there is what is called a red blindness and a green blindness, meaning a visual incapacity for these two colours and their compounds, the sight which is impervious to one being generally so to the other ; and when M. Mabillean further informs us that a journey undertaken by Hugo in 1825 "allows us to penetrate more deeply into the secret of his sensibility"—the lake, the glaciers, the forests being all noticed as *green*—"comme vert simplement, uniment vert"—he does not know, or he forgets, that green is one of the tests by which experts detect the colour-blind ; and further on, "One only colour," he continues, "directly felt and expressed by Hugo, is that which goes from yellow to red, and renders all the constituents of flame." Yet not to distinguish red is another infallible test !

So much for the indictment. The defence must rest primarily on the poet's own work, since not the most daring and inventive genius could describe minutely, practically, without mistake or failure, every sort and variety of colour under the sun.

Hugo's landscape painting alone must absolve him once for all from the suspicion that the ever-varying hues of the outer world were not presented in their full perfection before his eyes, clearly, faithfully, unmistakably.

In exile and solitude every change in Nature's splendid panorama became his study and consolation ; accustomed scenes revealed new beauty ; the varied aspects of clouds and winds, and trees, and all the hosts of heaven, grew more and more familiar, and all were rendered with a command of words to which even Swinburne, in a rhapsody, could hardly give sufficient acknowledgment.

Hugo's pictorial faculty was doubtless best observed in the immense, the sublime—"la force, toujours la force," as it has been said—but he is also a lover of detail where the slightest misuse of colour would be directly apparent. Rocks, plains, innumerable tints of flowers are all at his command ; he even finds material in the indefinite shadows of the sea, on which he lavishes a richness, an abundance, a variety of incomparable images. In the midst of "l'orage, l'horreur, la pluie," he points to the red light of the Beacon and the tranquil radiance of stars. The storm in "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" must have been drawn by an eye-witness, by one who had seen "the phosphoric red—red as the northern lights—floating like a flame behind the blackness of clouds." This vivid contrast would

not have been apparent to the colour-blind, since a sombre sort of grey is all that would be perceived.

There is still greater fineness of observation in the "sourire immédiat de la mer," the sudden gleam which has been noticed passing over the angry waves, like a smile.

The splendid pageants of his plays, leaving the spectator dazzled, could not have been gleaned from history alone: sufficient complexity of detail would have been impossible to find, and that such gorgeous imagery should have had no better foundation than pure inventiveness is unimaginable.

To quote examples of correct, appropriate word-painting from the "Légende des Siècles," which Hugo himself describes in the preface "as a mosaic, where every stone has its own proper form and colour," would fill a volume; it is well described by Gautier as "a vast fresco, the coloured design of centuries."

Sainte-Beuve, De Musset, all the romantic band speak of his poetry as pictorial, and of himself as a "virtuose de la couleur." Brunetière, the most conscientious of critics, proclaims him "a master in the art of expressing 'la couleur des temps évanouis.'"

The verdict of his contemporaries should almost settle the question, but there are still better authorities.

The vignettes for the first edition of "Odes et Ballades" were designed by Achille Deveria, and it was in the studio of the brothers that Hugo was generally to be found: the worship of their poets by the painters of the day was far more real than any they gave to Michael Angelo or Raphael: the study of colour was one of their chief characteristics, and Delacroix was heard to declare that certain Persian carpets were the best pictures he had ever beheld, maintaining that coloration should be the first thing to be considered. He was often found at a table covered with skeins of wool, grouping, massing, contrasting every possible shade till he had produced something marvellous in the way of combination. *Colour for colour's sake* was his motto.

Is it to be conceived that these masters in the art should have remained in ignorance of a defect so important in the eyesight of their constant associate, often their most competent critic?

Finally, the poet himself seems to decide the matter, saying in the earliest days of Romanticism—

"Mon rôle à moi dans cette révolution littéraire était tout tracé : j'étais le Peintre."

C. E. MEETKERKE.

## *MEDIÆVAL WEST-PYRENEAN PENOLOGY: AN APPRECIATION.*

Regula peccatis quæ pœnas irroget æquas  
Ne scutica dignum horribili sectere flagello.

### I.

MODERN penal science holds that the main objects of punishment, whatever view be taken of its foundation,<sup>1</sup> are prevention, retribution, and reformation. Where the schools of Bentham, Sir E. Fry, and Elmira chiefly come into collision, is with reference to the proportionate value they would respectively assign to each one of these vastly different elements. In the Middle Ages, legislators were for the most part unduly motivated by prevention, which not infrequently took a rudimentary form too like the *lex talionis* (*talis*, similar), forgetful of Aristides' apposite comment, "Ought we to imitate what we admit to be evil and condemn in the case of others?" And yet in the Western Pyrenees, particularly in Bigorre, Béarn, and Navarre,<sup>2</sup> the grade of severity was lower before than after the Renaissance. There even heresy and treason, or rebellion against Church and State, were less harshly dealt with (especially in Bigorre) before the day of Henri II., than, for example, round about that of Louis XIV., although elsewhere universally punished as infamous at both epochs alike. In this we find a somewhat striking exception to the rule that, as civilisation makes progress *à travers les siècles*, the tribal conscience becomes more merciful in its activities. Since the existence of this exception proves the existence of the aforesaid rule and tests its true worth, we have here a paradox that may perhaps be developed with advantage, so far, that is, as can be effected within the narrow limits of the following few pages.

<sup>1</sup> As to which see A. Franck, *Philosophie du droit Pénal*, ed. iv., p. 84.

<sup>2</sup> "In Navarre the people more often complained of the excess of clemency than of the severity of their kings." Lagrèze, *Navarre Française*, ii. p. 328. On the other hand, in an independent little State like San Marino the criminal law was very cruel.—*Law Magazine*, Nov. 1890, p. 37.



## CONCERNING HERESY AND TREASON.

Although Justinian<sup>1</sup> as well as the Capitularies decreed death, and both St. Louis and Louis XIV. (Edict, January 20, 1681) awarded savage punishments, in the case of blasphemers, on August 17, 1443, in Catholic Béarn, Gaston XI., husband of Eleanore of Aragon, in his *Rubrique de Blasphémateurs*, prescribed but 20 sols Morlaas,<sup>2</sup> or a day in the pillory, as an adequate punishment for him who should deny or blaspheme in a public place, God or the Blessed Virgin, or commit perjury; and merely 6 sols to be paid by each of those who heard such blasphemy, without denouncing it forthwith. To give this enactment greater force, it was wont to be published with the sound of trumpets each year, on Midsummer Day and at All Saints, in every village throughout Béarn. Its preamble is as follows: "Whereas complaints have lately been made to the Prince and his High Court concerning wicked blasphemers and deniers of God, of the glorious Virgin Mary His mother, and of the Saints of Paradise, as well as touching the vain oaths and perjuries made in His name, by reason of which said blasphemies we must presume, according to Holy Scripture, that persecutions and tribulations partly come for the affliction of human nature in this world: Now the Prince and Court, being of opinion that, in accordance with the disposition of divine and human law, Almighty God ought to be praised and honoured by His reasonable creatures and not blasphemed; and inasmuch as our laws have imposed punishments upon such blasphemers: Now" &c. In and after 1552, whether owing to the *Odium Theologicum* then beginning to run its course in Béarn, or by reason of some other contemporary social agency, blasphemers who offended twice had their tongues pierced, were flogged the third time, and on the fourth occasion punished with death. As an example of the growing severity, in December 1546 a heretic named Charretier<sup>3</sup> was whipped round Bayonne and had his tongue pierced with a hot iron, after being compelled to listen to a sermon in the Cathedral in his shirt, bare-headed, with a rope round his neck, a faggot on his shoulders, and a lighted torch in his hand. On the other hand, in the statutes of Juncalas (Bigorre) there is to be found a provision

<sup>1</sup> Novel 77.

<sup>2</sup> The sol Morlaas was worth about 3 sols Tournais. Du Cange puts it at 3 sols 6 deniers. The Ripuarian law says that an ox was worth half a sol, and valued the life of a slave at 36 sols, while in the middle of the thirteenth century a pig and a very good pair of shoes, like Petronille's present to the Queen of England, alike cost 18 sols.

<sup>3</sup> Archives, Basses-Pyrénées, 1, fol. 398.



that the blasphemer shall pray for pardon on his knees in the presence of the whole assembled parish, shall kiss the earth, and pay 2 sols Tournois for the benefit of the poor.

No ground can be found for conjecture that in Bigorre or Béarn, at the period to which reference is here made, there was any other cause for the exceptional mildness that undoubtedly existed in the punishment of blasphemy, than the merciful character of the entire penal law. In these devout districts no question could have been entertained, like that seriously disputed in 1825, as to whether or not the law of the land should deal with sacrilege and outrages of the Deity, a question which gave rise to De Bonald's phrase, *C'est Dieu qui est l'offensé. Renvoyons le coupable devant son juge naturel*. But it is by no means free from doubt, that some such analogous idea was present in the minds of the compilers of the Fuero General of Navarre (A.D. 1300), which, though it recites the *Gloria Patri* and Ten Commandments, nevertheless contains no reference to the class of offence now under consideration. Probably it was then thought that the Church and not the State ought properly to have seisin thereof.<sup>1</sup> Any way, in the subsequent Observances even a child, in whose case *malitia supplet ætatem*, went to prison for thirty days for his first act of blasphemy, and for the second was besides punished with banishment for a year, and in the third, in addition to these punishments, was further fined 12 florins and likewise banished if a noble, while if of lower estate he was pierced in the tongue as well as fined 6 florins. On every subsequent occasion the penalty was doubled, while all judges neglecting to inflict the same incurred a like punishment. And something similar was provided, too, by the For of French Navarre.<sup>2</sup>

To show the exceptional lenity of these particular mediæval codes, we have only to compare with their provisions the practice at Albi (near Toulouse) in 1346, when Bruelb, *alias* Triolo, was put in the pillory for blasphemy, and afterwards had his tongue pierced with a hot iron. He was further marched round the town in a state of nudity, and then tied to a pillar and deprived of one ear. It is true that the said Bruelb had not only spoken evil of God, but also of the King.<sup>3</sup> Before 1393, sorcery was not made a distinct crime. Although ever treated less cruelly in Béarn than elsewhere, no subsequent mitigation in its mode of punishment took place till the Revolution, just before which a sorcerer was sent to the galleys for three years,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Roman idea that it was the business of the gods and not that of men to punish perjury.—Justinian, *Cod. Lib. iv. tit. 1, sect. 2*.

<sup>2</sup> Rub. 28, Art. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Doct MSS., t. ix. p. 309.

after having been previously branded with a hot iron.<sup>1</sup> In Navarre, sorcery was held to the *l'èze majesté divine*, and in Bigorre it had to be repressed (and was so, but with moderation) because of the cruelty practised by the people upon its supposed devotees, which often culminated, as at Luz in 1667, in a regular riot. Indeed, as late as the year 1850, a husband and wife named Superbie were convicted by the Assize Court of the Hautes-Pyrénées of having burnt a woman to death, because they considered her to be a sorceress. So that the progress of toleration, during the past five centuries in Bigorre in this regard, has until recently been rather retrograde than otherwise, unless this last case was one of reversion or typical atavism.

In treason, or what was then so called,<sup>2</sup> the Pyrenean judges seem to have thought as did our own Hale, who often observed: "Let me remember, when I find myself inclined to pity a criminal, that there is also a pity due to the country." Yet even in this class of crime, and notwithstanding the personal bias of the judge in favour of upholding king and country at the small cost of the life of a criminal, whom he too often delighted to dishonour, the following account still further illustrates the unusual mildness of the earlier Western Pyrenean penal codes. In 1359, Garchot accused Ibanez and certain friends of killing his father, who was at peace with Ibanez, with freshly sharpened arms when going to the town of Ariscun. Garchot alleged that they were liable therefor to the penalty of treason, that "corporal justice" should be done to their bodies, and their goods placed in the hands of the King. The Governor heard the advocates of the parties, and bade them appear themselves before him in twenty days' time. Though thrice summoned on the appointed day, none of the accused answered to their names, whereupon, at Garchot's demand that they should be convicted for contumacy, the following judgment was rendered: "Inasmuch as judgment cannot be refused to the prosecutor who appears before us, now we, the Lieutenant-Governor, after having taken the advice of the other members of the Court, pronounce the simple judgment that the prosecutor's claim has been established by the non-appearance of the accused. We therefore condemn Ibanez and his accomplices as traitors, and order the confiscation of their goods wherever found. Further, that, wherever they may be throughout the kingdom of Navarre, the guilty parties may be taken quick or dead, and no fine paid for killing them. They are to undergo the punishment of traitors, and anyone harbouring them will be guilty of treason

<sup>1</sup> Delmas, *Parlement de Navarre*, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> Like our felony, a very elastic and arbitrary classification.

and punished as a traitor. Such is the order of the Lieutenant-Governor. Present : The Councillors, &c. ; The Witnesses, &c. ; Notary, &c. A.D. 1359." There is here nothing more or less than a recognition of the right of the valley where the guilty person might be to free itself from the liability for Wehrgeld, incurred by having him in it.<sup>1</sup> A responsibility, from which communes often petitioned as a special privilege to be relieved, lay also upon the village where such person dwelt, in the case of his insolvency and consequent inability to pay himself the fine imposed for any offence he might have committed, an example of collectivism general in states of Germanic origin. Comparative severity relatively to their punishments for other offences was meted out in Béarn, Bigorre, and Navarre alike for coining, forgery, false witness, and such-like offences. The first was especially odious, as involving constructive treason by impliedly denying what Selden called the *jure divinoship* of the sovereign, and thus rebelling against the teaching of the Church. In Béarn, Bentham's idea of the appropriateness of punishment was well illustrated under the Old For in the case of forgery. The forged instrument was affixed with tin-tacks to the offender's head, and he was marched round the town and then banished for a year and a day, the crier proclaiming, "Who acts thus will suffer thus." After 1552, the New For prescribed the cutting off the thumb for a forger's first, and hanging and strangling for his second, offence. Even here there is no aggravation of the punishment of death, while earlier still the practice was mild indeed compared with every other part of contemporary Europe. The Old For of Béarn prescribes the fine that is to be paid to the Prince for outrage to a church, bishop or other ordained clerk or abbess, as 66 sols. From the fact that it also fixes a like penalty for seizing any man and detaining him a night and a day,<sup>1</sup> as well as 150 sols by way of compensation to the party injured, it follows that the person of the cleric was not especially favoured, and, moreover, that in all probability he too, like the layman, got 150 sols Morlaas by way of reparation. Under the New For of 1552,<sup>2</sup> breaking into a church or hospital was punished by strangling. The death penalty was also ordered in similar cases by the Basque Custom of Soule, then part of Béarn, at the same epoch. From this group of facts, if we recognise their relationship to each other, their sequence may fairly be expressed by the paradox with which this paper opens, and which they so well support, namely, that in the Pyrenees in the Middle Ages the tribal conscience, though

<sup>1</sup> Fuero Gen. (Nav.), Lib. 5, tit. 3, cap. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Old For, Rubs. 26, 27, and 28.      <sup>3</sup> Rub. de Penas et Emendas, Art. 3.

unusually gentle for the period, became more rather than less severe at a later than at the earlier date.

#### PROCEDURE IN TREASON AND HERESY CASES.

Having, then, shown that mediæval heresy and treason were not only in fact more leniently dealt with in the Western Pyrenees, than in countries where the stability of the State and the integrity of the Church were capable of being more readily imperilled, but also more leniently treated there earlier rather than later on, contrary to what would have been expected, it now remains to inquire most briefly, whether the criminal procedure which applied to this class of offence at the earlier period was likewise exceptionally benign. Certainly this was so in Spanish Navarre in the matter of public and open trial which was instituted by Charles II. in 1355, who states that he does so for the greater satisfaction of justice, and in no respect under compulsion. In the French Pyrenees, again, judgment was given in public, and the record of it often headed "*Sub ulmo*," because the court used to be held under a tree, as at Licharre in Soule, whence perhaps the origin of the Tree of Liberty. The judges were the same in civil and criminal cases, and the form of trial that of a reference or arbitration. The following is the translation of a typical decision delivered May 26, 1478, in Bigorre: "The judges seated on a wooden seat by way of tribunal, and acting as arbiters, arbitrators, and mediators of peace, the Holy Gospels of God being displayed and placed before them, in order that their judgment might be given in the sight of God, and that their eyes might ever regard equity, after invoking the name of God and making the sign of the Venerable Holy Cross and saying: 'In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,' proceeded to pronounce and order their arbitral sentence, and to promulgate it by the mouth of their co-arbitrator." A comparison of this earlier method with a contemporary report of the following murder<sup>1</sup> trial at Vic, in the same district, seems to show that the manners of the later period had become less gentle, though two progressive centuries had then elapsed: "On the 5th March, 1640, in the house, town, and parquet royal of Vic, the Consuls assembled to judge a crime of murder committed upon the person of the *Sieur de Clarac*. The Reporter decided that the

<sup>1</sup> Murder was often called treason, as in Ibanez's case, *ante*, p. 383. So also was suicide.—*Nav. Franç.* ii. p. 358.



accused, named Tribous, shall make *amende honorable*<sup>1</sup> on a day when the Court was sitting at the Courthouse, in his shirt, with bare head and bare feet, a halter round his neck, and a burning torch in his hand. There he must ask pardon of God, of the King, and of justice, kneeling on the ground. He is then to be handed over to the executioner, who shall conduct him the ordinary round of the town in a cart, and afterwards convey him to the Place de Lechez, to a gallows which will be set up for the purpose, and there he shall be hung and strangled." The sentence goes on to give the opinion of each Consul, one of whom considers that the prisoner ought to be broken on the wheel and beheaded, but the majority concur in the view of the Reporter.

In the Middle Ages there was no public prosecutor, and therefore justice had to be set in motion by some private person. In the Pyrenees the summons took the form of a cross placed on the door of the accused, who had to appear within a limited time before the Court of his district. If he did not appear, judgment went against him by default, but if he did, he was not put in prison if he had a house,<sup>2</sup> or could give security, *Nisi pro mortuo vel morte hominis vel plaga mortifera vel alio crimine quo corpus suum vel bona sua nobis debeant esse incursa vel nisi pro forfactis in nobis vel nisi gentibus nostris commissis*.<sup>3</sup> In fact, the prison-house was not used as a punishment, but merely as a place for safely holding him who could give no security that he would come to trial, and criminals taken *flagrante delicto* and arrested by a noble had to be handed over to the King's officer within twenty-four hours. The accused was always to be heard in his defence, and he could have an advocate. For the very miserable the priest might be advocate, but for no others. In Béarn the priest usually sat in the village Court, as did the Bishops in Cour Majour. If a villain was prosecuted by his master in Navarre, he became the King's villain, so as to get a fair hearing.<sup>4</sup> In an appeal, the judge of first instance was not permitted to sit, but the requisite number of the Court could be made up from the advocates or, in Navarre, by judges from Béarn or other adjoining place. Two accusations could not be presented against the same criminal at the same time,<sup>5</sup> and a denial

<sup>1</sup> Of these there were two kinds — *sèche*, or in private, and *in figuris*, or public. The present is an instance of the latter. It was considered a *peine corporelle afflictive et infamante*.

<sup>2</sup> *Priv. de Lourdes*, Art. 16.

<sup>3</sup> For de Montoussé; and cf. *Priv. de Tarbes*, Art. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Ochoa, *Dict.* p. 144.

<sup>5</sup> Fuero of Biscaye, tit. x. ley 5.



of justice by any judge was punished severely. Indeed, in Pam-peluna, the Merin, whose duty it was to arrest and punish prisoners, could be lawfully killed by the inhabitants without any form of process if he abused his arbitrary authority.<sup>1</sup> Appeals, delays, and pardons were discountenanced, and extenuating circumstances not taken into overmuch account. King Oscar's strenuous saying was anticipated as a principle of mediæval practice in the Pyrenees.<sup>2</sup> When asked in 1875 to respite the execution of two condemned murderers who were also robbers, he replied: "In this case, the exercise of my power to pardon would mean nothing less than the abolition of the death sentence established by the law of the land. Therefore, outside my view of the justice and opportune character of this punishment in general, I am profoundly convinced that I must not, by exercising my power to pardon in a case like the present, abrogate a law that has been enacted in concert by King and Parliament."

The proof that a like result may be obtained in the same region from duly marshalling the facts relating to other crimes and delicts, as has here been done merely in the case of heresy, treason, and kindred offences, must form the subject of a separate inquiry. But as an illustration of the result to be so obtained, the mere comparison of English injustice at the time of the battle of Waterloo with Béarnais justice at that of Hastings, is sufficiently startling. Death was then with us the usual punishment for shoplifting to the extent of five shillings, even at the later date, and this punishment Lord Ellenborough called it speculative humanity to attempt to abridge. In pastoral Béarn even cattle-stealing was effectively repressed, *circa* 1066, by the moderate fine of 66 sols Morlaas. For the rest, the consideration of the many remarkable mediæval Pyrenean provisions as to torture and testimony generally, reparation, reconciliation, collective responsibility, liability to punishment, and the various excellent domestic arrangements for speedy and handy trial, must of necessity be here passed over, to be gone into perchance at a more convenient season.

## II.

If we classify correctly any group of facts that we have adequate knowledge of, and the relationship of which to each other we duly recognise, it is then competent for us to express scientifically their

<sup>1</sup> Lagrèze, *Nav. Franç.* ii. p. 288.

<sup>2</sup> The principle was, "Rey non deve quitar a uno y dar a otro."

true sequences. This can be done as well in social as in physical problems, provided we are wholly guided by the facts themselves, and not by theory, personal feeling or class bias. Though such a task is equally capable of achievement in history or folklore as in biology or geology, yet the classification of social facts will be found to be not only here less easy in itself, but also much more amenable to prejudice, than is the process of ascertaining the mutual relation of physical or biological phenomena.

Applying this method to the history of municipal institutions generally, we find that co-ordinately with the advance of civilisation—an advance that has ever been, if not steadily onward, at least intermittently progressive in Christianised Europe—manners have uniformly become milder, and laws in the main more merciful, as age has succeeded age. No doubt set-backs or reactionary movements in the case of this humanising evolution have occurred from time to time, and one of these can be pretty plainly seen to have taken place in the Pyrenees during the Middle Ages, where the local penal systems then in operation were not only milder than corresponding ones belonging to the same period elsewhere, but also often more enlightened than subsequent systems in the same districts. It is claimed to have been already shown that this was so in the case of what was then felt to be an especial violation of absolute duties—namely, in the crimes of so-called treason and heresy—as also in that of the contemporary criminal procedure applicable to these two classes of offences. What we now propose to attempt is to ascertain in the way indicated whether or not the same exception to this rule holds good with regard to violations also of relative duties—that is, to offences not only against the State, but also against the rights of particular individuals, as well as to the general criminal practice; in fact, to all the rest of the substantive and adjective law of Bigorre, Béarn, and the two Navarres, with their appurtenances, both before and after the middle of the sixteenth century of the Christian era.

The main difficulty here lies in the impossibility of comparing with scientific precision the entire scope of the criminal code of any one country at two different epochs, or even of two different countries at the very same period. Notwithstanding this initial difficulty, however, an approximately correct result may reasonably be hoped for, if the subject be properly approached. Furthermore, the extent to which sin, crime, and civil wrong are mixed up together, is hard to distinguish and define in the case of any ancient code,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> For example, of the seventeen offences named in Galatians v. 17, the majority are not properly cognisable in a criminal court.

while the noxious character of particular conduct varies indefinitely at different periods and in different localities. Notwithstanding these detrimentals, the mediæval legislation of the country of Béarn affords a remarkably good field for inquiry and investigation, inasmuch as we have the Old Fors, reduced to writing about 1200, and the New one of 1552 ready to our hand for the purpose of comparison. In Navarre, too, the date of the various Ordinances is for the most part easy to note. But in Bigorre, we are more dependent for the formation of our judgments upon contemporary reports of criminal trials.

To begin with Béarn. In the year 1288 we learn from the For of Morlaas<sup>1</sup> that a professional thief was hung like the person guilty of sacrilegious theft, as was also the highwayman and murderer. Contrasting this with still older times—*i.e.* the twelfth century—in Béarn the system of reparation by money payments was in general operation for murder as well as for other offences; but if the required money payment could not be made, the guilty party was buried alive beneath the body of his victim.<sup>2</sup> Under the *Lex Pompeia de Parricidiis* (B.C. 53), and also the 10th Book of the Theodosian Code, which was that of the Visigoths, the murderer of a blood relation, in the case of both principal and accessory, was sewn up in a sack with a dog and a cock, a viper and an ape, and, shut up in this cramped place of death, was thrown into the sea or a river, "that all use of the elements he might begin even in life to lack, and that the sky might be taken from him while he lived, and the earth when dead."<sup>3</sup> Under the New For of 1552, besides murder and robbery by recidivists, burglary and robbery from a dwelling-house, cattle-stealing, illegal assembling together, buying wheat unthreshed, and sundry other things were all punishable with death.<sup>4</sup> Moreover, under the *Établissements de St. Louis*,<sup>5</sup> the theft of little things is punished upon the first occasion by the loss of an ear, and on the second of a foot, and on the third by death. In Béarn, at this period, *viz.* about 1288, there was no torture or refinement of cruelty in the application of the death penalty. Later, we find that there was. Formerly small thefts were dealt with by *Basse* justice, subsequently by *Haute* and *Royal* justice. Under the older system in Béarn, if "I prosecute a robber, and affirm that he has stolen something from me, and the theft is not patent,<sup>6</sup> the robber

<sup>1</sup> Rub. 84, Art. 279.

<sup>2</sup> Old For, Rub. 52, art. 178.

<sup>3</sup> Just., *Inst.* Lib. iv. tit. 18, sect. 6.

<sup>4</sup> *Privilegium et Reglaments*, Rub. 27.

<sup>5</sup> *Etab.* li. c. 32 (1273).

<sup>6</sup> Here is seen the distinction made by the Roman law between manifest and non-manifest theft. Cf. Montesquieu, *Esprit des Loix*, l. 29, c. 13.

can clear himself by verbal oath and by hand (*i.e.* on the Gospels and Holy Cross), and then he keeps the object in question if he so prove his case, whether it be in another commune or in this.”<sup>1</sup>

Under the old law, too, everyone over fourteen who stole anything of greater value than 6 sols Morlaas was wont to be put in the pillory, and required to pay 10 sols to the town, if the theft was clearly proved. But under the New For the provision in such case runs thus: “Every robber and loafer on roads shall be punished,<sup>2</sup> and any one who catches a robber in the act can take from him all he has except his clothes, and hand him over to justice, and give back the thing stolen to the owner.” The Fors current in Navarre differ as to the punishments they prescribe for murder, homicide, and theft. In some, the quality of the person slain makes a grave difference. In others, parricide, limited in Navarre to parricide strictly so called, and poisoning are punished with extra severity (*mauvaise mort*). The *Fuero Judicum* says that poisoners must be tormented and die miserably, and the law of the *Siete Partidas* that they ought to be devoured by lions, dogs, and fierce beasts. Striking a father or kicking him involved the loss of hand or foot, as the case might be, as well as disinherison. In Navarre, again, in early times, murder and suicide were considered treason and involved confiscation of property, while homicide was punished by fine, and demi-homicide (slight wounds) by lighter fines. Killing from vengeance and for gain were distinguished, and murder in a church was held to be an especially odious crime, especially if the church was consecrated.<sup>3</sup> The *Fueros* of Etella and Saint Sébastien permit the killing of a burglar. But if the owner of the house can seize such burglar, he must not kill him. And if he does, and a relation of the dead man says, “You have killed my relation under different circumstances to what you say; he was not in your house, the slayer must then swear and undergo the proof of hot iron to prove that he killed the man when in his house, and not wantonly. If the accused gets over the proof of the hot iron without hurt, then the accuser has to pay. If the parties prefer to fight a duel they can do so, but this is not the custom.” Later on, in Navarre, torture became general and penalties more severe. For example, incendiaries and their accomplices were hung and burnt. The Custom of Soule (sixteenth century) orders the ears of recidivist bandits to be cut off, and recidivist robbers to be hung and strangled. Also those guilty of arson in houses and mills to be

<sup>1</sup> For de Morlaas, Rub. 84, art. 280.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.* arbitrarily.

<sup>3</sup> *Fuero d'Estella*, v. 10, 3.



beheaded, and to have their goods confiscated for reparation of the damage done. In Lagrèze's words, "Old Fueros, like the General, are not as severe as when the penal system was thoroughly organised. It is impossible to have any idea of the variety and absurdity of the punishments prescribed."<sup>1</sup> As an illustration, the theft of a cat is punishable by a fine of the amount of flour which would cover its whole body, if piled up round the aforesaid cat. When the offender has no flour, the cat is to be tied to his naked shoulders, and then beaten to make it scratch and bite the thief.<sup>2</sup> In Bigorre, fines were less in amount than elsewhere, especially in Béarn, and they could often be paid in kind.<sup>3</sup> Whether this was attributable wholly to the humanity of the people of Bigorre, or to their poverty, is not altogether free from doubt; for at Pampeluna the fine for killing a man was 1,000 sols, or 40 measures of wheat, of barley and of wine, while in the mountains hard by it was but 240 sols or 12 oxen.<sup>4</sup>

We have as yet only given samples of, and done little more than mention the less uncommon offences against the public weal—*i.e.* some few against Church and State, with their punishments, and certain crimes (capital and non-capital) against persons and property, with their various methods of treatment. But if the whole range of criminal law was traversed for the purpose of substantiating perfectly our contention, that the penal system before the Renaissance was gentler in its methods in the Western Pyrenees than that which subsequently obtained, and if we went through the complete list of crimes with their appropriate punishments existing at the two periods, and also showed the standards by which the latter were respectively applied to the former, the result would still be the same.

Beginning with punishments, capital and non-capital, and remembering that amid all the culture of Rome it took a Constantine to do away with the condemnation of criminals to fight with wild beasts, or as gladiators,<sup>5</sup> and a Beccaria to cause torture to cease in Europe only about a century and a quarter ago, it is matter for wonder that in the Pyrenees we find, as a rule, no aggravation of the death penalty, until after the revival of the influence of the Roman law. And further, that the Roman punishment of penal servitude for life in the mines<sup>6</sup> did not there exist. Confiscation of property

<sup>1</sup> *Navarre Française*, ii. p. 382.

<sup>2</sup> *Fuero Général*, v. 6, 18.

<sup>3</sup> Lagrèze, *Hist. du Droit*, p. 270.

<sup>4</sup> *Nav. Fran.* ii. p. 362.

<sup>5</sup> *Ad bestias* or *Ad gladium*. In the latter case the criminal might regain liberty in five years.

<sup>6</sup> *In metallum*, or *in opus metalli*. The weight of the chains worn was different in the two cases.



in the case of serious crimes was a necessary consequence in the Western Pyrenees generally, though not in Bigorre,<sup>1</sup> just as it was at Rome. Of non-capital punishments, though *relegatio* and *deportatio* were not known, banishment with its consequent confiscation of property was much in vogue. Also some temporary detention and corporal punishment by flogging, piercing the tongue, and standing in the pillory, besides fines and degradation of rank.

The offences, which were there held to be violations of absolute duties, were those against external security—*e.g.* treason—in which torture was used alike at home and in the Pyrenees, but there after, and not before, the Renaissance. Though subversion of the Government, a common Roman crime, does not appear to have existed in our district, offences against public tranquillity were common. In Rome they were treated as treason, but in the Pyrenees in early days by the application of something analogous to the *Trêve de Dieu*, and by a fine. Even at a later date, when serious quarrels did occur, the method employed was the same, as in the case of the *lies et paxeries* of Bigorre.<sup>2</sup> Offences against the administration of justice and the exchequer in respect of weights and measures, those against morals and by servants of the State, call for but passing notice, as no excessive cruelty was used in their repression at any period, and offences in respect of religion and sorcery have been already glanced at in previous pages. Coming to violations of relative duties, the preliminary observation forces itself upon us that as in Rome, so in later Pyrenean days, when both a civil and a criminal remedy existed concurrently in respect of the same offence, either or both might be used. This was not so in the better period of Béarn or Navarre, when the rights of the injured party or his relations were remarkably safeguarded, and often at the expense of the prince and the fines he got.<sup>3</sup>

Among rights *in rem* to one's person, murder and wounding have been sufficiently dealt with, and little need be said of offences against personal liberty and reputation. With respect to the treatment of rights *in rem* in regard of offences against ownership, of which the most usual were theft and cattle-stealing, enough instances have been already given; while offences in respect of things not subject to ownership were of too infrequent occurrence to need more than mere mention. And the same may be said of violations of

<sup>1</sup> Larcher, Glanages, viii. 181. But see *For des Quatre Vallées*, Art. 33, which allows confiscation for treason and heresy.

<sup>2</sup> *E.g.* that between the valley of Barèges and that of Beausse in Spain, September 25, 1674, and Larroque and Parabère, *Statutes d'Arrens*, Art. 16.

<sup>3</sup> *E.g.* Old For, Rub. 33, art. 77. But in Navarre the maxim *odiosa sunt restringenda* was never understood by the sovereign.

rights *in personam* in matters of contract, status, inheritance, and wills, none of which entailed brutal punishment except in the case of the law relating to husband and wife, which in Rome was made sterner by Constantine, and in the Pyrenees became cruel only after the Renaissance. To go into these matters here in detail would be hardly worth while, so we will now pass on to consider the general practice in ordinary criminal cases.

#### GENERAL CRIMINAL PROCEDURE.<sup>1</sup>

Using this phrase in the widest sense, it may be taken to include evidence, that is, the nature of witnesses, ordeals, torture, and oaths, the manner and place of trial, the kinds of judges, their discretionary power, and the result of the trial. Incidentally, too, in this connection, reparation for and reconciliation of parties injured and their relations, as well as the liability of a neighbourhood for crimes committed within its borders, together with the subject of extenuating circumstances generally, each and all require to be kept in view if we desire to get a true idea of the course of Western Pyrenean criminal justice in the Middle Ages.

At the epoch of the earlier Fors, the crimina procedure was obviously less elaborate and cast-iron in form than at a later date, when precedent and conservative feeling had become in matters legal fully crystallised. Moreover, civil law, criminal law, and penal actions were then mixed up together, owing partly to the fact that so many crimes were at that time punishable by fines. At the earlier period, too, the condition of society was such that a different class of conduct caused it apprehension as being especially prejudicial, to what did so subsequently. For example, private wars had considerably diminished in number and intensity, wherein village fought village and had to be forcibly reconciled. *Dans les coutumes de Bigorre on trouve ce qui n'apparaît nulle part dans les lois modernes des mesures prises pour rendre obligatoires la paix et la réconciliation.*<sup>2</sup> Moreover, in Navarre the King used to make the relations of a murdered man pay caution money that they would not take the law into their own hands.<sup>3</sup> Nor did the vendetta prove, with increasing civilisation, as active an agent in stirring up strife between families as theretofore. So that the *trève*, like the liability of the valley

<sup>1</sup> Compare for Béarn, New For, Rub. de Penas, art. 16, and For de Morlaas, Rub. 15, art. 21, and for Bigorre, Lagrèze, *Hist. du Droit*, p. 317. For Navarre, Lagrèze, *Nav. Franç.* ii., 374.

<sup>2</sup> Lagrèze, *Droit dans les Pyrénées*, p. 298.

<sup>3</sup> *Nav. Fr.* 331.

for the misconduct of its inhabitants, by degrees fell into desuetude. Moreover, the value of testimony began to be better understood, and no longer consisted in a mere count of witnesses' heads. In fact, "a belief in the infallibility of the odd witness was no longer a juridical superstition." Under the Old For of Béarn<sup>1</sup> the suspected man had to justify his conduct by the oath of himself and of six persons of his own station in life, or by the oath of thirty *cagots* (descendants of lepers). There is no such provision in the New For, which merely says that witnesses to character (*seguidos*) may be heard in the discretion of the judge or jurat, but that they must belong either to the parish of the accused, to the next parish, or at least to the one next to that. Originally the prince was the criminal judge, and subsequently the jurats of the four *bourgs* of Béarn, over whose assizes the prince still often presided, and otherwise his Sénéchal, and from this Court there was no appeal. The *Cour Majour* was not a law court proper, but used to enact higher penalties for crimes, as in 1278 for highway robbery.<sup>2</sup> In and after 1388 in Béarn the loser was responsible for the costs in all cases, criminal as well as civil, and this was so also in Navarre.<sup>3</sup> Before 1388 the Prince of Béarn used to pay costs, charges, and expenses whenever the case could not come on upon the day fixed by him for its hearing.<sup>4</sup> One of the most ancient articles in the Old For of Béarn is the following: "It has been established for ever that the prince shall be just to the poor like as to the rich, and to the rich like as to the poor, and that neither the prince nor his bailiff shall take a fine until after the accuser shall have been satisfied."

Condescending to particulars after these preliminary remarks, under the Old For of Béarn the place of trial was the court of the district in which was the place of residence of the accused, and his judges had to belong to that particular court, and to be natives of the country. Moreover, delays in holding courts and trying cases were especially discouraged. In the New For there are no similar provisions except as to the nationality of the judges, but whether this was considered unnecessary to be inserted at that period, or because the arbitrary power of the Prince had then become greater, cannot now be determined with certainty. As has been said before, at the earlier time of which we are writing, there was no public prosecutor. The party injured, or his relations, set the law in motion. If a man

<sup>1</sup> Rub. 32, Art. 65.

<sup>2</sup> Delmas, *Parlement de Navarre*, p. 36.

<sup>3</sup> The accused had to pay the costs if he lost the day. *Fuero Gen. Nav.* liv. 2, tit. 3, cap. 8.

<sup>4</sup> Old For., Rub. 73, art. 238. *Id.* Rub. 3, art. 4, and Rub. 33, art. 78.

was caught with stolen property on him, in that case he could be handed over to justice by the person that so caught him. But in others, no one was allowed to be arrested except for capital or very serious crimes. Torture, both in Bigorre and Navarre, was of comparatively recent date. It is mentioned in the Customs of the Four Valleys, which also provide that it shall not be applied except in the presence of the judge. That it was subsequently used is clear from the Deliberations of the Estates of Bigorre in 1600, when we find that they allowed payment for a mass and torches in the case of a poor prisoner who had died under it. In Navarre there is no trace of torture before the fifteenth century. It is not mentioned in the Fors of Navarre, the Old Fors of Béarn, or in the Royal or the Old Fuero of Castile. In the Law of the *Siete Partidas*<sup>1</sup> it is spoken of as "a manner of proof which has been found out by lovers of justice to learn the truth, and for the discovery of crimes committed in secret, which could not be found out in any other way." In 1401, Charles III. condemned a man to death, because he admitted without torture that he had for the four years last past been a stealer of hives of bees. In 1450, the Cortes of Navarre decided to follow the rule of the common law as to the application of torture. Is it impossible that torture had some strong analogy to, even if it did not actually spring from, the old custom of ordeals? The difficulty of measuring the value of testimony with the foot-rule of judicial fallibility was early recognised, and attempts were made to get round such difficulty by duels between the parties, ordeals, and subsequently by torture, the connection between all which methods appears to be more real than obvious. Originally, when a money payment answered for every offence, the accused frequently avowed and admitted his deed on oath, in which case he got off more lightly than if he denied it and was subsequently found guilty. The value of the oath was then held to be greater than at a later date, when it began to be recognised that interested parties were not to be always believed even upon oath, and so the custom grew up, as we have said, of having *conjuradores*, *compurgadores*, or friends who swore that the accused was incapable of having done the deed laid to his charge. When the prosecutor made oath, his oath likewise was backed up by friends. For example, Frédégonde, when accused before King Gontran of the murder of Chilperic, justified herself by the testimony of seventy-two *conjuradores*. By degrees the value of the oath of the accuser, especially if supported by any circumstantial evidence, as for example that of a wound, became to be held of much greater worth

<sup>1</sup> Part 7, tit. 39, ley. i.



than that of the accused when denying his guilt. But, what went still further to depreciate the value of the oath, was the introduction Queen Jeanne of the formula of making oath by merely raising the hand and swearing *au Dieu vivant*, instead of with all the solemn formalities of an earlier date. Then the oath was taken on the Altar or with the right hand upon the Missal and the *Te igitur* "with the true Cross placed thereon," or upon the four Holy Gospels, *de Diu Jhesu Christ ab sa maa dextra corporelement locats*.<sup>1</sup> Later on a notary was named by the judges commissioner to take evidence on the spot. If he did this badly, he had himself to pay the costs of another reference made by a second commissioner. Upon the whole, it remains a question which method was the better for eliciting the truth. But in any view the introduction of torture at the later period, though probably but a survival of the judicial combat and ordeal, was a reactionary movement in the direction of barbarity unworthy of the period at which it took place. On the other hand, the later age brought about one improvement in Navarre. Whereas the oath of the Jew, when a witness, used to take up about eight octavo pages, he got it at length cut down to the following words: "I swear on the Holy Law in the name of Israel, in the presence of God and of the King who hears me."

When the report upon the evidence was made by the notary to the judge, the latter decided from the terms of this report, which amounted to the verdict (*vere dictum*) of a jury upon the facts, what was the law of the case. Thereupon he proceeded to settle the penalty, which was in later times too often left to his absolute discretion. As the penalty was usually divided into three parts—one for the King, one for the court, and one for the injured party—the decision in a money case became frequently open to suspicion, especially at periods when the judges were not chosen for merit but by favour. If the sentence took the form of a corporal punishment, it was pronounced in Navarre in the words, "He shall be punished as the King shall order."<sup>2</sup> The punishment arbitrarily fixed by the older Fors would have approved themselves to Bacon in preference to the discretion allowed by the latter, if we may judge from his saying: "The best law is that which gives the least latitude to the judge, and the best judge he who leaves himself the least latitude." So here again the older law was probably the better. It only remains to be said that,

<sup>1</sup> Compare the ratification of a treaty by communicating together, as in the case of the Comte d'Armagnac and the Comte de Foix. *Droit dans Pyr.*, p. 204.

<sup>2</sup> Because he reserved to himself the *Haute justice*, which alone could order such a penalty, or indeed a fine of 60 sols and upwards. See *Fuero de Tajonar*.



if execution had to issue, it did so upon the goods of the prisoner, and if he had not sufficient then his body was seized. Though the prosecutor could not hurt his person, he was not obliged to feed him, so that the reparation allotted was, whenever possible, paid, for otherwise it was so much the worse for the prisoner.<sup>1</sup>

The following outline of a criminal case in Navarre in the year 1368, which seems to have ended mercifully, gives an illustration of the earlier and better method.<sup>2</sup> It began with the following petition: "Lord Governor, your humble Coaco, daughter of the late Maria Sanchez, comes with the lowly reverence due to your nobility to beg justice at your hands. My noble lord, be good enough to take notice that on the day of the *fête* of St. John the Baptist my mother, who was then living in peace and affection with Paschal de Palomar, an inhabitant of Leach, my father and her husband, when not doing ill or harm to any one, was assailed by Toda Carvala and Martin Sandiez the younger. These individuals, persuaded by the devil, without any fear for the vengeance of God or your nobility, finding the door of my mother's house closed, got in by the window. They beat my mother with terrible blows and left her for dead." Corporal justice was then asked for, and that their goods should be put in the hands of the King. The petitioner thus concludes: "I say it with all the respect that is due to you, that by reason of all that they have made my mother suffer, and for the blows they have struck, and the death they have caused; in fact, for all these reasons, I beg to submit to you that you ought to give orders for their pursuit, and in so doing you will be giving justice to me and to my mother, who died suffering martyrdom. May God protect your life through long and happy years!" The Governor appointed a commissioner to hear the witnesses in this case, and the result of the report was such that the accused got acquitted of the charge of murder, but fined for assault and made to pay the costs of the trial.

A. R. WHITEWAY.

<sup>1</sup> Fuero de Medina Celi.

<sup>2</sup> Pampeluna Archives, c. 23-79.

*PATIENCE.*

## I.

DOWN the dusty winding road a little cart went rumbling, and a small cloud of white dust rose up from the dry parched road and followed it on its way into the little scattered village. The sun shone fiercely down upon the earth, and trees and fences seemed to quiver in its hot, throat-parching breath. The rattle of the cart awakened the sparrows, and along the roadway little bands of them were quarrelling and chattering under the influence of the warm rays which poured down with an oven-like hotness.

Patience Hewitt was just in the act of taking down the long heavy shutters when the ærated-water cart came up and stopped beside her door.

"Half a dozen of soda and the same of lemonade 'll be all I want to-day, Smithison," she said, laboriously walking into the shop with another shutter.

"Right you are, Miss Patience," he said airily and swung a box of soda-water from the cart. A box of lemonade followed the soda-water to the edge of the footpath, and the skilful handler of "ærated" boxes took a case in each hand and carried them into the shop.

"That'll be eightpence," he said, rubbing his hands in his usual manner of apology to cash customers.

"It's warm this morning anyway," Miss Patience remarked as she counted out the necessary number of coppers.

"I expect we'll be short of water too," he said, "if this goes on." Then he carried the part-empty cases back to the cart, and bidding his first customer "Good-morning," he drove off with that same peculiar rattle of wheels as before.

Miss Hewitt stood a-wondering; wondering whether the day would be as hot as it had been for nearly a week. The first intimation she received of the heat wave was that morning when she was going to place some new chocolates in the window, and found to her dismay that jellies and chocolates were beginning to lose their peculiar identity under the strengthening heat of the midsummer

sun. It was a serious check on the "sweet" business, that one should be forced to keep the stock within the shade of the cool little shop ; yet even this radical measure was better than the risk of having the penny jellies mixed and melted into those of a baser sort, price a halfpenny. Still Miss Patience was almost tempted to try the window again, for she well knew that when the village youthful looked wistfully through the window and saw nothing but the stained places where the tempting jellies had been, they would go away with less temptation in their hearts than they would have done if the sweets had been actually in their places. A curtain stretched across the front of the window would be an utter impossibility in regard to Miss Hewitt's window, for that would have hidden the stock completely and sent the children away sweetless.

Miss Patience apparently considered the problem too deep for present contemplation, for she went into the little back living-room and began to make preparation for breakfast—breakfast for one ; for she had neither relatives nor lodgers, and it seemed she was well-pleased with her style of living. The village had several pet rumours in connection with Miss Hewitt, one of which was the opinion that she was independent of her little shop for a living, having saved quite a considerable sum from her wages as housekeeper at Elmwood Hall ; and certainly the little room in which she prepared her breakfast lent quite a measure of credibility to this story, for it was furnished in a style which was altogether out of proportion to the little shop at the front. Her manner of dress was always neat and tasteful, for in younger years she had been apprenticed to the Misses Jones, dressmakers extraordinary to the village devotees of fashion.

Miss Hewitt was just on the point of pouring out a cup of tea when a sharp "bang" and a dropping cork informed her of another phase in the exigencies of business.

"Bless the ginger-beer !" she muttered savagely, and ran into the shop quickly. The cork was rolling down by the door, and she hastily picked it up and placed it, with more violence than seemed necessary, in the bottle, which was just beginning to spurt ginger-beer over the floor.

"Why they don't use better cord I can't tell for the life of me," she murmured ; and certainly there was some ground for the tone of quiet anger in which these words were uttered, for the puny string bound over the corks of the large bottles seemed ridiculously inadequate for its task. Miss Patience took a ball of strong string out of a drawer, and began to give the hard-pressed corks an extra fastening. She did not pause to reflect whether the profit on the

four-penny bottles would allow a margin for the trouble she was having with them, for, truth to tell, she was innocent of that inordinate calculation which petty tradespeople are sometimes afflicted with. She finished the task with some difficulty, for the corks were not of the best ; then she resumed her breakfast.

Meanwhile, the other shopkeepers in Dotter Street were beginning to awaken, for the rattle of dropping shutters and opening doors became general. Josiah Banks, the stout good-natured butcher, who conducted business on the premises adjoining Miss Hewitt's little shop, did not see the necessity of barricading his window at night with thick heavy shutters, and he consequently saved himself a deal of trouble in the morning. Trouble-saving and labour-saving were items of no small importance to him, for even when he carried the side of a sheep into his shop it cost him a great amount of puffing and blowing for some time afterwards. In fact, he had such a great detestation of labour and worry that he could not bear to see other people afflicted with those wide-spread ills of human kind ; and that may be somewhat accountable for his interest in his next door neighbour. He had openly hinted to her that his business was prosperous enough to support several people, and he could not see why the labour of two houses should be carried on when one would be sufficient. She knew, of course, that what he said concerning the business was quite correct, but she pleaded that her love of the little shop she called her own withheld her from consenting.

Josiah Banks came out of his shop and scrutinised the front of his neighbour's premises. It seemed as though he was turning over some deeply involved problem in his mind. He walked along the outer edge of the footpath and had glances from several advantageous sides. Miss Patience caught sight of him, and came out to the front.

"Now, Mr. Banks ! is it warm enough for you ?" she said smiling ; for she knew he dreaded the heat like a plague.

"Plenty ! plenty, Miss Hewitt !" He shook his head slowly to emphasise it. "Our business won't stand this kind of weather, you know. If I hadn't a cool cellar I don't know what I'd do."

"You'd do as I do—the best you can."

"Yes, of course," he said slowly. "Only in your case a lot of trouble could be wiped out easy." And he glanced up again at the fine new shade which shielded the sun from his window, and then allowed his eyes to roam over to his neighbour's side, where a shade ought to be but was not.

"I'd have a shade extended right over," he said, sweeping his hand in the direction of his eyes.

"What ! over the door and all ?"

"No ; there wouldn't be no door if my suggestions were carried out," he said firmly. "No door at all, only a window."

She looked puzzled, for she had not divined his drift.

"This door spoils the whole shop front, and it ought to be taken out. It's too big for the place altogether," he said warmly. "I'd have a big window stretching the whole front of your place if it was mine, and a plate-glass window to match."

"But where would the customers come in at ?" inquired Miss Patience, thoroughly innocent of the trap the butcher laid.

"In here," he explained blandly, tapping his own door step.

Miss Hewitt said, "Oh," and a twinkle crept into her eye.

"Mr. Banks, you're a deceiver," she said, laughing. "I thought you were talking business, and here it proves to be nonsense."

"Nonsense !" he exclaimed, pretending to be astonished. "As though making a sweet-shop into a first-class confectionery was nonsense !" He gave a laugh which was meant to be derisive.

"This door," he said, pointing to his own, "would be exactly in the centre of two shops, and one entrance would lead to mine, the other to yours. I'd have a door cut through here, you see." She did not answer him immediately, for the maturity of his plans astonished her.

"At any rate we will consider it, Mr. Banks," she said, and went into her little shop to serve a fiery-headed young customer.

All that day Josiah Banks was in even better humour than usual, and customers remarked to each other that the Dotter Street butcher had a wonderful glint of vigour in his eye.

## II.

THE heavy banks of mist which seemed to roll over each other became thicker and thicker, and a faintly perceptible rain began to fall. It was as fine as the mist itself, this searching cold night rain, and it seemed to settle everywhere, drenching by slow degrees the few pedestrians who hurried along the cheerless streets. The flare of the street lamps shone over the wet stones from all directions, some short and brilliant, others long and faintly bright.

Miss Hewitt sat watching the long bands of light which stretched across the road, and many fancies came into her mind as these



shadow-lights were broken by people passing in front of the lamps from which they tapered. What if he were the cause of one of these lights being temporarily eclipsed ; what, in fact, if he were actually coming across the road to claim the prize which had long ago been willed to him. Miss Patience sighed. It seemed such a long time ago since he had held her hands in his and bid her good-bye ; a time which seemed impossible, impossible that he should ever return. He had drawn such a fine picture of his home-coming, and had even affected Miss Patience deeply with his wistful eloquence, she crying openly in his presence.

"We shall be stronger then both of us ; you a woman of twenty-five and I a man of twenty-six," he said speculatively.

"We shall have our home in Durand Road, for the world owes me a living, and I will have it ; my will and strength will bring me back again ; back to her whose name is a key to a lofty virtue."

It must have been at least two hours that they stood talking on the green that night, for he could not bring himself to say good-bye. Twice he ventured to tell her his plans again ; how he would return in five or six years to claim her as his wife. He would show them how even a youth of little energy could be redeemed by one good woman ; he would win by force of will-power the share of wealth which the world owes all its workers.

At last the parting time was over ; he had kissed her ; she returned it, for that was the seal of the bond. Twice he returned to say a word that had not found its place in all that parting-talk, and then he literally flung himself down the hill and took the road for the station. She walked through the area gate of Elmwood Hall slowly, for she wished to compose herself somewhat ; then a wild fit of despair seized her : for it occurred to her bewildered understanding that she had not encouraged him as such a noble one deserved. Out through the gate, along the green she ran and stood staring through the dusk to where he had leaped the fence and ran down the road. It might have been a figure that stood hovering there, but the night was dark, and nothing plain on the road could be seen.

"Shop ! Miss Patience," cried a shrill voice sharply, and then a series of knocks was heard.

"Bless me, I must have been dozing," Miss Hewitt explained to her youthful customer. She wiped her eyes vigorously.

"A awpoth o' jellies, please," said the customer meekly, first standing upon one foot and then the other.

Miss Patience weighed out an ounce of jellies with consummate

care, then placed them in the corner of a newspaper, and gave the lot into the eager hand of the little girl in front of the counter. The child stuffed a moon-faced jelly into her mouth after the usual preliminary examination and then went out of the shop. Down the street, first running, then walking, went the little lover of jellies, stopping occasionally to select another choice moon-faced specimen from the screwed-up paper. Usually after the child had made a selection she would walk on rather more slowly, as though the full measure of the joyful sweets could not be enjoyed excepting under circumstances of reflection. Then she recollected that the rain was falling just as steadily as ever, sweets or no sweets, and she made another spurt for the outskirts of the village, where she lived.

Down at the bottom of Elm Hill a man stood, suspiciously, and the little girl walked towards him with the slightest feeling of fear. She debated mentally whether it would not be wiser to retrace her steps and go along the top of the Hill, but the thought of the lonely lane she would have to walk through made her hesitate. Another dive into the paper screw decided the question, for she advanced boldly towards the figure which hovered at the bottom of the hill. His clothes were clean and respectable, and as he turned his face towards the dim gas-light the child caught sight of it and became instinctively reassured.

"Good-night, my little woman," he said as she came up to him with the paper of remaining jellies in her hand.

She did not answer him, for being quite a child she was shy and timid. She ventured to scrutinise him, however.

"If you will tell me where Patience Hewitt lives I will give you this," he said kindly. He had put his hand into his pocket and held up a shining half-crown in his fingers.

The child hesitated, then looked at the piece of silver.

"'Er as sell t' sweets?" she blurted out timidly. "'Er name's Patience. Patience, you know, as sells jellies."

"Yes; yes, I think that'll be her, sure," he said almost inaudibly.

"Well, it's right along this street, past post-office," said the girl, for her quick ears had caught what he said. "I've just been gettin' some jellies off on Miss Patience," she ventured to inform him.

He gave the silver piece into the little hand that was not otherwise occupied, and the child ran down the street with a dash. Not since Christmas had so large a silver coin been in her hand, and that was only a two-shilling piece.

"Fifteen years ago I jumped over this fence," muttered the man quite audibly, for the street was deserted, "and she stood at the top there, looking wistfully down at me, too full of emotion to speak." He stood for full five minutes motionless, then began to go down the street as the child had directed him.

The post-office he soon passed, and had not the slightest difficulty in recognising the place where resided the purveyor of sweets to the village youthful. He passed on the opposite side of the street, and going down Dotter Street about a hundred yards he turned and passed again.

"I dare not break right in upon her, for Heaven knows what has happened these last fifteen years," he murmured. "That she has been faithful I do not doubt in the least, but, alas! fifteen years is more than five." He walked on slowly as though thinking deeply over the situation ; sometimes keeping a steady pace for fifty yards, and then halting awhile.

Josiah Banks watched the man promenading Dotter Street for a long while, and the thought of Miss Hewitt's helplessness made him decide upon a plan of action. He knew that she expected a traveller on the morrow to receive payment of the half yearly account, and the quarter end was almost finished, too.

"It looks a bit suspicious, anyway, that he should parade around here at this time of night and just before rent-day. It's someone who's got wind of your business, Miss Hewitt ; I think, someone who knows you make a payment on the morrow." Josiah looked sharp and wise.

Miss Patience thought of the little round wallet which contained all her money, of gold and silver. She had never been in the practice of banking it, though of late she had decided that it would be safer to do so.

"See, there he goes again," she exclaimed nervously. She began to be afraid of the dark figure which walked with such grim regularity in front of her shop. His hat was slightly pulled down over his eyes to conceal his face, and he gave long, searching glances across the street when he passed Miss Hewitt's shop.

"I'll go out and try to catch a sight of him," suggested Josiah, eagerly, "and if he sees me going out and coming in he'll think there's a man about the place."

Josiah went out quietly and walked along Dotter Street smoking vigorously at his cigar. He saw the suspicious stranger stop to speak to a lad at Wesley Road, and a moment later the youth walked along the street and went into the sweet-shop next door to the butcher's.

"That's a deep game, anyway," thought Josiah Banks ; " sends a lad to take note of the fittings."

Mr. Banks walked hurriedly after the boy, and just met him coming out with a big bag of sweets in his hand.

" A sixpenny purchase, Mr. Banks ! " exclaimed Miss Hewitt jubilantly, as he entered the shop.

Josiah thought it better to keep the Wesley Road incident to himself rather than needlessly alarm her with the inferences he could not help but draw.

" Where's your shutters for the front, Miss ? " he asked, looking about the shop as though he knew not where they were. " I'll just fill in a little time by putting them up for you."

The stranger came slowly along Dotter Street again, but seeing the burly butcher so busily engaged, he quickened his pace and was soon out of the street entirely. Briefly he stopped at the base of Elm Hill in evident indecision, though a moment later he ascended the bank and stood again upon the ground where he had parted from her some years before. He thought of the vows she had made—of the kiss and confession so freely given—he believed that she had proved untrue to him, and tearing himself away from the place where an ideal had once been formed, the new-made cynic walked straight to the railway station.

HERBERT AKROYD.

## SEMAPHORE TELEGRAPHS.

JUST now wireless telegraphy is literally in the air, and is considered quite a new thing. A form of it, though without electricity, is anything but new ; nevertheless we are so much accustomed nowadays to regard real rapidity of communication between distant places as a very modern thing indeed, that our ancestors are generally supposed to have been dependent solely upon horses and quick-sailing vessels if they wanted to send messages in a hurry. Whilst this is generally true, it was nevertheless possible, more than a hundred years ago, to send messages from London to Dover or Portsmouth in seven or eight minutes, or even less. This was accomplished by means of visible signals, given from one point to another by a line of semaphore telegraphs. The merit of this clever invention undoubtedly belongs to the French, but it is equally to our credit that we realised its value very speedily and had the system at work nearly as soon as they had.

In 1794 M. Chappe set up the first telegraph, of his own devising, at Paris. It was on the roof of the Louvre, and consisted of an upright post with a long cross-bar pivoted at the top. This bar could be tilted up and down, and as it bore at each end a short jointed arm which could be made to assume various positions, a series of very striking and well-defined signals was easily arranged. Cords or ropes passing over small wheels and down the upright post into a hut or observatory were the means by which the apparatus was worked. From the old round tower of the church at Montmartre another telegraph transmitted the signals exhibited from the Louvre to the next of a chain of stations extending to Lille, a distance of about 110 miles. The seat of war being near there, the system proved so useful that another line of semaphores was set up in 1796, from Paris to Landau, in Bavaria. A different mode of construction was adopted, that of a long horizontal bar with four supports. Five arms were pivoted to the cross-bar and capable of being raised above it, sunk below, or pointed right or left. Two of the uprights also carried a signal arm, the whole affair being able to show an immense



number of combinations. It may be doubted, however, whether the first design was not the better of the two for simplicity and quickness of manipulation.

Two working models of Chappe's telegraph were made at Frankfurt and sent to England by a Mr. Playfair. The machine took the fancy of the Duke of York, then Commander-in-Chief, and though he was not a brilliant military genius in most respects, it was certainly largely through his influence that the system was promptly and fairly tried in this country. Lines of telegraphs from the Admiralty to Deal and Dover, and also to Portsmouth, were established about the year 1796, and proved of the utmost utility during the long wars with the French. The system was that of Lord George Murray, consisting of a double frame divided into two rows of three compartments, each containing an octagonal board about five feet square painted black. These boards moved upon trunnions or pivots, and were weighted so that normally they presented themselves edgewise to the observer, and were consequently invisible. By means of a rope each board could be brought to the vertical position, and had a number to indicate it, the corresponding boards at the other stations having, of course, the same numbers. An attendant sat down below in the telegraph hut or cabin, between two of Dollond's long achromatic telescopes. In clear weather he was supposed to look each way every five minutes to ascertain if either of his neighbours was signalling. If a message was being sent he called out the numbers of the boards exhibited, and another man signalled them. This "shutter telegraph," as it was called, could give sixty-three combinations or signals, of which the first twenty-four expressed so many letters of the alphabet, *j* being the same as *i*, and *v* the same as *u*. The next ten gave the numerals, and the remaining twenty-nine indicated words most commonly used in the sea service. The handles of the cords had numbers corresponding to the shutters they worked. From the starting-point on the roof of the Admiralty signals were sent to a post on the top of Chelsea Hospital, from there to another on Wimbledon Common, then to Kingston Hill, from there to Esher, and so on, the line of route passing a little south of Godalming. The post on Wimbledon Common is still commemorated by "The Telegraph Inn," a hostelry close to the old main road to Portsmouth. There were twelve intermediate stations on this line, and at the eighth from London another set of semaphores branched off to Plymouth, crossing the New Forest, and going by Blandford in Dorsetshire. This Plymouth extension was made later than the Portsmouth line. It required

twenty-three additional posts to reach Plymouth, where the line terminated at Mount Wise, close to the Port Admiral's office and in view of the flag-ship. By this means the famous news of the defeat of the *Chesapeake* by Captain Brooke in the *Shannon* was telegraphed to London in 1813 in a very few minutes. Special couriers sometimes got over the distance between London and Plymouth in twenty-six hours, but it was very hard work, and as most roads were infested with foot-pads and robbers the speed and security of the semaphore telegraph soon rendered it the chief medium for official communications between the places connected by it.

The telegraph to Deal was also set up about 1796, and was of great importance as regarded the movements of vessels passing through the Downs and the Straits of Dover. Its first station was but a little way from the Admiralty, viz., at West Square, near Bethlehem Hospital, as the smoke of London rendered it impossible often to see very far. In fact, on the Portsmouth line there was no more troublesome section for fogginess than the two first (or last, as the case might be) ones between London, Chelsea, and Wimbledon. After West Square the next position was on what had been called Plowgarlick Hill, but which took and retains the name of Telegraph Hill, between Nunhead and New Cross. It was then all open country thereabouts, and as free from smoke and fog as any place so near the river could well be. One of the longest lines of telegraph in this country, however, was from London to Great Yarmouth, the first station out being at Child's Hill. This was given up at the Peace in 1814, when a great reduction of the national expenses took place. This line had nineteen stations, it being necessary to take a rather roundabout course to get sufficiently high points in so flat a district. A line extending along the coast from Portsmouth to Dover was also discontinued. To Deal there were ten telegraphs, the whole system comprising sixty-four. They were officially known by numbers, that at West Square, in South London, being No. 36. On the average they were about eight miles apart.

Besides the permanent fixed telegraphs on important lines of communication, the French also established temporary ones all round their coasts. It is unnecessary to say that Napoleon very thoroughly appreciated the merits of semaphore telegraphs, and about 1806 had a new and complete set put up to replace the old rough and ready ones, which were somewhat on Chappe's original principle. The new type consisted of an upright post, having three movable arms, just like railway signal arms. One was at the top, the others on the two sides, but at different levels. The arms were

painted black and made like Venetian blinds, to diminish the pressure of the wind against them, whilst a short and heavy counterpoise to each arm was white.

In 1816 the old semaphores at the Admiralty were replaced by a single new one on an improved plan invented by Sir Home Popham. It was a tall hollow post, very like the French ones just mentioned, but the lowest arm was only a short pointer exhibited to show that a message was going to be sent or was not yet finished. The other two arms did all the signalling. Instead of ropes, which were liable to get slack or too tight with changes of weather, two long iron rods worked the arms. At the bottom, within the observatory, each had a bevelled wheel, moved by another connected with a winch handle, but at the top endless screw gear moved the arms. Similar screws or worms near the lower end worked small pointers or hands, which showed exactly what positions the arms on the mast were assuming in answer to the movements of the handles. This semaphore remained in use later than any other, in fact, till the system finally disappeared at the end of 1847. Like all single-mast semaphores, it had the advantage that the post itself could be turned round to face different lines of telegraph, whilst massive constructions like Lord George Murray's shutter telegraph at the Admiralty could not.

A line of semaphores also existed for a good many years between Liverpool and Holyhead. It was on the system of Lieut. Watson—a tall post with three arms on each side—and signalled across the Mersey to Bidston Hill in Cheshire. Apparently its principal use was for announcing the movements of ships bound to or from Liverpool, but it would evidently expedite the transmission of news between England and Ireland very greatly if applied to that purpose. In France the telegraphs were, in some cases at all events, made available at night by means of lamps, and many experiments and inventions in this direction were made in England, notably by a Mr. Boaz. On the night of April 29, 1802, when rejoicings for the Peace just concluded at Amiens were in progress, a grand "telegraphic illumination" on Boaz's system was exhibited near St. Clement Danes Church, in the Strand. A large square frame contained twenty-five lamps, which could be covered or uncovered by a gentle touch of the fingers. Letters or signs could easily be made according to a pre-arranged code, and the lamps could be seen a long way with a telescope. So many as sixty lamps could be used if necessary, a number far in excess of any practical requirements. "Rule Britannia" was performed on the apparatus as a specimen of

its powers, but telegraphic patriotism of this kind seems to have been purely exceptional. Nocturnal telegraphy, however, did not come into regular use on the main semaphore lines of England. There are probably as many clear nights as days, but the expense would have been considerable, as additional attendance would be necessary, whilst oil was dear, and it takes large lamps to show well at seven or eight miles.

At the close of the year 1803, experiments were made at Edinburgh with a view to introducing a system of telegraphs both for day and night service. It was announced that signals would be made from the Castle to Stratton and thence to the Roman Camp at Southside Hill, on the east, and to Corstorphine Hill on the west. The day signals were to be given at twelve o'clock and the night ones at 8 p.m. In this case the intention was to give notice to the military authorities at Edinburgh Castle of any threatened landing of the French in the neighbourhood. After the war was over it was suggested that the coast telegraphs should be utilised for the purpose of repressing smuggling, and at the same time finding useful employment for many of the men discharged from the navy. Small depôts or barracks were erected within sight of each other on parts of the coast where smuggling was peculiarly rife, and soon answered their purpose extremely well. The mode of telegraphing or signalling from station to station was by means of masts and flags, in the naval fashion, instead of by the more complicated apparatus of the ordinary semaphore system. Both these stations and those on the long inland lines of telegraphs were usually in charge of lieutenants of the Royal Navy.

About the year 1825, when speculation was very active, the Telegraphic Company was projected, for establishing lines of semaphore telegraphs for commercial purposes along ten different routes of about two hundred and fifty miles each. There were to be twenty or thirty stations on each, with a staff of six men and boys receiving on the average the handsome remuneration of £30 apiece per annum. It was thought that with working expenses of about £50,000 a year, there would be traffic enough, at the rate of 2s. 6d. for a message taking five minutes to send, to pay a dividend of no less than 75 per cent. upon a capital of £300,000. This was if the machines could always be kept working, but if they were in use eight hours out of the twenty-four, it was hoped the shareholders would be content with 25 per cent. return upon their money. It is not unlikely that a better thought-out scheme of this kind might have paid, if the Post Office would have allowed it ; but as it was, the ill-



starred Telegraphic Company never came to anything, much less to its modest 25 per cent. dividend.

One particular merit of the semaphore telegraph system, as applied to Government purposes, was the facility it afforded for sending messages in cypher. Provided the first and last stations had the clue to the code in use for the time being, it mattered not to the intermediate observers and despatchers what the signals meant. They had only to repeat them carefully, and enter them in a book. On the other hand, in a climate like ours the telegraph would sometimes be useless for days together through fog, rain, or cloudy weather. Frequently messages got part of the way only, and then were detained till the sky cleared. It is said that London was thrown into a dreadful panic one day by a message received by the Admiralty telegraph, "Wellington defeated." In a little time, a rain storm having passed off, the rest of the communication got through, when it was found to read, "Wellington defeated the French." With machines constructed for daylight use only, about six hours a day, two days out of three, was the average working time. Still, the whole thing was highly ingenious, and certainly proved of great value in its time, which after all is the best that can be said of any human invention.

W. B. PALEY.



## TABLE TALK.

## "IN THE SOUTH SEAS."

A NEW work from the pen of Robert Louis Stevenson—and such, though it has been previously seen in a costly and limited edition, "In the South Seas"<sup>1</sup> practically is—has some of the charm of an unexpected legacy. We were supposed to have had all that that gentle spirit, touched to all fine issues, had to give us, and now from beyond the grave, as it seems, comes a new, valuable, and substantial gift, though, considering its provenance, substantial, it would appear, is the last term likely to be applied. "In the South Seas," however, is not a book to be skimmed and discarded. Its contents throughout merit the closest attention, having, in addition to Stevenson's well-known grace of style, much matter of high importance, and to do justice to these things means many hours' reading. Interesting in all respects the book is, inspiring as a record of travel and adventure in summer seas, and profoundly valuable as a contribution to anthropology. No mere globe-trotter was Stevenson to jot down the impressions formed during a twenty-four hours' stay, and to accept as representative of a people the motley world corrupted by close association with the whites who flocked to the harbour to trade with and, if possible, prey upon the visitors. Stevenson, on the contrary, made his home in the Southern Archipelago, cultivated close friendship with the natives, took an active and not always judicious share in politics, collected diligently all forms of popular superstitions, and died and was buried among the scenes and people he loved.

## STEVENSON'S EXPERIENCES IN POLYNESIA.

THE incidents related in "In the South Seas," and the observations chronicled, belong to the years 1883 and 1889, when, with the money advanced him by an American publisher, Stevenson with his family went on board the schooner yacht *Casco* to the Marquesas Islands, whence he sailed to the Paumotu or Dangerous Archipelago, visiting also, among other spots, in a trading vessel

<sup>1</sup> Chatto & Windus.

named the *Equator*, the Gilberts, a remote group of coral islands in the Western Pacific. The primary interest in his book is found in the descriptions of tropical scenery with which it overflows. These are perhaps a little highly coloured. Nothing is better known among travellers than the fact that when pleasurable excursions are recalled the memories of disagreeable incidents, fatigue, or difficulties fade away, and the impression left behind is of unbroken felicity. Stevenson, moreover, who had undertaken to write travel articles in order to pay his expenses, may be regarded as holding a brief on behalf of the spots he visited. He had, too, it must be recalled, the appreciative instinct, which is one of the brightest and happiest of gifts. Not his to travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren. Men can see no more in scenery than they bring to it. In the squalid purlieus of Limehouse or Blackwall, Turner could watch the marvellous epiphany of sunset. A poet himself, Stevenson saw the spots he describes through a glamour of poetry. Beautiful as they are accordingly in themselves, these Austral islands in Stevenson's descriptions are a little too supernal in beauty. I cannot fill up my space with quotations from a book that is, or ought to be, in every reader's hands. I can only counsel the purchaser—it is essentially a book to be bought, and not to be read in a greased and thumbed copy from a library—to turn to the description of the break of day in the third chapter, entitled "The Maroon." Sunrise has been one of the chief joys of Stevenson's existence. Nowhere, however, has he contemplated the dawn with so much emotion as upon the Bay of Anaho, and his description of the gradually awakening life of the district is a masterpiece. Many other such might easily be mentioned.

#### CANNIBALISM IN THE MARQUESAS.

AMONG the things that modify the delight of the resident in the Marquesas and other islands of the Archipelago is the fact that the conversion of the islanders from cannibalism is recent, and not always thorough. Taste for "long-pig," as Mr. Stevenson likes to call human flesh, survives in some quarters, and some grim and sadly repellent stories of orgies are told. With these I shall not occupy my pages. Since French occupation, and under the very eyes of their rulers, the people, as a means of satisfying their vengeance, which can be allayed in no other fashion, have divided the body of a dead enemy into small pieces, and each one has carried home in a match box, or some similar receptacle, a small portion, to be eaten in secrecy and at leisure. More striking than anything else

in the book is the description of Madame Vaekehu—Queen Vaekehu she is ordinarily called, but she figures in the French official almanac as Madame Vaekehu, Grande Chefesse—a remarkable description for which, however, I am not responsible. Stevenson has much to say concerning her gentle, courteous, benignant, and aristocratic manner. In this case I must quote a few lines: “Her parting with each, when she came to leave, was gracious and pretty, as had been every step of her behaviour. When Mrs. Stevenson held out her hand to say good-bye, Vaekehu took it, held it, and a moment smiled upon her; dropped it, and then, as upon a kindly after-thought, and with a sort of warmth of condescension, held out both hands and kissed my wife upon both cheeks. Given the same relations of years and of rank, the thing would have been so done on the boards of the *Comédie Française*; just so might Madame Brohan have warmed and condescended to Madame Broisat in the *Marquis de Villemer*.” Even finer is what follows: “It was my part to accompany our guest ashore; when I kissed the little girl good-bye at the pier steps, Vaekehu gave a cry of gratification, reached down her hand into the boat, took mine, and pressed it with that flattering softness which seems the coquetry of the old lady in every quarter of the earth.” Yet the woman capable of such things was, said Stevenson, an “ex-queen of cannibals; she was tattooed from hand to foot, and perhaps the greatest masterpiece of that art now extant, so that awhile ago, before she was grown prim, her leg was one of the sights of Tai-o-hae . . . perhaps, being so great a lady, she had sat on the high place, and throned it there, alone of her sex, while the drums were going twenty strong, and the priests carried up the blood-stained baskets of long-pig.” By this time she had naturally been converted and passed her time with the religious sisters.

#### NATIVE FEAR OF DEATH.

SO rapidly are the aborigines disappearing, that trace of them will before long be lost. Opium, infanticide, and debauchery are among the causes, past or present, of the depopulation of the Marquesas group. Under these conditions, the collection of particulars as to folk-practices and faiths becomes obligatory. I will concern myself with no more than two, though there is scarcely a chapter in Stevenson's last work that does not justify or provoke comment. The most noteworthy feature in the Marquesas islanders seems to be the fear of darkness and the dead. The fact that he witnesses the approaching extinction of his race will itself account for the power over the

Marquesan of the idea of death, which "sits down with him to meat and rises with him from his bed ; he lives and breathes under a shadow of mortality awful to support, and he is so inured to the apprehension that he greets the reality with relief." In the thought of death "pleasures are neglected, the dance languishes, the songs are forgotten." There is a disease of the will, a species of discouragement, to which the natives succumb, a species of moral anæmia which causes them to drop off and die without an effort. With a not uncommon species of fatalism, the Marquesan folds his hands and declares : "The coral waxes ; the palm grows ; and man departs." A handsome income—a dollar a day—may be earned by man or woman who chooses to pick up the cotton which, over the landward shore of Anaho, grows like a weed. Unless some stimulus to employment is presented, indolence and indifference prevent any attempt to collect it. Opportunities for enjoyment will rouse the natives temporarily from their inanition. In this respect, these occupants of the Lotus islands have something in common with the modern European, on whom the need for excitement exercises a growing and unhappy influence.

#### NIGHT FEARS.

**S**IDE by side with the fear of death, an even stronger motive-power is the dread of ghosts and the dark. A great chief, stalwart and in the ordinary sense brave, having to ride on a moonless night will take a solemn farewell of his associates, whom he scarcely hopes to see again. The ways are lined with indefinable terrors, spectres, or phantoms, all of which are regarded with dread. It is not only the shades of enemies that have to be dreaded, those of friends and relatives are equally terrible. In Samoa it is only the ghosts of the unburied that are dangerous. So soon as a corpse has received full burial rites it is known to be innocent of offence, and when the ghost of a Rarotonga chief became troublesome his grave was opened and deepened in the presence of the missionary and several white men, and the body was reinterred with the face downward. The entire system of belief in connection with ghosts seems more or less intimately associated with cannibalism. Men after death become vampires, and the vampire spares none. When a Polynesian says, "I am a man," he does not mean, "and not a beast" ; he intends to convey that he is a man and not a ghost. Ghosts, too, like human bodies, are subject to corruption, specially subject it might almost be held. They are, moreover, addicted, like vampires, to feed upon flesh.



They haunt corners of Samoa, and do murder there, and there is a story of an awful spirit that was wont to feed upon souls. A Tahitian narration tells how a child fell sick and showed signs of approaching death. The mother hastened to the house of a sorcerer, who said, "You are just in time; a spirit has just run past my door, carrying the soul of your child wrapped in the leaf of a purao; but I have a spirit stronger and swifter who will run him down ere he has time to eat it." Apart from these soul-eaters, the ordinary supposition that the dead, compelled like the living to provide for himself, will slay and eat his friends or foes is sufficiently alarming.

#### TAPU.

THUS, and not in the ordinary fashion, Stevenson says we ought to spell taboo. Concerning this characteristically Polynesian custom he supplies much new information modifying our views concerning it. In some cases its employment seems wholly beneficial. What might almost pass as an English equivalent of Tapu is making an heiress a ward in chancery, and so imposing prohibitory penalties on any bachelor who may aspire to marry her. Drink is thus made Tapu by royal command, and no native will dare to take it. At Butaritari, in the Gilbert Islands, drink was prohibited. By an evil chance, however, a few days before Stevenson arrived, the monarch, who was weary of well-doing, had ordered a removal of the Tapu. The result of this was a wild debauch, accompanied by some sufficiently exciting and alarming scenes. Emissaries from royalty were at the bar asking vainly for din (gin), or failing that, perandi (brandy). Neither was to be obtained, and it was on Küm-mel that the day after their arrival the royal orgie began. It is useless to describe a disgusting spectacle, which lasted for days. Stevenson says, "I could have looked on death and massacre with less revolt. The return to their primæval weapons, the vision of man's beastliness, of his ferality, shocked in me a deeper sense than that with which we count the cost of battles." Such occasions are comparatively rare, and seem mostly due to white men. That tapu can be rendered good for something is shown, however, by the general abstemiousness when it is imposed. Our "temperance advocates" would be glad enough, and our Chancellor of the Exchequer sufficiently puzzled, if we could devise some deterrent influence for our own working-classes such as tapu exercises over the Polynesian races.

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*IN THE CITY OF OXFORD.*

BY AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON.

THE shadows were gathering thickly in the ancient city. The sky was purpling with them save where here and there a wan star struck through its silver head. In the wider streets the lights gleamed mistily, stabbing with long pale fingers through the dusk ; in lower parts the shadows met unrebuked, thickening and intertwining, and thickening again, with a subtle insistency.

In a house in one of the latter localities a young girl sat reading. A little lamp lighted up the darkness of the room, the rocker on which she sat leaning against the table on which the lamp stood. The girl sat with her hands clasped under her book upon the table, and with a puzzled little frown upon her pretty brow. Her dress was plain and more than shabby, her slippers were indifferent, and the hands under her book roughened with toil, albeit slender and well shaped. But the face of the young girl was all that could be desired, surprising one with a strange beauty of which her figure gave no hint. Eyes clear and well open, brow broad and beautifully cut, a straight nose, and a sensitive mouth, these went to constitute it ; but apart from these lay a beauty, lurking in no particular feature, which gave its whole character to the face.

She read slowly, and whispering each word to herself as she read, as if endeavouring to take in the entire significance of every syllable. There was a suggestion of pain in the earnestness with which she pursued her endeavour ; it was evident that the issue was of

importance to her—evident, too, that she was not naturally a reader. Now and again she glanced impatiently at the clock on the mantel, as if anxious to urge on the tardy hands. As she turned her head to do so an auburn lock would fall over her white forehead, and this she would send back with a toss of her head. Strange to say, it was this gesture which jarred on a beholder. It was natural, it was unaffected, it was pretty; yet in some indefinite way gave an impression of imperfect breeding. It took dignity from the shabby gown and substituted poverty; it carried out the hint of the coarsened hands; it gave the suggestion of a low origin.

As the girl read the door of the room opened, and a woman entered. They stood evidently in the relation to each other of mother and daughter. The woman's clothes were even shabbier than her daughter's, and her face had none of the girl's beauty. Seared and wrinkled with the fret of ill-health and poverty, it was also marked with the seal of a natural pessimism which contact with the world had only confirmed. Her shoulders stooped, and her feet dragged as she entered the room. She carried her head—apparently habitually—a little in advance of her body.

She stood regarding the girl for a few moments before the latter looked up.

Presently the girl raised her eyes. "Well, mother?" she said pleasantly.

"You're enjoying your readin', aren't you?" queried the newcomer, with the suggestion of a sneer. She fidgeted with worn fingers at the door-handle and looked away as she spoke.

The girl's face flushed. "I *am* enjoying it," she said with dignity.

"He hasn't come in yet?" The other glanced at the clock.

"No, not yet. It isn't his time."

The woman wrinkled her brows. "It could be any time to-night. There is nothing to hinder him coming in at any time; his work is all over. To-morrow he goes down for good. He could have come in by this time. He could have been in all day if he had wanted." She jerked the sentences out abruptly with a little pause at the end of each. "He goes down for good to-morrow," she repeated doggedly.

"Yes, I know. He told me." The girl's face was serene and happy.

"I suppose you're thinking he'll speak to-night?"

There was no answer.

"Perhaps he *has* spoken?"

The younger woman considered for a moment, ruffling the pages of her book absently between her fingers. "No, he has not spoken," she said slowly.

"No, and he never will speak!" her mother cried with an impatient gesture.

Into the clear eyes a swift flash of anger passed, as quickly passing away. Again the little auburn lock fell on the girl's brow: she tossed her head.

"About what?" After the gesture the tone seemed almost insolent. She had only intended it to be cold.

But the other was not to be restrained. The veins stood out on her forehead as she answered, clenching her hands and breaking into a wild frenzy of words.

"About what! You're asking about what? You know well enough about what! But he shall speak! he shall speak! He shall! he shall! he shall! I will not have *my* daughter's feelings tampered with by any fine young gentleman! What does he mean by sittin' and lookin' at you, as if you were the Queen herself, if——"

"Oh, do speak quietly, mother; he will come in and hear you. There! I believe he has."

They both waited a moment motionless, silent, the babble of words arrested on the mother's lips. She stood with her mouth partly open, as if half uttering a protest.

But the alarm was a false one: a door clanged in a neighbour's house, steps mounted the neighbouring stairs—so thin was the partition between that they could be distinctly heard by both hearers—and all was still.

The elder woman's hands fell nerveless to her sides. The interruption seemed to have sapped away her evanescent strength. She began to tremble.

"You had better go to bed, mother dear," the girl said gently. She went to her mother's side and laid a hand on her arm.

"Well, perhaps I'd better rest awhile. I'll just lie down on the top of the bed. You can take his dinner up to him when he *does* come in. But I don't see what right he has to look at you, as if you were made of gold, if he doesn't mean——" The end of her sentence was lost in an indistinct murmur as her daughter led her to her room at the top of the house.

In a little while the girl returned. She re-seated herself in her chair by the table and lifted her book; but obviously her thoughts were far away. The clock ticked out loudly, defiantly, breaking with sharp clicks the silence of the room; the hands moved relentlessly

toward the hour, then struck straightly out thitherward; the little bell above chimed it with short sharp strokes. In another quarter of the city a church bell rang out, slowly and solemnly telling the same tale. With a long sigh the young girl closed her book and leant back in her chair. It was past his usual hour now, and he had not returned. She wondered what was keeping him, but she did not feel afraid. She had seen love in his eyes so often that she could not doubt him. Her life had been too lonely and her knowledge of the world too limited for her to doubt his intentions. True, she was his landlady's daughter, but the fact signified to her so little; simply the duty—the pleasant duty—of attending to his wants. She felt herself his equal, and her mother's words fell on ears that had no understanding.

But the hours won slowly by, and still there was no sign of his coming. A little thrill of fear began to stir at the girl's heart, and she grew uneasy. She rose from her seat and began to pace up and down the short length of the room. From above her mother's voice cried to her, and she stepped impatiently into the narrow lobby and called up:

"No; he has *not* come in."

"Not yet! What is the time? I should think you might put his dinner away. It will be spoilt by this time, any way."

"It is not very late," replied her daughter. She waited for no more queries, but re-entered the room.

She had only started again on her restless walk when a man's voice was heard at the gate in emphatic denial. "No; I will not come in. So sorry, old chap, but really I can't. I'll turn up at the station to-morrow, though, to see the last of your ugly old phiz. Don't forget to remember me to——" The rest was lost in laughter and good-byes as the speaker turned up the street.

The gate opened and clanged, the front door slammed, and after a hasty knock a man entered the room.

The girl had sunk into a chair. She looked up at him a little wearily. "How late you are," she said.

"Yes. I'm afraid my dinner won't be worth much, and I'm simply ravenous." He fingered his hat dubiously.

She sprang to her feet in a moment. For a second with a tentative hand outstretched she seemed about to push him playfully towards the door, but the intention—if it were hers—went beyond her executive ability, and her hand fell.

"I don't think there will be much the matter with it," she said. "Go upstairs, and I will bring it to you."

He went up—his room was on the next floor—and she went to the kitchen.

It was some years before she saw the significance of this.

He talked to her genially for a moment or two when she arrived with the tray, chiefly about his past achievements and future prospects. "It is something to have passed through the 'Varsity, such as it is," he concluded loftily; "not that the knowledge gained is up to much *practically*; no, but it gives a fellow *tone*, Miss Keith."

Miss Keith assented timidly—as she would have done to any similar assertion of his—and went downstairs again to ponder upon what "tone" might be.

And she had plenty of time in which to ponder, and to think, too, that he might have brought his repast to an end a little more speedily had he desired an interview with her.

When it had been brought to a conclusion he came downstairs, standing at the door of the room and looking in. "Where is your mother?" he asked.

"She is upstairs. Do you want her?"

"Oh, no. Yes—only to settle up."

The girl's face flushed. The pecuniary aspect of their relations had not hitherto been thrust thus nonchalantly before her. "I will fetch her," she said.

"Oh, no; don't trouble. It will do, I dare say, to-morrow morning. What are you doing?"

"Reading." She held up her book.

"Oh, that!" He seized it, read a sentence or two aloud, and began to expound with all the arrogance of his twenty-four years and graduateship. The lamplight fell on his dark unhandsome face and on the proud gestures of his free hand. It fell, too, on the girl, who watched both covertly and with so great a love in her eyes. But she might have watched openly enough, for he had forgotten her presence.

After awhile, "Come, Nora, let us have some music: it is our last night," he said. He threw the book on a table and himself into an armchair.

Miss Keith slipped happily on to the piano-stool and opened her humble instrument. Her fingers found the keys, and her throat its voice, and a tender little thrill of melody ran round the room. She played the simple accompaniment well, and her voice, if untrained, was true. The listener sighed with content, his eyes on the girl's face, and in them the look that had formed the groundwork of Mrs. Keith's complaint. Through the silence and the shadows



the soft sounds lilted ; a soft wind rose without, as if to greet them, then turned and sank with a compassionate sigh. To the dreams of youth but compassion can be given, and this dream was so nearly at an end, the time of awakening so near.

The girl sang song after song in happy contentedness, her red-brown hair gleaming, her red lips apart.

"Sing 'The Sands o' Dee,'" he ordered her.

She laughed a little. "Why, you always ask for that one ! I believe you like sad songs best." She was turning over her music in search of it.

He made no answer. His eyes were dreamy and soft as she sang the song, and they never left her face. When it was over there was a short silence.

"I hope you liked it, Mr. Vane," she said, a little embarrassed that he had expressed no pleasure.

He roused himself. "Oh yes, of course. Do you know when you sing—as you did just now—you remind me of someone I love very dearly ? She used to sing the song, and almost as you do. You are very like her ; remarkably like her."

"Someone I love very dearly," the words echoed and re-echoed through the girl's brain. He went on talking ; she heard the murmur of his deep voice, but no consciousness of the sense of his words reached her.

"I meant several times before to have spoken to you about her. You are such a sympathetic little thing, but—but it is difficult to speak." He twirled his moustache complacently.

"You are—in the face—really remarkably like her," he said again, wondering a little why she did not speak.

"A sympathetic little thing," "like her in the face," the words at last forced their way into her understanding. She had only been sympathetic. Her *face* had been like the other girl's, but the other girl had, no doubt, every grace, every accomplishment that she lacked. But she could not altogether take this in. Her inferiority had not quite come home to her.

She wheeled round on the stool and looked at him.

"You—you love someone—some girl who is like me ?"

"Yes." He replied with an air of condescension which implied the great honour that had befallen that one.

"And you are going to marry her ?"

"Yes." An even greater depth of condescension was sounded in the second monosyllable.

Dear reader, you must remember that this girl had lived a lonely

life ; was not, indeed, of a nature which in any circumstances would have sought or attracted others ; that she knew nothing of that great veil of silence which you and I weave so dutifully and where-with we cover over our pain that the tender feet of the world, trampling upon it, may gather no hurt. Her pain had come to her, but she was ungrateful enough to refuse to take it in. In her selfishness she sought to cast it on the shoulders of another.

"Then you do not love *me*?" she said.

He thought at first that she was jesting ; that her jest was in exceedingly bad taste. In the middle of an uneasy laugh he glanced at her to find that her gravity had not been disturbed.

In her eyes was not a trace of laughter. They held no embarrassment either. They were full of wonder and surprise.

"Then," she said slowly, "for—oh ! what matter how many months?—you have led me to believe you loved me—because—because you loved another girl, and my face reminded you of hers !"

A dull red glow crept over the man's face from neck to forehead. He glanced at her in angry disgust and rose passionately to his feet. "Miss Keith ! what nonsense are you talking ? What have I ever said—what have I ever done—in what way have I made you suppose——"

She silenced him with a cold little gesture. "From what are you defending yourself?" she asked. She lifted her scattered songs and returned them to their case. As she did so, "How often have you begged me to sing them?" she asked. And again, "*How* have you listened?"

"She sang them," he muttered hoarsely.

She closed the piano and rose from the stool. Her hands hung down in front of her red and toil-worn, her shoulders drooped ; but her eyes met his.

"Will you listen to me?" she said very simply. The clock began to strike ; she waited with patience till the last stroke had died away. "You came here and you told me nothing, nothing of what you have told me to-night. 'Why should I?' you will ask. Well, why should you?"

"Day by day you looked at me with love in your eyes. That meant nothing, you say. What did it mean to her—the other girl? You looked at me with love in your eyes. How was I to know that it was love for another? Even my mother, who is not a romantic person," she gave a sad little smile, "spoke of it. But you told me nothing. Why should you have told me? Why? Because then

you would not have taught me—as you did the other girl—to love—and trust you.

“No ; you need not start, nor need you deny it. What do I want of you ? Nothing. You need not fear me. I said ‘I *loved* you.’ I *loved* you. But that was before I knew. To-night—you may not believe me, but I do not tell lies—knowing your selfishness, your worthlessness, I would rather die than be your wife ! ”

She moved toward the door.

“The other girl—I hope she will be happy,” she said. The door opened and shut, and she was gone.

She had gone into the garden, but the man did not follow her. He went upstairs to his room.

At the door he met his landlady, and settled his bill.

Up and down the garden path and through the shades the young girl paced restlessly, wondering whether he would follow her or not. She hoped that he would not. Yet, when presently a light glanced from one of the windows and she knew he had gone to bed, a strange pain tugged at her heart.

There was none at his. He thought of the “scene” in the interval—it was not a long one—before he fell asleep ; and perhaps the part he had played seemed to him a poor one. But it was all over now ; and it was doubtful whether anything he could have said would have mended matters. He was not used to acts such as that just closed. Girls in his walk of life were given to making the path smoother for masculine feet on occasions such as this. He thought it by far the better plan. He wondered what Miss Keith had hoped to gain by her extraordinary frankness. The state of mind and the nature that made it possible he understood as little as he did his own inferiority.

When Nora Keith came in at length she found her mother waiting for her in the hall. “Well ! ” she said.

The girl pushed her hair back from her brow. “I’m *so* tired,” she said.

The elder woman looked at her relentlessly. “He will be up and off before either of us are stirring in the morning,” she said, “and he has gone to bed now. But, bed or no bed, if he has not spoken I’ll——”

“He has spoken.”

The wind blew the garden door open—it had been but half-shut—and a soft wind soughed down the narrow passage and whistled by the stair.

“He has spoken,” the girl said again. “I refused him.”

Her voice was steady and firm. With the coming of the wind all her pride had come to her ; with its going her girlhood went.

She took her candle from her mother's hand and went upstairs.

"Well, you have done it, and you have your own reasons, no doubt—I never professed to understand you—but, God hear me, if he had not spoken——"

The sound of the girl's footfall faded on the stair.

*SIR ROBERT HOWARD.*

IT is one of those peculiarities of Providence that Mr. Hardy has called "Life's Little Ironies," that the man who was for some years conspicuous by his opposition to Dryden should now be remembered almost entirely on account of his connection with that poet, and remembered not for the controversy he engaged in with him, but merely for the simple unavoidable fact that Dryden married his sister. What Sir Robert thinks of this lamentable reputation now is not important, but what his feelings would be if he were still living to bewail his neglect we may easily imagine, thanks to hints as to his character that we get from some of his contemporaries.

In the reign of Charles II. Sir Robert Howard was a prominent figure. He loomed large in the public eye, and even larger in his own. He had been a soldier and a royalist ; he was a wit, a politician, a student, a poet, a beau, a playwright, an historian, a statesman, and man about town, and in all these capacities, and in many more, he seems to have thought himself capable of surpassing excellence. This was his distinguishing foible, and it seems to have been strongly impressed upon his contemporaries, for all of them refer to it when speaking of him. Evelyn dubs him "that universal pretender," and describes him as "not ill-natured but insufferably boasting." Dryden ironically calls him "master of more than twenty legions of arts and sciences," and ascribes to him the reputation of understanding everything. A contemptuous reference to him appears also in the "Session of Poets," 1669, but for a full-length portrait of this would-be Admirable Crichton we are indebted to that much decried dramatist Shadwell, whose first comedy, "The Sullen Lovers, or the Impertinents," 1668, contains an excellent caricature of him under the name of Sir Positive At-All, "a foolish knight that pretends to understand everything in the world and will suffer no man to understand anything in his company." Shadwell's art may be none of the highest, but he has undoubted powers of humour, and Sir Positive's character is well maintained throughout the play. He is consumed by a ridiculous conceit of his



encyclopædic acquirements, and upon whatever topic the conversation turns he is ready to enlighten his hearers. Music is mentioned, and he begins a song of his own composing ; painting, and he institutes a comparison between Vandyke and himself. Flanders is referred to and he breaks out "If any man gives you that account of Flanders that I do, I will suffer death" ; someone talks of plays, and he avers "I am an ass, an idiot, a blockhead, and a rascal if I do not understand Dramatic Poetry of all things in the world." The conversation falls on madness and he is not to be out-done : "I was, about three years ago, as mad as ever man was ; I scaped Bedlam very narrowly ; 'tis not above a twelvemonth since my brains were settled again." Some of the other personages in the play try to shame his intolerable conceit and question him on every possible subject, but his sublime self-sufficiency carries him through—"Navigation, geography, astronomy, palmistry, physic, divinity, surgery, arithmetic, logic, cookery, and magic, I will speak of every one of these in their order ; if I don't understand 'em everyone in perfection, nay, if I don't fence, dance, ride, sing, fight a duel, speak French, command an army, play on the violin, bagpipe, organ, harp, hautboy, sackbut and double-curtal, speak Spanish, Italian, Greek, Hebrew, Dutch, Welsh, and Irish, dance a jig, throw the bar, swear, drink, swagger, quarrel, cuff, break windows, manage affairs of State, hunt, hawk, shoot, angle, play at cat, stool-ball, scotch-hop, and trap-ball, preach, dispute, make speeches"—here, from sheer lack of breath (not of further accomplishments), he breaks off in a paroxysm of coughing and calls appropriately for a glass of small beer.

This paragon, this universal genius, was born in 1626, and was the sixth son of the first Earl of Berkshire. Theophilus Cibber says he was entered at Magdalen College, Oxford, but the statement is not corroborated. On the outbreak of the Civil War he naturally joined the King, and after the battle of Cropredy Bridge in 1644 he was knighted on the field for signal bravery. The prospects of the boy-knight, however, as did those of the rest of his family, fell with the ruin of the King, and he suffered with them at the hands of the Parliament. He does not appear to have been very severely treated ; being a younger son he could not be much injured in substance, and his imprisonment in Windsor Castle does not seem to have affected him greatly. At the Restoration he came to the front again, and from the known attachment of his family to the royal cause, he not unnaturally had considerable hopes of preferment.

One of his first acts was to publish a volume of poems, with a

preface full of elaborate protestations that it was only to do a kindness to his bookseller that he had decided to print. The first poem in the book is a ridiculous panegyric upon Charles II., and the gallant but sensitive author, afraid lest it should be hinted that such praise was particularly well timed, or perhaps desirous of making known what he had suffered for the Stuart cause, announced that the work had been undertaken to beguile the tedium of his incarceration in 1657—three years before. It is charitable to suppose that the love songs found in the volume were the outcome of the same inspiring period, for their lack of spontaneity is so noticeable that the poet himself cannot pretend to ignore it. As an excuse he admits with an ingenuousness rare in such cases that they were not directed to any particular nymph, and adds, "If they want perfection, remember I wanted passion." Perhaps the most favourable specimens of his muse is the following stanza to Cynthia, one of his imaginary beauties :—

In thy fair breast, and once fair soul,  
I thought my vows were writ alone,  
But others' oaths so blurred the scroll  
That I no more could read my own.  
And am I still obliged to pay  
When you had thrown the bond away?

One peculiarity of this book is that even the songs it contains are fitted with pedantic and unnecessary notes to explain references to Cleopatra, Alexander, Nero, and other equally familiar characters, reminding one of Gray's remark about the historical allusions in his odes, that it was sometimes necessary to tell the gentle reader that Edward I. was not Oliver Cromwell, nor Queen Elizabeth the Witch of Endor. In addition to the lyrics the volume contains a poor comedy called "The Blind Lady," a version of the fourth book of the "Aeneid," a translation of the "Achilleis" of Statius, and a poem in praise of General Monk.

The whole is prefaced by a set of complimentary verses by John Dryden, then only beginning to be known as a poet, lines full of the language of compliment and random praise, but clearly the outcome of friendship rather than of actual critical admiration. The connection between Sir Robert Howard and Dryden was probably the result of common literary aspirations and common political opinions, though Dryden's royalism was of much later date and more questionable origin than Howard's; but, whatever may have been the cause, the friendship was very evident and proved extremely useful to Dryden on more than one occasion. In 1663 their attachment was

drawn closer by the marriage between Lady Elizabeth Howard and Dryden, although Sir Robert seems always to have regarded his brother-in-law with an air of superiority. Dryden wrote to earn a living and to please the public; Sir Robert was one of those gentlemen who write to oblige the world. Then, Howard's verses never rose above mediocrity and usually fell considerably short of it, while Dryden's showed a workman's hand from the beginning. Jealousy, therefore, had in the relations of these two young men plenty of material for her favourite work. It will be seen later how this potential ill-feeling became manifest, but it could not have developed by November 10, 1666, for that is the date appended to the introductory letter to Sir Robert prefixed to the "*Annus Mirabilis*." The events that had inspired this poem on the year of wonders had interfered considerably with Dryden's career as a dramatist. From May 1665 until nearly the end of 1666 first the Plague and then the Fire caused an absolute cessation of theatrical enterprise. Dryden retired to Charlton in Wiltshire, the seat of his father-in-law, and it was from this place that the letter referred to was written. He addresses Sir Robert in the most friendly and complimentary terms, and speaks with gratitude of the favours he had received at his hands. In this it need not be supposed there was any insincerity, for Dryden had found him a most bountiful friend. Shadwell at a later time reproached him for being the recipient of Howard's generosity, and Dryden does not seem to have denied the imputation. He could not then afford to refuse the proffered friendship of such a man as Howard, and in all probability their intercourse might never have been interrupted had it not been for the patronizing, opinionated manner of Sir Robert.

At the Restoration, naturally determined to make the most of his approved loyalty, Sir Robert Howard entered Parliament, and was soon appointed Secretary to the Treasury. In politics he was one of the small band of Undertakers—that is, he professed a firm adherence to Whig principles, but combined this with continued advocacy of Charles and unwearied efforts to induce the Commons to vote supplies for the King's use; and if, as his enemies hinted, he owed his promotion to this trimming policy, he had more cause to congratulate himself on the result than many of those who served his royal master, for the profits of his offices were not to be despised by the sixth son of an impoverished peer. Evidently he lost no time in turning his loyalty to account, for so early as 1666 Pepys, in alluding to Howard's Proviso to the Poll Bill, says of him that he is "one of the King's servants, at least hath great offices, and hath

got, they say, £20,000 since the King came in." But the assiduous cajolery which helped to supply Charles with the money necessary for his expensive pleasures was to be yet more royally rewarded. In 1678 he was appointed Auditor to the Exchequer, an obsolete but very lucrative post, said vaguely to be worth several thousand pounds a year. This office he retained until his death. In 1680 he purchased the estate of Ashstead, in Surrey (where Evelyn visited him in 1684), and in accordance with his acquired dignity and importance turned from such trifling studies as poetry and drama, forsook Thalia and Melpomene for the more staid service of Clio. He did not shirk his fair share of Parliamentary work, though he shone neither as statesman nor as orator. Of his exploits in the House only three things are known. The first is his Proviso to the Poll Bill already mentioned; the second is the undoubted fact that in 1678 he impeached Sir William Penn (father of the founder of Pennsylvania) in the House of Lords for taking away goods out of the prizes taken by the Earl of Sandwich; and the other, not so well authenticated, that he once "maintained a contradiction *in terminis* in the face of three hundred persons." If this reflection on his obstinacy is well founded it is no more than a vindication of Shadwell's verdict: "So foolishly positive that he will never be convinced of an error though never so gross."

But it was before he had reached the affluence of this period that he made his bid for dramatic fame. In 1665 he published a thin folio containing "four new plays," protesting all the while, as in 1660, that these follies were made public as much against his inclination as his judgment, "but being pursued with so many solicitations of Mr. Herringman's" [his publisher and Dryden's], "and having received civilities from him if it were possible exceeding his importunities, I at last yielded to prefer that which he believed his interest before that which I apprehended my disadvantage." He seems to be proud and ashamed of his plays at the same time. As specimens of their kind he had a paternal fondness for them, but for dramatic writing in general he seems to have harboured a lofty well-bred scorn—to have held it beneath his nobility "to write a trifle called a play." As Dryden wrote to Etheridge when the poet had turned ambassador, Howard probably thought

This truly is a degradation,  
But would oblige the crown and nation,

for he goes on to say in his preface that things of this nature have seldom proved the foundation of a new-built fortune or the ruin of an old one—a statement which was soon to be falsified in the



case of Wycherley and later in that of the author of "The Old Bachelor."

The first play in the volume, but not the first in point of representation—"The Surprisal," a comedy—reminds us at once that Howard was one of the earliest of the Restoration dramatists. When his folio appeared Dryden had written only two or three indifferent plays, Etheridge only one; Sedley and Shadwell were untried men, and five years had to elapse before the wit of Wycherley was to outshine all his rivals; twenty years separated him from Southerne, and a whole generation from Congreve. Consequently Howard had not the advantage of these men's example, he had to be content with earlier models. Both "The Blind Lady" and "The Surprisal" go for their inspiration to the days of Charles I. The opening of "The Surprisal" is commonplace. We are introduced to the stock characters, an old doting lover, a stern ambitious father, and a too obedient daughter, a brainless, spendthrift, upstart heir squandering the ill-won gold which of right belongs to the injured hero. There is the hero himself, noble, brave, impoverished, and nourishing a moody spite against his fortunes; there is the hero's friend, the Horatio to his Hamlet; there is an unpromising villain, bad all through; and the usual retainers. Most of the play is in prose, but some parts are in what at first sight appears to be verse, at any rate it is printed as such. The lines, however, are of all lengths, and most of them are absolutely unmetrical. This is a sample, not an injurious one; Cialto, the hero, is endeavouring to express his love for Samira, but the strength of his affection apparently takes away his powers of rational utterance:—

" I love you still—above—all  
I have such tides of passion when I but name you  
Much more now I see you, that my words  
Are over-flown, and like drowned men  
Disorderly pop up and sink again.  
Distempers seize me—I talk wildly, I fear."

His fears were only too well founded, for the metaphor in the last lines and the expression of it are good examples of the poetry of the play. The plot is rather complicated and depends chiefly on the machinations of Villerotto, a soldier deprived of his command for misconduct by Cialto, and consequently possessed of an implacable hatred of that much abused hero. Villerotto was not a new type on the stage; he was a familiar figure in the Elizabethan and Jacobean plays and was doubtless borrowed from them, losing some of his



freshness in the transaction. There is nothing striking about this comedy of Howard's—plot, dialogue, or characters; yet it is not unpleasant to read. There is practically no offence in it. As we have said, it is rather a belated Jacobean than a Restoration comedy, rather cold and would-be heroic than lively and licentious, and perhaps it might be best compared to Massinger at his worst, Massinger without the poetry and the continuous charm that breathe over all his plays.

The next play is of a different kind. "The Committee" is a comedy, but a much more entertaining one than "The Surprisal." It is of the genuine Restoration order, and a very early specimen of its class, vigorous, bustling, full of intrigue and changes of fortune, but, happily, without the obscenity which mars most of the comedies of the time. Pepys saw it on June 12, 1663, and described it as a merry but indifferent play. Evelyn goes further and calls it ridiculous, but adds (as Pepys had done) that Lacy acted the part of the Irish servant to admiration. "The Committee" was begun very soon after the Restoration, and was finished in six months. Its satire is levelled directly at the Roundheads. Howard had suffered at their hands and was willing enough to pay off his old score with ridicule. The play takes its name and its story from the Committees of Sequestration instituted by the Parliament to deal with all who were suspected of disaffection to the Commonwealth, to compel the owners to compound for their possessions, and in extreme cases to declare the land forfeit. The disorderly condition of the country naturally brought to the surface many unscrupulous rascals who were ready to profit by any change of Government, men who would have been quite as willing to prey upon the Roundheads as they were to batten on the distressed Cavaliers, and Sir Robert had been able to study these people. The story of the play is briefly this. The chairman of one of these committees—or rather his wife, Mrs. Day, for she is the managing partner in the scheme—has obtained control over the estates of two girls, orphan daughters of deceased Royalists, and passes off one of them as her daughter Ruth. Ruth, and her companion in misfortune, Arbela, fall in love with two Cavalier officers, Colonel Blunt and Colonel Careless, who have come before the Committee to compound for their estates, but refuse to take the Covenant. The plot is concerned chiefly with the love affairs of the gallant colonels and these two girls; and the device by which the witty and resourceful Ruth is able to rescue her own estate and Arbela's from the clutches of the "female triumphing Day," and at the same time to secure their lovers' lands from the

power of the Committee is the means of bringing about the catastrophe of the play.

Ruth is a pleasant character, full of fun and animal spirits, free in conversation, fertile in expedients, never deficient in animation and jollity, a typical Restoration Comedy woman in all senses but one—as mischievous as Belinda, but not so unwholesome. Arbela, her friend, is quiet and unassuming—a contrast to the bold, quick-witted Ruth—but yet brave at heart. The two colonels are similarly contrasted—Blunt, reserved and uneasy in the company of women, Careless, a fit mate for the impulsive Ruth. The henpecked Committee-man Day and his odious wife are well drawn if not impartially, while the formal precisian Abel, their son, and Obadiah the clerk, are sketches such as might be expected from a Royalist writing when the Puritans were fallen on evil days, and when a frenzied unreasoning loyalty was indispensable to anyone who aspired to the reputation of a wit. There is also an impossible Irish servant with an equally impossible brogue, played with such effect by Lacy that Teague became the centre of the play, and “The Faithful Irishman” was adopted as its sub-title. Lacy was an extremely clever actor. Buckingham selected him afterwards for the part of Bayes and drilled him carefully in the peculiarities of Dryden’s manner. Langbaine says that he “performed all parts that he undertook to a miracle,” and his excellence in this particular part of Teague was so marked that his portrait in that character was taken by express command of Charles II., and at the end of the century was still at Windsor Castle. Farquhar, in his “Twin Rivals,” seems to have been indebted to Howard’s comedy for an Irish servant of the same stamp bearing the same name. An Irishman himself, Farquhar would need no assistance in such a matter, but we know he was familiar with Howard’s play because Careless was one of the parts he enacted during his brief stage career.

On the whole “The Committee” must be confessed to be a fair comedy, brisk and amusing, with a considerable amount of movement and without any of the elaborate indecencies that blot the brighter pages of greater comic writers. The style does not pretend to the brilliancy of Congreve or Etheridge; it is more like Farquhar than anyone else, though in justice to that unfortunate writer it must be admitted that the worst of his plays is better than the best of Howard’s. As a proof, however, that “The Committee” possessed some sort of vitality, it may be noted, that for more than a hundred years it held the stage, and long after its immediate satirical interest had evaporated the “Play House Companion” of 1764 could say

it "constantly gives pleasure in the presentation." It was a long time before it lost all its political significance, and when its legitimate application had grown dim, audiences were sometimes disposed to invent fresh applications for themselves. In 1719 party interpretations of this kind grew so violent that the authorities had to forbid its further representation. Even now (according to Dr. Doran) a version of "The Committee" applied to Quakers, and entitled "Honest Thieves," may occasionally be witnessed in country theatres.

Having succeeded on the stage with "The Committee" Sir Robert turned his attention to the composition of a tragedy of the pattern known as heroic, and again he was so fortunate as to please the public. Howard is seldom mentioned as a dramatist except in connection with Dryden, but "The Committee" and "The Indian Queen," though they are neither masterpieces nor even very excellent plays, deserve a fate something less gloomy than total oblivion. "The Indian Queen" was brought out with great magnificence in 1664. No expense was grudged to make the production a success. Purcell was intrusted with the incidental music, and Evelyn tells us that the scenic arrangements were "the richest ever seen in England or perhaps elsewhere upon a public stage." Although vast sums of money were habitually expended on private representations and on the masques and pageants exhibited at the Court or at the houses of the great nobility, the properties of the "mercenary" theatres were far from sumptuous, and the mounting of "The Indian Queen" was considered a managerial triumph. Pepys saw the street full of the coaches of those who were witnessing the performance, and remarks that for show Howard's play exceeded even "Henry VIII." The play was printed without any confession of indebtedness to a collaborator, and apparently we might never have been able to account for the superiority of its verse to that of Howard's other plays, if Dryden had not written a sequel to it called "The Indian Emperor," in the prefatory note to which he says that part of "The Indian Queen" is his. That is the only hint he gives us, and to what extent Sir Robert was obliged to his younger coadjutor we can never clearly know. It is probable that the idea and conduct of the play are Howard's and that Dryden was invited merely to assist, which at that time he was glad enough to do, leaving all the credit of the play to his friend, and even suppressing his claim to a place on the title-page. But clearly his part is not inconsiderable; the incantation scene in the third act, with the rhyming charm and the song of the Aërial Spirits, is very like Dryden, and other portions might perhaps be identified on a close inspection; but more than

this, his hand is traceable over the whole play in a smoother and more harmonious versification than Howard unassisted could ever reach. "The Indian Queen" is one of the earliest and not one of the worst specimens of the heroic play, that strange growth which Davenant planted, which Howard and the Earl of Orrery fostered and rendered popular, and which was brought to whatever perfection it was capable of assuming by Dryden and Lee. It deals with the adventures, military and amatory, of Montezuma (afterwards parodied in Fielding's "Tom Thumb"), and ends with his establishment on the throne of Mexico and the wholesale slaughter of his enemies. It is better known than any other of Howard's plays, because when Congreve carried out his old friend's request and edited Dryden's dramatic works he included "The Indian Queen" without mentioning Howard's title to it. Subsequent editors have continued the inclusion, believing, doubtless, in spite of Howard's silence, that Dryden's share of the work, if not easily separated, was at least very important.

How important may be gathered from an examination of the next play in the 1665 volume, "The Vestal Virgin, or the Roman Ladies." Encouraged by the reception of "The Indian Queen," which for a long time was a stage favourite, he turned altogether from the paths of Comedy and made "The Vestal Virgin" a tragedy of the most unmistakably tragic type. It is no "lamentable tragedy mixed full of pleasant mirth," like the old "Cambyses." The fourth act finishes with four deaths, the fifth contains five more, not including Sulpitius, who is borne from the stage to meet his doom in the wings; in truth, as the Epilogue admits, a "sad and dismal tragedy." The cause of all this bloodshed is the love borne by the three chief male characters to Hersilia, a noble Roman lady. Tiridates and Sertorius are open rivals for her favour; Sulpitius, the third lover, pretends friendship to the other two, but is secretly trying to damage them in Hersilia's estimation. Naturally he has a dangerous part to play, but, as his passion is of the consuming kind, he sticks at nothing. To gain possession of the object of his love he fires her father's house and seizes her as she escapes from the flames. The scene in which this takes place is a very busy one on the stage. It is full of disappearances and re-appearances, entrances and sudden flights, escapes, rescues, counter-rescues and pursuits, everyone managing to elude everyone else in the most ingenious fashion. Without following the course of the plot in detail it is enough to say that the base designs of Sulpitius are only too successful. Hersilia falls into his hands, and Sertorius and Marcellina (who loves him) are slain in a scuffle. Then Virginia (the lady who gives the title to the piece) and



her lover Artabaces come into his power. Artabaces is promptly blinded and presently killed, and the same fate overtakes his brother Tiridates, who comes to rescue Hersilia; in the execution of these crimes the chief accomplice of Sulpitius is slain, and he himself, the author of all the mischief, fatally wounded. Hersilia and Virginia are the only two characters of importance who remain alive, and presently both kill themselves with their lovers' swords. Dryden, speaking of "The Indian Queen," had remarked slightly that at the end of it there were only two of the chief characters left alive; at the end of "The Vestal Virgin" there are none at all.

Unfortunately this murderous play has no beauty of execution or expression to redeem it. The dialogue is affected and wearisome to the last degree. For example, Sulpitius tries to prevent the two lovers from fighting a duel for their mistress, the rivals are supposed to be at the fever heat of passion, and stand with drawn swords opposed, when the peacemaker breaks in, exclaiming—

"Of you I ask it, Tiridates, stay  
And let your reason this rash action weigh."

To which remark instead of turning on the intruder and "tearing him for his bad verse," Tiridates replies—

"Love never waits on reason, but on chance.  
And why should you advise this temperance?  
Bid me be cold, and bring the fever too—  
Hersilia sent the banishment by you."

This is a fair sample of the quality of the verse, and it certainly deserves the application of the lines about those

That fight and woo in verse in the same breath,  
And make similitudes and love—in death.

Here is another specimen, where the Vestal Virgin pleads with her lover not to run on certain death :—

"Cannot my tears incline,  
Will you provoke your ruin, perhaps mine?"

The answer comes :—

"I have done; and though Death's business I despise,  
Yet when you talk that it may close your eyes,  
This too fond heart of mine, that did not fail  
At death in gross, sinks now at the retail."

No wonder that another breaks in impatiently with "Come! have ye done?" If the technical excellence of the verse need further instance, let one be found in this couplet from the Epilogue :—

All that are phlegmatic are enemies.  
Which makes poets and Dutchmen certain prize.



All this helps to prove that Dryden's revising labours on "The Indian Queen" were, if not Herculean, at least fairly drastic.

A good deal of the dialogue is after the Greek pattern, if that may be said without irreverence—dialogue, to wit, wherein each character has a theme of his own which he advances a step and then waits for his companion to do the same with his. Dialogue of this fashion neither develops the action nor elucidates the poet's thought. In Howard's case it gives the speakers an opportunity for the discharge of third-rate heroics or of blank verse too bad for classification, and sometimes serves as an excuse for keeping certain personages on the stage in one another's company while something important is going on behind. At the end the speakers are just as they were, and, indeed, the whole process is a kind of conversational "marking time."

It would appear that the tragical nature of this play proved too much for the emotions of the audience, and that the author, to allay the feelings that the sight of so much blood naturally induced, or to display his own ingenuity, provided an alternative catastrophe, beginning just in time to prevent the batch of murders in the fourth act. The fifth act is almost entirely new, and brings about the union of the three pairs of lovers and the complete discomfiture of the villainous Sulpitius. It was no new thing thus to alter the character of a play. Howard probably borrowed the idea from Suckling's "Aglaura," which was fitted with two fifth acts. Acted as early as 1637, Suckling's play was revived soon after the Restoration, and in 1661 was acted the tragical way, a fact of which Howard must have been cognisant. But a greater play than either "Aglaura" or "The Vestal Virgin" was treated in a similar way by the Hon. James Howard (a relation of Sir Robert's), who boldly turned "Romeo and Juliet" into a comedy, retaining the lovers alive at the conclusion of the piece. When Sir William Davenant revived Shakespeare's play it was acted alternately, tragedy one night, comedy the next; but fortunately we are no longer troubled with this Shakespearean improvement. A play that is capable of being turned, without essential loss, from a tragedy to a comedy by the use of an alternative fifth act can hardly be a good play. If a story is to end tragically, the tragedy should from the beginning be seen to be inevitable. This does not mean that there should be no relief nor diverting episodes, but that the author, be he playwright or novelist, should make up his mind before he begins whether a sad or a fortunate ending is to be the lot of his characters, and, having so determined, should work with his decision in view. In "The Vestal Virgin" one feels that Sir Robert

might even up to the middle of the fourth act have been undecided whether his heroes and heroines should be married or buried, and it is not easy to avoid the suspicion that the fortuitous spin of a guinea may have sealed their doom. It is only fair to add that Howard's second thoughts about this play justify the proverb, for the bloodless conclusion is considerably better and more natural than the other.

After the publication of the four plays we have just been considering, Howard only once again essayed dramatic composition, in 1668, namely when he produced "*The Great Favourite, or the Duke of Lerma*," described as a tragedy but yet ending in a fairly satisfactory manner. The plot is taken from Spanish history, and the Duke of Lerma is one of the most diabolical, cold-blooded villains imaginable. Formerly a great favourite, he is in disgrace at Court when the play opens, but by a successful series of crimes he regains his influence with the King; and when at last he is brought to bay by the outraged nobles and summoned before them to answer for his superlative wickedness, he baulks them of their revenge by appearing in Court in a cardinal's habit, having previously obtained his elevation to that dignity by the payment of a large sum to the Holy See. The tribunal is unable to punish him, so he retires to a monastery of his own foundation without the faintest symptoms of remorse, but with every appearance of satisfaction at having outwitted his enemies. Maria, Lerma's daughter, is a fairly vigorous picture of a pure woman in difficult circumstances, one of the purest minded women in any Restoration play; but, taken as a whole, the piece does not rise above mediocrity. Howard acknowledges in his preface having received the first hint of his subject from the perusal of a manuscript play submitted to the managers of the Theatre Royal and by them, in turn, referred to him for his opinion. "The play," he says, "was too bad to be accepted, but the idea was too good to be lost"; he therefore appropriated it and carried it out himself, as Colley Cibber and Sheridan are said to have done on similar occasions. The author of the rejected play is unknown, but the story spread, and it was currently reported that very little of Howard's play was his own. Sir Robert affected to take this as a compliment, but no other writer ever appeared to lay claim to a share of it. We are indebted to Pepys again for an account of the presentation of this tragedy. He was present on the 20th of February 1667-8, when the King and Court attended the performance. He declares that the play was designed "to reproach the King with his mistresses," and says he was afraid lest

the performance should be interrupted on that account. No such *contretemps* occurred, but the plain speaking of the noble author "surprised many people."

With this play Howard took his farewell of the Muses. "I intend not," he says, "to trouble myself nor the world any more in such subjects, but take my leave of these my too long acquaintances ; since that little fancy and liberty I once enjoyed is now fettered in business of more unpleasant natures." But for this early retirement from the stage, it is probable that we should have a sketch of him in "*The Rehearsal*" more convincing and more interesting than any portrait of him that his contemporaries have left. It is stated in the most authoritative way that he was originally designed for the chief place in that play, and that he was to be very severely dealt with under the name of Bilboa. If "*The Rehearsal*" had been brought out when it was first planned, no doubt he would have retained his conspicuous place ; but for various reasons it was put off, and, consequently, began to fall out of date. Howard relinquished his theatrical ambitions, Dryden was requisitioned to fill his post, and Bilboa became Bayes. Howard had no quarrel with the nominal author of "*The Rehearsal*," he even contemplated (so Pepys affirms) collaborating with him in a play intended to ridicule Sir William Coventry. The play was never written, but the design was talked about and came to the ears of the destined victim. Coventry challenged the Duke of Buckingham and was sent to the Tower for his presumption. Having left the "loathèd stage," however, Sir Robert Howard did not suffer his pen to be idle. In 1681 he issued an account of the state of His Majesty's revenue in his official capacity as Auditor of the Exchequer, and in the same year the first of several historical works on the period of the later Plantagenets. In 1692 appeared a new edition of his plays, and in 1696 a reprint of his early poems. Two years later he was gathered to his fathers and buried in Westminster Abbey. Three times, to use Dr. Johnson's phrase, did his hope triumph over his experience, for he was married four times. His first wife was an actress of no reputation, who is supposed to have been the original of Shadwell's "*Lady Vaine*," his fourth was one of Queen Mary's maids of honour. He was nearly seventy when he married her, and she survived him thirty years.

Sir Robert was not the only member of his family to cater for the theatre. His brother, "Ned" Howard, was the author of four plays, rightly neglected in our day and generously abused in his own. He was also responsible for an epic poem which the witty Earl of

Dorset attacked in some stinging couplets, but the same nobleman made even stronger comments on his plays :—

Cursed be he that gives thee pen and ink !  
Such dangerous weapons should be kept from fools.

Langbaine says of him that it was to be wished his friends could have induced him not to publish or have been less severe upon him. One of his plays was clearly aimed at the King, and Charles happened to be present when it was produced. It so angered him that he commanded that none of the company should ever act again, and it was only after some intercession that he revoked his decision, retaining, however, his prohibition against Howard's unfortunate play. It is rather curious that both of the brothers should have run the risk of the royal displeasure in their plays, while in their actions their loyalty was clearly manifest.

Perhaps the most interesting feature in the career of Sir Robert Howard is the controversy he conducted against Dryden about the use of rhyme in dramatic writing. There is no occasion to enter here into an elaborate account of the heroic play. Both Howard and Dryden had written such plays, but whereas Dryden was always inclined to be dogmatic, and to deduce his rules from his practice rather than to form his practice from his rules, Howard was quite willing to admit with some contempt that for his use of rhyme or blank verse he had no better reason to give than his passing fancy. The dispute began in 1664, when, in the dedication of "*The Rival Ladies*," Dryden declared in favour of rhyme for dramatic purposes. Sir Robert raised his voice on the other side in the next year when he printed his four plays. The next step in the discussion was the celebrated "*Essay of Dramatic Poesy*," issued by Dryden in 1668, but written during his retirement at Charlton in 1665 and 1666, the years of the Plague and the Fire. This brightly written essay takes the form of a conversation between Lisideius (Sir Charles Sedley), Neander (Dryden), and Crites (Sir Robert Howard), and sets forth the arguments *pro* and *con.* with considerable impartiality, and certainly with the utmost courtesy and good humour. So far no harm was done, and to us, in whose eyes an heroic play is interesting rather as a literary curiosity than as a standard for modern imitation, Howard's case is so much stronger than his opponent's that our sympathies are enlisted on his side. But he managed to lose the advantage which the obvious reasonableness of his contentions gave him, and those who looked upon blank verse as the best medium for dramatic use can hardly have congratulated them-



selves upon their champion. In the preface to "The Duke of Lerma" he makes some observations on Dryden's "Essay" which show a somewhat strained relationship between the two writers. Dryden had come between the wind and his nobility, and Sir Positive Howard objected to the assurance of the ever confident Dryden. To be sure, he does not mention Dryden's name, referring to him as the author of the "Essay of Dramatic Poesy," but there is throughout the preface a half concealed tone of annoyance and sneering politeness which tells plainly enough the irritation that its author felt. To use a colloquial phrase, there is more in that preface than meets the eye, and very likely Dryden's tongue wagging at the coffee houses and the theatres gave Sir Robert quite as much annoyance as did his pen. Howard finishes his complaint with the opinion that his opponent had "a wrong measure of his own proportion," but Dryden soon showed him that from the wrong side of the question he could carry on a debate better than Howard could from the right. His reply took the form of a "Defence of an Essay" prefixed to the second edition of "The Indian Emperor," 1668. It brought the quarrel to a head and settled it so far as Howard was concerned. Like all Dryden's prefaces, in spite of frequent incorrectness, it is interesting to read, and the keen enjoyment with which he enters into the fray is very refreshing. The unhappy blundering Sir Positive comes in for exceptionally rough handling. To begin with, Dryden refers to the periphrastic title Howard had given him; "He gives me," he says, "the appellation of the author of a 'Dramatic Essay,' which is a little discourse in dialogue for the most part borrowed from the observations of others; therefore, that I may not be wanting to him in civility, I return his compliment by calling him 'The Author of the Duke of Lerma.'" But he does not mean to deny Howard's title to that play, for "indeed they must be extremely ignorant as well as envious who would rob him of that honour; for you see him putting in his claim to it even in the first two lines—

Repulse upon repulse, like waves thrown back,  
That slide to hang upon obdurate rocks.

After this let detraction do its worst; for if this be not his, it deserves to be." Then he plunges into argument, but pulls himself up for a little raillery at Howard's mistranslation of Dryden's quotations. He had construed *delectus verborum* as the *placing* of words, and *reserato* as to shut, but ten days after his book was published he issued a list of errata, in which the latter error was placed to the credit of the printer. "I wonder at his modesty," cries Dryden,



"that he did not rather say it was Seneca's or mine, and that in some authors *reserate* was to shut as well as to open . . . Well, since it was the printer, he was a naughty man to commit the same mistake twice in six lines." The *defence* closed with a courteous acknowledgment of the kindnesses he had received from Sir Robert, and a declaration that he would carry the quarrel no further; but the body of the preface must have galled Howard's imperious nature unbearably. Probably, however, the ill-feeling did not last long. Howard left the stage and its rivalries, and no doubt the friendly intercourse of the two writers was soon resumed. Late in life Dryden, in a letter to Tonson, relies on Sir Robert's pecuniary support, and in the same year John Dryden, Junior, dedicated his first and last play to his father's old friend and patron in the current language of dedication. He apologizes for being a poet, but his name, he says, is against him. He is also related to the Muses by his mother's side. "The family vice" is to be excused in him, he thinks, because he is unluckily a poet by descent. He certainly had no other claim to the title and he might have spared his apologies, for the morality of his play is the only mark of Dryden about it. But the young playwright continued his adulation in terms of which the recipient should have felt ashamed—"You have happily given your country a great poet in your writings; and at the same time have not omitted the more necessary part of giving her a great statesman and hero"—but when the Earl of Mulgrave could swallow, at the hands of Nat Lee, a comparison with Virgil not unfavourable to his lordship, it is not safe to assume that Sir Robert was other than gratified at young Dryden's tribute. As a further evidence of the resumption of friendly intercourse between Dryden and Howard it may be mentioned that the poet seems to have been a kind of literary executor to his brother-in-law. An unfinished play of his fell into Dryden's hands on Sir Robert's death, and the survivor expressed an intention of altering and completing it "at the cost of six weeks' study." Its title was "The Conquest of China by the Tartars." A play with exactly the same title had been written and published by Elkanah Settle, Dryden's old assailant, twenty years before, and this may account for the non-completion of Howard's play.

With all his faults, Sir Robert does not seem to have been ill-natured or treacherous. Giles Jacob, following Langbaine, styles him "a generous patron and a great encourager of learning," a character that Dryden, at least, was able to verify. His chief fault was his misguided notion that he was a poet, a crime, or a delusion,

or a weakness, which he shares with hundreds of his fellow creatures, but in his case the mischief was aggravated by the morbid self-opinion that led him to force other people to acquiesce in his own estimation of himself. He strove after dramatic applause, and yet affected to despise it, considering it beneath his position. He might have remembered the lines in "The Spanish Tragedy":—

Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,  
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight  
To make experience of their wit in plays.

On the whole, perhaps, making due allowance for the necessary exaggeration, Shadwell's portrait of him is not far from the truth. The general opinion of his age confirmed it, and Kneller's portrait does not give any evidence to the contrary. In Shadwell's comedy Sir Positive makes one of the minor characters sign a declaration that his plays are as good as any of Ben Jonson's or Shakespeare's; "that he is no purloiner of other men's works, the general fame and opinion notwithstanding; and that he is a poet, mathematician, divine, statesman, lawyer, physician, geographer, musician, and indeed a *unus in omnibus* through all arts and sciences." If this be farce, as no doubt it is, it is not valueless on that account. And this other outburst of the vapouring knight, though also broad farce, is a very fair summary of the universal pretensions of the man, and Shadwell exhibits more power than he is generally credited with when he makes Sir Positive At-All exclaim: "This single head of mine shall be the balance of Christendom; and by the strength of this I will undermine all commonwealths, destroy all monarchies, and write *Heroic Plays*; ye dogs, let me see either of you do that!"

HERBERT M. SANDERS.

## DREAMS AND VISIONS OF HEAVEN.

"She thought by Heaven's high wall that she did stray  
Till she beheld the everlasting gate."

JEAN INGELow, "*Comfort in the Night.*"

A PART from poetry, the more or less consciously created images of Dante, Milton, Giles Fletcher, and others, apart also from the heavenly visions of that arch-dreamer, Bunyan, and those of Swedenborg, to whom they were a matter of daily occurrence, there shine forth in literature stray visions of the celestial regions, which have come to bless the lonely musings of seers and mystics, and not of them only, here and there throughout the world.

Long before Dante had conjured up on the dark background of mediæval superstition his glorious vision of Paradise, to the imagination of many another, hermit, monk or layman, whether sleeping or waking, the heavens were opened and sights of wonder and delight revealed.

Strangely human were the dreams, "revelations" they would have preferred to call them, of some of these old-time anchorites and saints. Dreams of sweet verdant lands, like that "green world" which the pilgrims of the Ettrick Shepherd's poem passed in their flight Heavenward, and whose inhabitants were still of earthly mould.

Bede, whose pages are full of things celestial, relates the vision of one Drithelm, a Northumbrian, of the 7th century, who, having seemed to die—"having died," says Bede—was led forth out of the body, as he afterwards recounted, by one of "a shining countenance and bright garment."

In these visions it is always an angel that conducts the spirit, strange as yet to spirit-life, upon the Heavenly journey. For Dante's sweet imagination it was reserved to make of his celestial guide the spirit of one he had loved on earth.

As was the way with all mediæval and earlier visions, Drithelm is first led through Hell, and left for a brief awful while to face the

shames and terrors of it alone. Foul darkness and the discord of insulting, hellish laughter, the contrast of these is needed to bring into relief the sunny light, the delicious fragrance, the music and the gentleness of the after vision. But when his fear grows unendurable his guide returns (as Dante's angels were wont to appear) like "the brightness of a star shining amidst the darkness." And all the hostile forces are dispersed.

But now, in the clear light into which he is brought, he is confronted by a wall, the extent and height of which seem boundless and to which there appear no means of entrance or ascent. But—and here we seem to catch the true dream-tone—"when we came to the wall," he says, "we were presently, I know not by what means, on the top of it."

And lo! a vast and flowery meadow bathed in light and fragrance, and peopled with multitudes of joyful souls all young and merry, singing and taking their delight. And beyond this paradise another, ordained for perfect souls, and into which the dreamer was not allowed to enter, but which he saw to be brighter and altogether lovelier than the first.

Right loth was brother Drithelm—as he was henceforth to be called, for after his vision he adopted the monastic life—to quit this scene of beauty and return to earth. But the vision vanished, and he suddenly found himself once more "alive among men," to the terror of the mourners about his supposed death-couch, who all fled in dismay, "saving only his wife, who loved him best," says the monkish chronicler, one might fancy with a touch of envy.

More, perhaps, of deliberate imagination there is in the vision known as "The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham,"<sup>1</sup> which dates from the close of the 12th century. The monk himself tells how, longing with a great desire after a glimpse of the world to come, he was conducted on a spirit-journey thitherward by St. Nicholas; and how, as they drew near the celestial regions, there ever grew upon them the sense of its delight and beauty, till at last the crystal wall<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A Book of English Prose*, W. E. Henley and Whibley.

<sup>2</sup> Ruskin, recording the impression made on him in boyhood by his first view of the Alps, has a beautiful passage which seems to make the walls which figure in so many visions of Heaven—those walls so inaccessible to the view, so easy in the ascent—symbolical of death:—

"There was no thought in any of us for a moment of these being clouds. They were clear as crystal, sharp on the pure horizon sky, and already tinged with rose by the setting sun. Infinitely beyond all that we had ever thought or dreamed—the seen walls of lost Eden could not have been more beautiful to us; not more awful round Heaven, the walls of sacred Death."

of Heaven rose upon their view, with a gate which stood open, save for the cross which—as in Turner's picture of the Celestial City—covered the entrance.

To this fair gate multitudes of blessed souls came flocking, the cross now lifting to afford an entrance to some, now falling and barring out others, who reverently tarried their time. After a brief spell of fear, "the cross was lift up," says the monk, "and so I came in ; but what brightness and clearness of light was there withinforth all about no man ask or seek of me, for I can not only [not] tell it by word, but also I cannot remember it in mind."

Yet he tells how within it were marvellously disposed stairways, by which the spirits ascended into still brighter glory : "There was no labour, there was no difficulty, there was no tarrying in the ascending," says the dreamer, "and"—with a delightful touch—"the higher they went the gladder they were."

The imagination of the monk of Evesham, like that of Drithelm and others, shrank from portraying the high Heaven of Heavens ; and he takes care to insist that the place of his dream-visit, even though he was vouchsafed in it a glimpse of the Saviour on His throne of joy, was not the actual abode of God and His saints made perfect. But from its crystal heights the ascent thereto was swift and easy.

His vision closes with a peal of bells of such amazing sweetness and of so mighty sound that it seemed, says the narrator, "as all the bells in the world, or whatsoever is of sounding, had been rung together at once" ; so that he doubted whether the variant sweetness of the melody or else the mighty power of the sound were more to be wondered at.<sup>1</sup> And the monk wakes from his trance to hear the voices of his brethren that stood about the bed.

How gladly, in their dreams of Heaven, did these old monks escape from the restrictions of monastic life, and their oft austerities, and revel in the light and liberty, the gay companionship and boundless space those dreams afforded them. It was another monk, whose dream of Heaven is still the dearest to all Christian hearts, the saintly Bernard de Morlaix, of Cluny, who sang in his Rhythm on the Celestial Country :—

For there they live in such delight,  
Such pleasure and such play,  
As unto them a thousand years  
Do seem but as one day.

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<sup>1</sup> This ringing of joy-bells is a great feature, it will be remembered, in Bunyan's vision of the entrance of his pilgrims into the Celestial City : "Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.'"



Lines omitted from most of our hymn-book versions, the "angelic hilarity" of their tone being perhaps unsuited to the sober modern ideas of Heaven.

In these dreams, also, free reins were given to their human yearnings, instead of, as afterwards came to be the case, those yearnings being quenched and smothered in accordance with some strangely conceived idea of the Divine requirements.

It was a modern puritan theologian on his death-bed who, on his wife expressing a hope of their being re-united in a better world, chilled her affectionate aspiration with the retort that he would be so engrossed in contemplation of the Beatific Vision, it might be a thousand years before he bestowed so much as a glance on her.

Far otherwise was it with the blind poet-monk of Brittany, St. Herve, of the period of the first introduction of Christianity into his country, of whom Montalembert recalls the legend that three days before his death he fell into an ecstasy, in which his eyes were opened to behold the Heaven he had served so well in darkness, and he sang his last song, which is still repeated in his native land: "I see Heaven opened; Heaven, my country, I would fly to it. . . . I see there my father and mother in glory and beauty; I see my brethren, the men of my own country!" A vision too beautiful in itself to be intruded on even by the choirs of angels which floated through it on wings, "like so many bees in a flowery field."

Some of the old Anglo-Saxon poets' descriptions of Heaven, belonging to a date when Christianity was still a new and strange thing in parts of England, are not so much those of the poet, consciously producing beautiful images, as of the rapt mystic seeking to body forth the visions rising before his soul.

Thus it was with Cynewulf, the eighth century bard, if to him be due, as is thought, the poem of the "Phoenix," in which occurs a picture of Heaven. "It seems," says Mr. Stopford A. Brooke, "as if he could not stay his hand till he had wholly forgotten in his dream the icy seas and the fierce storms, the misery and the might of which he has also told so well."<sup>1</sup> For to these Northern poets Heaven was indeed the Summer Land, and they clung to its images of bloom and verdure, so delightful to their imaginations compared with the sunless world which was all their heathen deities had to offer them beyond this life.

Cynewulf's vision of Paradise is simply of earth at its fairest, and beyond all dread of change. It lies, as he imaged it, to the far eastward, that "noblest of all lands," a land hidden away, he would

<sup>1</sup> *History of Early English Literature.*

almost seem to imply, in this earth, and cunningly concealed from evil-doers. For neither is this the very Heaven, though partaking of its sights and sounds. It is, one fancies, an old man's dream of Paradise, one whose toils are accomplished, and nothing but what is soft and smooth and easy finds therein a place. The mountains are not abrupt; there are no rocky gorges here, nor rough hillocks. Gentle streamlets lap the land, all ablow with joy and blossoms, with sunny groves and never-withering fruitage; and a fragrance as of earth's sweetest scents lingers here for ever.

Very precise were these old dreamers in their location of Heaven, and it is noticeable that in most of their visions it lay to the east or south-east, differing therein from the modern tradition, corresponding to the pagan, that Heaven lies west. "Is not the west the land of peace and the land of dreams?" asks Kingsley in "Westward Ho!" "Do not our hearts tell us so each time we look upon the setting sun, and long to float away with him upon the golden-cushioned clouds? They bury men with their faces to the east. I should rather have mine turned to the west, when I die; for I cannot but think it some divine instinct which made the ancient poets guess that Elysium lay beneath the setting sun."

Most popular of all the legends of the Middle Ages is that of the seven years' pilgrimage of the Irish saint Brendan, the Sindbad of Christianity, he who set forth in a ship with his companions to seek the Islands of the Blest upon the actual seas. Though it is rather the vision of Barintus the hermit that dwells in the memory, since it was he who lured St. Brendan to the quest by the tale of his own landing with his nephew on the happy shores. Eastward in this case also lay Paradise, "an island," to quote from Mr. Baring Gould, "wide and grassy, and bearing all manner of fruits, wherein was no night, for the Lord Jesus Christ was the light thereof." The two abode there, we are told, a long while without eating or drinking—"and when they returned to the monastery the brethren knew well where they had been, for the fragrance of Paradise lingered on their garments for nearly forty days."<sup>1</sup>

Fragrance, light, and music are among the chief characteristics of these visions. It may be recalled how these were also the frequent accompaniment of Buddha's transports. As when, after he had obeyed the call of the Unseen Power and renounced earth's joys that he might live the divine life, the air about him was filled with falling roses, while music, multitudinous as the roll of waves upon the shore, sounded in his ears. Or, as when the whole universe appeared

<sup>1</sup> *Lives of the Saints.*

to him like a garden of fragrant blossoms ; and a splendour of light outshone, piercing even to those very darkest recesses which, according to the audacious imagery of the East, the united rays of seven suns would fail to penetrate.

St. Brendan was the uncle of another notable seer of the seventh century—that century so rich in visionary lore—St. Fursey, who fell, says Bede, into a trance, and, quitting his body from evening till cock-crow, “was found worthy to behold the choirs of angels and to hear the praises which are sung in Heaven.” With stray echoes of which he afterwards edified all Christendom.

One item in St. Fursey’s vision, that of the earth appearing, when, at his guiding angel’s bidding, he looked down upon it from above in his spirit-flight, as a dim dark vale beneath him, has its parallels in poetry. So to Rosseti’s “Blessed Damozel” the world below, as she gazes down upon it from the ramparts of Heaven,

Spins like a fretful midge.

So also Milton says of the bright spirits of his “Comus,” that they inhabit regions

Above the smoke and stir of this dim spot  
Which men call earth.

In Dr. Doddridge’s dream of Heaven his spirit likewise gazed down in calm review upon the city of London as he floated away from it ; and he reflected how trifling to him, a disembodied spirit, appeared the affairs about which its inhabitants were so eagerly employed.

As deep a visionary charm as belongs to the dreams of any of the old-time saints characterises this dream of the 18th century Nonconformist divine, nor is it a whit behind theirs in sincerity.

The same can scarcely be said of his contemporary Sir Godfrey Kneller’s famous dream of Heaven, as recounted by Pope, which bears too unmistakable signs of the wit’s own bright fancy to come under the definition of true dream. In which dream of the professed worldling it is curious that Heaven, which in the old-world cloistral visions was a place of all delights, of flowers, song and merry-making, should have appeared as a church, in which people “took their seats” according to the denominations they had belonged to on earth.

With Doddridge one passes into the very Land of Dream. In his dream he died and, quitting his body, ascended lightly upward. With this dreamer there was no horror of darkness to be gone through, the thought of God’s all-pervading love accompanying him

on his way, though that way was as yet unknown to him. Thus he floated on, when he was met by one of the cicerone of the sky. Together they pursued their flight, till they reached a palace which, the dreamer was told, was the place appointed for his present residence. On which the Doctor characteristically remarked, that magnificent though this palace was, yet it did not appear as beyond what it might "enter into the heart of man to conceive." To be answered by his angel-guide—according to the purport of a talk the dreamer had held the night before with Dr. Clark—that the glories of the celestial world would come upon him by degrees.

Arrived within a hall of the palace, he perceived upon a table a golden cup, engraven with the mystic symbol of the vine, which he was told was the cup out of which our Saviour drank new wine with His disciples. And presently a gentle knock at the door was followed by the entrance of his Lord, who, drinking from the cup, offered it to his servant's lips, lips that at first rejected the honour as too great.

Then follows what constitutes the unique experience of this dream. Left to himself the dreamer observes that the hall is hung with pictures, upon examining which he discovers to his amazement that they represent, in graphic series, the history of his past life,<sup>1</sup> all its varied scenes portrayed with startling vividness; its trials and temptations, the persistent tokens of the divine love following him from period to period. The sight of these, and, above all, the consciousness that he was now safe, beyond the reach of all distress, threw him into such an ecstasy of joy and thankfulness that he awoke the tears of rapture flowing down his cheeks.

One recognises that this dream was indeed dreamed, and believe it when we read "that he never remembered on any occasion to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude equally impressed upon his mind."

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson has the same thought in "In Memoriam" —

"There no shade can last  
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom  
The eternal landscape of the past."

And Whittier :—

"Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,  
And painted on the eternal wall  
The past shall reappear."

Sleep was a veil uplift from heaven—  
As if heaven dawned upon the world of dream . . .

I, too,  
Have found a moment's paradise in sleep  
Half compensate a hell of waking sorrow,

cries how different a dreamer, Shelley.

Many other dreams of Heaven there are. Professor Palgrave quotes one—a supernatural landscape he terms it—from Pindar, descriptive of the souls in Elysium: "For them shines the sun in power all our night long, and the red rose meadows are heavy with the incense tree and golden fruits . . . and happiness about them puts forth all her blossoms."<sup>1</sup>

It is noteworthy that Addison, who traced all such dreams of Heaven, of whatever creed or nationality, to the same divine source, should have attributed his own vision of the abodes of the blest, one of the most alluring we have, to the heathen Mirza of Bagdad. Such visions as these, however, or Dekker's of the *insula fortunatæ*—the walls of whose habitations "glisten like polished ivory," whose surrounding waters are "sweet, redolent, and crystalline," "where happiness herself maintains her court," where shepherds "live as merrily as kings, and kings are glad to be companions with shepherds"—belong rather to literature as literature than to true dream or vision.

With poetry of a certain order it is difficult to say where vision ends and poetry begins. Between the seer and the bard there is no hard and fast line, so that one may say of their words: "This is inspiration," or, "This is art." So visionary often are the thoughts of poets, so poetic the conceptions of the seer. It was in a vision of the night, as old Bede tells us, that the poet-monk Cædmon received his gift of song. "He [God] giveth songs in the night," declares the old-time poet of "Job."

"Vision is the power of seeing the Invisible," says Dean Swift, who might himself have been a poet had he been more of a seer. How often do the poets say, "I see!" when speaking of spirit things. Their apprehension of these, like that of Wordsworth's shepherd among his mountains, is not so much of faith as of sight—"Nor did he believe, he *saw*."<sup>2</sup>

I see them walking in their air of glory!

cries Henry Vaughan of his departed friends.

<sup>1</sup> *Landscape in Poetry.*

<sup>2</sup> *The Excursion*, book i.



I see the far-off City grand !

so Christina Rossetti introduces her dream of the Heaven that shines before her eyes.

I see thee, blessed soul, I see  
Walk in Elysian fields so free,

sighs Spenser in one of his eclogues. Many of Blake's pictures of Paradise are rather those of the visionary than the poet. Some of them are altogether vision. Schiller gazes in spirit from this mist-laden vale of earth toward the land beyond the grave, till, from the very intensity of his longing, is evolved a definite vision of the place of his desire, on whose sights and sounds his raptured senses brood :—

I can see the fair hills yonder,  
.  
.  
.  
I can hear the music ringing.

The light winds from that heavenly region waft to him their healing fragrance, and he craves for wings to fly to it.<sup>1</sup>

PAULINE W. ROOSE.

<sup>1</sup> Dort erblick' ich schöne Hügel,  
Ewig jung und ewig grün !  
Hätt' ich Schwingen, hätt' ich Flügel,  
Nach den Hügeln zög ich hin.  
Harmonieen hör' ich klingen,  
Töne süßer Himmelsruh,  
Und die leichten Winde bringen  
Mir der Düfte Balsam zu.  
Goldne Früchte seh' ich glühen,  
Winkend zwischen dunkeln Laub.

SEHNSUCHT.

## *BARON MALMESBURY.*

ONE day towards the end of the reign of George II. a group of astonished spectators in Salisbury Close perceived a small boy climbing up the spire of the Cathedral. He went higher and higher, until the top was reached, when a lady who had been intently watching the feat through a glass exclaimed: "Good Heavens! it is James!" This is the earliest incident recorded in the career of the future ambassador Sir James Harris, first Lord Malmesbury. The mother lived to see her son mount the diplomatic ladder with the same energy and daring.

James Harris entered public life with great advantages, for his father, who was Member for Christchurch, was a noted scholar and had a large circle of distinguished friends. When only twenty-one young Harris was appointed Secretary of the Embassy to Madrid. Three years later he found himself left as *Chargé d'Affaires* to act on his own responsibility. It was then that the dispute arose with Spain over the Falkland Islands. Harris conducted his part of the affair with great firmness and judgment, but the high-handed tone assumed by the Spanish representative in London very nearly brought about a rupture. War was thought to be inevitable, and Harris was recalled. He had ridden sixty miles from Madrid when he met a second courier with despatches stating that Spain had yielded to the English ultimatum. Without stopping to rest Harris immediately rode back the whole distance through the dark, miry roads, arriving about six in the morning. To his dismay the Spanish Minister refused to receive him on the ground that he had quitted his post and had no credentials. Argument was useless, but the British Government replied by at once creating Harris Minister Plenipotentiary.

Soon after this Harris was appointed to the Court of Frederick the Great, an important post for a man of twenty-five. It was mid-winter when he set out, and he had to travel in a postchaise to Berlin *viâ* Brussels, Wesel, Hanover, and Brunswick. Travelling was a toilsome business at the best of times in the middle of the

eighteenth century, and the snow and frost made the roads unusually bad. The carriage was constantly falling into holes, and the party had to alight and get help from the nearest village. The valet, who was a Frenchman, found consolation for the discomforts of the journey in crying, at every fresh misfortune, "Vive la France!" In one place they were obliged to cross a large track of treacherous ice on foot. The Ambassador escaped without injury, but his secretary, being heavier and less agile, broke the ice and got a wetting, while the valet, having chosen a spot where the ice was thinnest to perform some feat of daring, fell in up to his shoulders. His clothes froze to his body in the biting air, and he had to walk the rest of the stage in a suit of icy armour.

Mr. Harris did not find his quarters in Berlin particularly comfortable. The house was enormous—nearly as big, he said, as Northumberland House—and the water came in so much that it was like living in the Atlantic Ocean. As a newcomer it was his duty, according to Prussian etiquette, to call upon all the members of the royal and diplomatic circles. This meant working through a list of some 300 persons. He was received very graciously by the King, and granted an audience before the Polish and Bavarian Ministers, who had arrived some days previously.

For the first few months he seemed fairly well pleased with his position. His chief business was to collect and sift all the news he could gather, and make himself agreeable to his Prussian Majesty. He grew more reconciled to his unwieldy domain, chiefly on account of its large garden, in which he took great pleasure as the season advanced. The Berliners, who were accustomed to the stiffest and most formal styles of gardening, were greatly astonished at the freedom with which the shrubs and flowers in the Ambassador's garden were allowed to disport themselves. The Queen and the Princesses expressed the warmest admiration, and begged Mr. Harris to show them how to have their gardens laid out in the same way.

The atmosphere of Berlin was very much like that of a barrack room. "The men are entirely military," wrote Mr. Harris, "uninformed on every other subject, and totally absorbed in that one." There was one advantage about Berlin society; it was not expensive, because no one had money to spend on luxuries. Still, life was not entirely divested of gaieties. Mr. Harris writes to his mother:

"I wish you would send me all the new and old country dances that have been or are now danced at London, with the figures. This Court is full of young, dancing princesses, and they are always quarrelling with me for not having a collection of *Anglaises*; I wish,

therefore, if this arrives in time, these may be added to my baggage."

Harris was always a ready man in society, and was never taken at a disadvantage. He was staying once in Leyden when quite a young man, and dancing at a ball at Princess Weilbourg's. The Princess asked him whether the English ladies danced as well or were as handsome as those he saw round him. Harris replied: "En Angleterre les Anglaises me frappent le plus, et en Hollande les Hollandaises."

The Ambassador did not see much of the King, who shut himself up in his palaces at Potsdam and Sans Souci, and refused to receive even the accredited representatives of foreign courts. All formal business was transacted in Berlin itself, whither the King would repair for short visits.

When Harris had been about a year at Berlin his letters begin to take a less cheerful tone. He apologises to one of his friends for being a bad correspondent, on the score of having nothing to tell. "The private life of Berlin will not bear being set upon paper, and the public one is of too delicate a nature to be entrusted to it." He was beginning to feel the loneliness of foreign life in uncongenial surroundings, and had to console himself with the thought that his present position was only a stepping-stone to something better. In one of his letters he writes:

"None can be worse for the comforts of social life than Berlin. Berlin is a town where, if *fortis* may be construed 'honest,' there is neither *vir fortis nec femina casta*. A total corruption of morals reigns throughout both sexes in every class of life, joined to penuriousness, necessarily caused partly by the oppression of his present Majesty and partly by the expensive ideas they received from his grandfather, constituting the worst of human characters. The men are constantly occupied how to make straitened means support the extravagances of their life. The women are harpies, debauched through want of modesty rather than from want of anything else."

In spite of these drawbacks the Ambassador found that by preserving an attitude of aloofness he was able to endure his surroundings with equanimity. He writes to his friends:

"Without any one positive enjoyment of social life, I have no subject of complaint, and my time passes off very tolerably. I rise early, see nobody till dinner, generally dine at home with two or three of my acquaintances, go to the French play or to Court, and sup generally abroad, except once a month, when I have a supper of

twenty-four or thirty covers at home. I have a large garden, a good English horse," &c.

Politically speaking, the situation was far from agreeable. The King of Prussia, although he did not offer any personal rudeness to the English Ambassador, was in a constant ill-humour with England, which he showed by adopting a commercial policy very inimical to English interests. It suited our Government to take as little notice as possible, and allow Frederick to follow his own courses without interference. Another cause for unpleasantness was that every action of the English representative at St. Petersburg, Mr. Gunning, was reported to Frederick by Count Panin, the Russian Minister for Foreign Affairs, who was in the pay of Prussia. The result was that Frederick, irritated by the reports of Count Panin, tried to make mischief between England and Russia. Since the partition of Poland, in the early part of 1772, Russia and Prussia had been close allies, and Frederick's influence was paramount at St. Petersburg. The attempts made by England to induce the Empress Catherine to join in protecting the liberties of the Poles and the Dantzigers, who had also fallen victims to the aggression of Prussia, were useless, and only made matters worse for the English Ambassador at the Court of Berlin. Frederick's bad health, which he tried to conceal from those about him, added to his ill-temper and to the difficulties of the situation.

In the meantime Frederick's nephew and heir, the Prince of Prussia, who was deeply in debt, owing to his dissipated habits, was casting about to find someone to assist him. He was particularly anxious to strike up an alliance with this country on account of his uncle's dislike to England, and he reckoned confidently on obtaining a large subsidy from the British Government. An agent of the Prince went to Mr. Harris, laid the case before him, and urged him vehemently to arrange terms then and there, declaring that the Prince was relying upon help from England, and that His Royal Highness had not money enough to pay his laundress. Unmoved by these protestations, the English Ambassador pointed out the risk incurred if such an arrangement became known to Frederick, and, quietly ignoring the reproaches of the agent, continued discussing the Prince's affairs with a view of gaining all the information possible. When the Prince heard the report of the interview he sent a friendly message to Mr. Harris, thanking him for his forbearance with the impatient emissary and for his discreet conduct.

As Frederick the Great's health grew worse his prestige also somewhat diminished, and the knowledge of this filled him with fury.



He was like a madman at times. Nothing, however, could divert him from his rapacious policy. With every interval of recovered health he set about devising new schemes of aggrandisement. A sort of apathy hung over the political world, and Frederick was suffered to go on unchecked. To the English Ambassador this quiet seemed but the lull before the storm. But he was soon to be recalled from his duties at Berlin to play his part in home politics, and to prepare for the most important work of his life—his mission to St. Petersburg.

Mr. Harris's arrival at St. Petersburg was marked by a *contretemps* which was of the greatest moment to the ladies of his party, though the Ambassador himself does not seem to have suffered personally. This was the irretrievable loss of the ladies' boxes, which appear to have been sent by sea. A letter to Mr. Eden, dated January 1778, says :

"Mrs. Harris and my sister were prevented going to Court immediately on their arrival by a total destruction of their wardrobe, occasioned by the negligence of the captain on whose ship the boxes came. This loss is severely felt in a country where every article of this kind is constantly dear and scarce, but more particularly at a moment when the festivities on the birth of the young Prince Alexander Paulowitz increase the demand. . . . The Russian ladies have been exceedingly civil and attentive in assisting her [Mrs. Harris] to repair her loss, and she is, by their help, enabled to appear completely equipped in a Russian dress."

Among the earliest incidents which the Ambassador records is an accident which befell him while sleighing with the Spanish Minister in the streets of St. Petersburg. The Spaniard, who had charge of the sleigh, came into violent collision with the pole of a coach, which caused the English Ambassador to receive two large cuts in the neck, one in the lip, and a strain to the right wrist. He says : "I was very nearly being deprived of both my tongue and hand at a moment when I was much in want of both of them. As, however, I immediately washed the wounds (for they almost deserve that name) with brandy and water, and have since kept all surgeons from interfering, I was well enough the next day to go to Mr. Panin, and now have only two large patches on my throat. . . . Her Imperial Majesty sent the lieutenant of the police to me in order that I should help him to discover and bring to punishment the coachman concerned, and has since published a ukase prohibiting all fast driving in the streets. On my first appearance at Court afterwards both the Empress and Grand Duke were remarkably attentive in their

inquiry. . . . The ukase and punishment ought chiefly to regard Mr. Lacy [the Spanish Minister], as the fault lay principally at his door ; indeed, as he is a vain man, and thinks he does everything well, he is perhaps as severely punished by the constant attacks made upon his skill in driving as the poor coachman would have been if I had wished to have found him out by the knout."

The Empress showed the greatest goodwill towards the English Ambassador, who writes to his father in 1779 :

"I have the good fortune to have made myself not disagreeable to the Empress. She notices me much more than any of my colleagues ; more, indeed, I believe than any stranger is used to. She admits me to all her parties of cards, and a few days ago carried me with only two of her courtiers to a country palace where she has placed the portraits of all the crowned heads of Europe."

With a sturdy British distrust of flattery, Harris suspects some plot to undermine his integrity. He confides his suspicions to the Earl of Suffolk :

"I am at a loss to account for the remarkable civilities I receive from the Empress, the Grand Duke and Duchess, and from the chiefs of the different parties. I am upon my guard as much as possible, and trust I have resolution enough not to be hurried out of my duty by flattery, and a sufficient sense of the character with which I am invested not to commit it by mixing in any of the disgraceful intrigues with which I am surrounded, and for the embarking in which I find myself so radically improper."

The Ambassador seems to have been justified in his suspicions, for while the Empress was showing him the most flattering cordiality she invariably contrived to avoid all discussion of English affairs. She did not, however, succeed in blinding him to the vices of her own character or of her Court. He describes Catherine's private life as growing worse and worse every day, and the interior of the Court as "one continued scene of intrigue, debauchery, iniquity, and corruption." When he had been a few months in Russia he came to the conclusion that "report had magnified the eminent qualities and diminished the foibles of one of the greatest ladies in Europe."

It was exceedingly difficult to accomplish any political business, partly because all the Russian Ministers and officials of importance were very hostile to England, and partly on account of their inherent dislike to occupy themselves with anything but their own pleasures. The Ambassador writes :

"Although in my public capacity I have a tolerable degree of

patience, yet it requires more than ever fell to the share of mortal Minister to converse with people who, in the midst of business and distress, are supine and insensible, and who will neither hear a reasonable question nor give a reasonable answer. You will not credit me when I tell you that Count Panin [the Prime Minister] does not devote more than half an hour in the twenty-four to business ; and that Mr. Oakes, having been robbed of a considerable sum of money, found the Lieutenant de Police, the first magistrate of the empire, and whose power is immense, at seven o'clock in the morning, playing at *la grande patience*, with a dirty pack of cards by himself."

Count Panin employed a good many hours in unlawful business. He hated the English Ambassador for having won the goodwill of the Empress, and stooped to the meanest tricks to thwart and injure him. One of his devices was to compose letters which he produced as having been translated from the despatches of foreign representatives at the Russian Court, and intercepted at the Post Office as dangerous matter. Harris suffered greatly from this trick, but it was impossible to bring the matter home to the Prime Minister and expose his deceit, as when a request was made to produce the original despatches the answer invariably given was that the documents, after being copied, had been forwarded to their destination.

Another disagreeable feature in the political situation was the universal system of bribery. No information was to be obtained without ; and as the Prussian, French, and Spanish Ambassadors were all lavishly supplied with Secret Service money, and had persons of high rank in their pay, our Ambassador, who detested the whole business, and was loth to ask the English Government for a single penny for such work, was always at a disadvantage.

As time advanced, the Empress herself became more and more difficult to deal with, changing her mind constantly on important questions and growing very suspicious of everyone about her. The great officers of State found it so impossible to please their Imperial mistress that several of them sent in their resignations. Harris writes in July 1781 :

"The fluctuating history of this Court affords new matter for every messenger I despatch ; it never was more extraordinary than at the present moment."

When Harris had been at St. Petersburg for three years he asked that he might be recalled. He was weary of the constant struggle with enemies who aimed at him in the dark, his health suffered greatly from the climate, and for domestic reasons he was anxious to

be once more in England. Harris had a thoroughly British contempt for the *garçons perruquiers de Paris*, as he styled the Russian courtiers. He felt that he had played his part, and that "a new face, new manners, new flatterers" were necessary. Politically speaking, he had done all that an ambassador could in such circumstances. The object of his mission was to persuade Russia to enter into an offensive and defensive alliance with England. He paved the way for such an alliance by establishing something like an *entente cordiale* before he left. "My successor," he writes, "will have a smooth and pleasant road to walk in." The Empress retained her cordiality to the last, and begged him at his final interview to express to his master her friendship for England.

Sir James Harris spent five years in Russia, and when he returned to England he found himself £20,000 out of pocket. He did good service for his country, after this, at The Hague and elsewhere, and in 1788 was made Baron Malmesbury. It is related that towards the end of his career, when he was about seventy years of age, he was walking in the close of Salisbury Cathedral, which witnessed his first exploit, with his friend Mr. Batt, and the two old comrades fell to discussing which of the two had been the more successful in life. Mr. Batt, as a Master in Chancery, had made a large fortune; Lord Malmesbury, at the expense of his fortune, had won great honours.

GEORGINA HILL.

## *AN INDIAN STATE TRIAL.*

ONE of the most satisfactory results of British rule in India is the growth of opinion in Native States as to the justice and fairness of its leading principles. For years past most of the petty kingdoms subject to the Queen-Empress have moulded their civil and criminal laws on the admirable codes in force in British districts, while there is scarcely a single potentate anywhere, except perhaps on our frontiers, who does not recognise that, however unwilling the Government of India is to interfere with the internal affairs of his State, it will not tolerate flagrant oppression or continuous mal-administration. Of course it has not eyes to see all that goes on under these two heads, and must trust to instances being brought to notice by its political officers and from other sources. The knowledge, however, that acts of tyranny, like murder, will out, often prevents their being committed, and makes the Chief who wants to commit one anxious to shield himself by using an agent who he knows will not peach, or whom he can, if necessary, easily repudiate. Nevertheless, though definite laws may have been promulgated, and courts established to administer them, no one in a Native State disputes the power of its ruler to over-ride them, except by means of a petition, generally anonymous, posted to a political officer or the Viceroy. A few years ago an English barrister, defending some persons convicted of murder in a minor principality, urged that they should be exempted from punishment because the Maharaja, whose will was the supreme law of the State, had authorised the act. The case created a great stir in Rajputana<sup>1</sup> where it occurred, and led to a remarkable trial, which created a precedent of no small value from a political point of view. It may be of interest to relate, as briefly as is consistent with clearness, the facts attending that case.

The Maharaja in question stood high in favour with the Government of India; had been honoured with the order of G.C.S.I.; was the head of a State in which prosperity and good government were

<sup>1</sup> This province comprises twenty Native States, and the British district of Ajmere-Merwara.



the inheritance of many years; had been educated at the Mayo College in Ajmere, and, acquiring a more than ordinary proficiency in the English language, had adopted English ways and habits, not always of the best description, to such an extent that he stood aloof from his brother Chiefs, with one or two exceptions. The State Council, which he controlled and overruled at pleasure with scarcely disguised contempt, was afraid of him, as were many other of his subjects with whom—to use an expressive phrase—he was out of touch. Truth to tell, there were few of them, and those not the most reputable, with whom he was in touch. Yet visitors who met him at the shikar parties he organised so hospitably—from Royal Dukes and Viceroy downwards—would be struck by a blunt manliness and humour and sincerity of speech, which made him at times a pleasant, jolly companion. Seen among his horses, of which he had a large stud, or at the head of the two regiments he had raised for Imperial service, he was at his best, though no one could have called him a bad ruler from a business point of view; he took a genuine, intelligent and fairly industrious interest in the welfare of his people, and was liberal in promoting education, hospitals, and public works. His vices were those of many other so-called “good fellows”; the most injurious of them and most overpowering had brought him an attack of delirium tremens some months before this story begins. Repentance followed in its wake, with the following results. His chief companion and confidant, Ramchunder, a Brahman whom he had promoted to be major in his cavalry regiment for Imperial service, a smart, soldierly looking young man, who was known to exercise an evil influence over the chief, being “the tutor and the feeder of his riots,” in which capacity he had been enriched for services which would not bear looking into, was supplanted, through the influence of the Political Agent, by an ex-schoolmaster named Kunj Behari Lal, who through the same influence had become a member of the State Council. To this latter the Maharaja was persuaded to entrust himself for daily surveillance, together with the keys of his cellar, from which, as arranged by the Political Agent, four glasses of whisky per diem were to be measured out and given by Kunj Behari Lal. If more was demanded it was to be refused, even at the risk of displeasing the Chief. Only a fit of virtuous repentance, and the confidence placed by the Chief in the friendly counsels of the Agent who originated it, could have given such an arrangement the least chance of success. It worked well for a time under the fostering care of the English officer, to whom Kunj Behari Lal paid daily visits for the purpose of reporting on his lord

and master. Apart, Major Ramchunder nursed a bitter hatred of his supplanter, as he saw his own influence wane and found himself estranged from the royal presence.

"When the devil was sick the devil a saint would be," &c.—the truth of that old proverb was again exemplified. After a few weeks of the new *régime* the Maharaja's feelings towards its chief instrument, Kunj Behari Lal, who performed his duties strictly and honestly, underwent an entire change. He wanted to shake him off but did not know how, fearing to lose the good opinion and friendship of the Agent. Behari Lal having become a person of consequence held his head up and swaggered, thereby awaking many enmities besides that of Ramchunder. His position as an intermediary between the Palace and the Agency naturally exposed him to these. He does not seem to have perceived, nor was the Agent aware, how wearisome his yoke had become to the royalty over whom he had mounted guard.

On May 21, 1892, Kunj Behari Lal, while driving in his carriage at Ulwar, about half-past seven in the evening, was dragged out of it by a party of men, who there and then killed him with swords and decamped, leaving the body in the public road. The only witness of the deed was a boy groom named Ganesh, who accompanied the carriage. He ran away and reported what had occurred to the nearest house, which happened to be tenanted by an Englishman. This led to various officials and Major Ramchunder visiting the scene of the murder and searching the neighbouring gardens and compounds, but without success. Some days before this the Maharaja had gone to Naini Tal, a hill station in the North-West Provinces, for the benefit of his health, and, freed from all restraint, had given way to intemperance, from which he died on May 22. News of his death did not reach Ulwar until after Behari Lal had been killed. Notwithstanding the efforts of the Political Agent, the State Council prosecuted their inquiries in such lukewarm fashion that the Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana felt compelled by the information that reached him, and certain rumours in the air which attributed the Council's supineness to a fear that the Maharaja might be implicated in the murder of his obnoxious subordinate, to interfere, by directing his Agent at Ulwar to take the inquiry into his own hands. A special native detective, possessed of local knowledge, and an experienced English police officer were deputed to assist him. By July 1 seven men, including Ramchunder, had been arrested on suspicion. Two of these men, under promise of pardon, disclosed how Ramchunder had instigated the remaining four to kill

Behari Lal. After a long and careful investigation by an English magistrate, lent to the State by the Government of India, during which further confessions and admissions were elicited from all the accused save Ramchunder, the case was ripe for committal, and the question arose by what court it should be tried. The late Maharaja's son and heir being a minor, the paramount Power had vested the control of the State in the Council, which had become a Council of Regency, to whom belonged the task of determining this question. It was admitted that no native officer in the State's employ was sufficient for so onerous and delicate a duty, involving as it did not only the trial of one who had been the late Chief's confidant and trusted companion, but also a charge against that Chief himself. At the instance of the Government of India, therefore, the Regency Council appointed a special Sessions Court, composed of a civilian Judge from the North-West Provinces and a Political Officer from another State. In the trial before this Court, the chief point of interest, all other material facts having been established beyond doubt, was the issue, raised for the first time by Ramchunder, much against his own will, under advice from his counsel, a leader of the Allahabad Bar—Did the Maharaja order the murder to be committed, as alleged by the defence; and, if so, to what extent were the accused justified by such order?

All Rajputana stood on tiptoe to see how this issue would be decided. The Bazaars had long been in doubt whether the interference of the Governor-General's Agent would avail to procure a conviction and teach the lesson that even ruling chiefs in their own States cannot compass murder with impunity; most people, by the way, seemed to take it for granted that so daring and barefaced a murder of a high official could only have taken place with the sanction of an authority that had power to shield its instruments. On the other hand, as a fine old Chief said to the Viceroy's representative—"It is easy, when the Maharaja is dead, to say he ordered this thing. I don't believe he did. Let the case be thoroughly sifted."

The evidence produced to justify the plea above mentioned was mainly limited to two letters in pencil, alleged to have been written by the Maharaja to Ramchunder from Naini Tal. In the first was the following sentence: "*There is no need for Kunja. Break him in pieces.* I have given my oath." The words in italics can also be translated thus: "There is no need for the little water bottle. Break it in pieces." "Kunja" is the name given to a miniature earthen water bottle. Ramchunder said it applied to Kunj Behari Lal—a meaning supported by the subsequent words—"I have given my

oath." The second letter contained these words : " Give help to Akhai Singh. I have given my oath." Akhai Singh, on his own confession, was the chief hired assassin who took part in killing Behari Lal.

After examining the evidence for and against the authenticity of these letters, the Court found they were genuine. It also found that "the Maharaja was cognisant of, and assented to, the conspiracy that was formed to take the life of Kunj Behari Lal, and that he gave the accused Ramchunder to understand that he might rely on his protection from the consequences of the crime, and that the other accused were led to believe that they would receive the same protection." The Court then went on to show that Ramchunder having attained for his own ends the assent of his sovereign to a plot of his own contriving, could not plead such assent as being a command which he was bound to obey. "We do not for a moment suppose," it wrote, "that Ramchunder believed that he was bound by the law of his country to carry out any such wish or request to which the Maharaja might give expression ; and we have no hesitation in saying that no subject of the Maharaja could have been bound by anything contained in the letters written by him to commit what was an offence against the law of the State ; and that if he could not have been bound to do so, the act could not be justifiable by the law of Ulwar. The suggestion made by Ramchunder that Ulwar is a State in which there is no law is a verbal quibble. The mere fact that there is no written law proves nothing ; there is a law derived from long-established custom as weighty and binding as any written law ; and we have the evidence of the Thakur members of the Council called by the accused to the effect that the Maharaja, though the final authority in all matters, civil and criminal, is himself bound by the customary law." The trial ended in Ramchunder, son of Ram Baksh, Brahman, and Akhai Singh, son of Balder Singh, Thakur, being sentenced to death ; the third accused was sentenced to transportation for life ; and the fourth to rigorous imprisonment for seven years.

A petition for mercy was submitted to the Government of India through the Governor-General's Agent, who concluded his observations on the pleas set forth in it as follows :—

Setting aside the plea of pressure which is not applicable to the accused Ramchunder, and in connection with which it must be remembered that those concerned in the murder received and hoped for personal gain for their services, the petition for pardon or mitigation of sentence appears to me to be sustained solely by the late Maharaja's promise of immunity from punishment ; and the question for the consideration of the Government of India as the present guardian of the State is,



how far on grounds of equity or for political considerations any attention should be paid to that promise. I cannot suppose that any one of those who took part in this cruel conspiracy did not know that they were offending against the law of the land, and that in the event of detection only the Maharaja could save them from punishment; so that I cannot regard any successor of the late Maharaja, still less the Government of India, which is concerned with the protection of life and property in all Native States under some kind of law more or less civilised, as bound to redeem a promise which from every point of view was clearly iniquitous and contrary to the law of the State. On grounds of general policy the redemption of that promise would in my opinion be most disastrous, as it would be construed by all Native States as implying that the Government recognised the right of a Chief to order or secretly compass the death without trial or for any specified offence of any one of his subjects who had become personally obnoxious to him. As a protest against any such doctrine and for the sake of example, it seems to me that the sentences passed by the Court should take effect, especially in the case of the accused Ramchunder, the head and front of the conspiracy which led to a barbarous and cruel murder.

To these remarks was added an opinion that a commutation of the death sentence passed on Akhai Singh into transportation for life might perhaps be justifiable, in consideration of "the pressure put upon him to execute what he plainly believed to be the order of the Maharaja, and the open confession made by him at the trial, which was of great assistance to the cause of justice."

Accepting the finding of the Court, the Governor-General in Council decided that on public grounds the sentences passed by it should be carried out, that of Akhai Singh being commuted to transportation for life. At the urgent solicitation, however, of accused's counsel time was allowed for an appeal to the Secretary of State in England, who declined to interfere.

This brief outline of an important trial, without parallel in the annals of the Indian Foreign Office, shows what a long arm and strong arm our Government in India can wield upon occasion, and also affords a glimpse of the necessity that exists for the supervision of the Paramount Power even in a well ordered Native State. Those whom experience has taught to read between the lines may imagine for themselves the feelings of the Ulwar Council and officials at being relieved by English officers of duties belonging to their position, but which they shrank from discharging; the difficulties encountered by the Political Agent and his assistants in conducting the police inquiry to a successful issue; the excitement in the palace, the town, and among the Imperial Service Cavalry when their Major was arrested—though this was not nearly so great as might have been expected, and apprehension as to a demonstration in favour of Ramchunder turned out to be needless, owing, as it after-



wards appeared, to his being as unpopular as his victim ; the strain put upon the Agent, who judged it safer to confine Ramchunder for four weary months till the conclusion of the trial, at the end of October, under a strong military guard from a British force, in a wing of the house occupied by himself and his wife, rather than in the local jail ; the gossip of the Bazaars and Cutcherries as they discussed the situation from week to week ; the comments of outside Chiefs, one of whom is reported to have remarked on the blunder made in killing Behari Lal on a public road instead of removing him "quietly by poison" ; with various other things all in the day's work of the Anglo-Indian official. Sympathy for the murdered man, a foreigner who had made few friends, hardly existed outside Government circles ; some was expressed for the tools of Ramchunder, who would have enlisted more for himself had he not followed his counsel's advice and defended himself by producing the two letters from the Maharaja, which to this day some persons decline to acknowledge as authentic. "Had the Maharaja lived," they say, "no one would ever have heard of them"—a statement not to be disputed. Had the Maharaja lived (what a world of conjecture lies in those four words !) it is curious to speculate as to what might have occurred. Assuming that he was privy to the conspiracy, he would probably have succeeded in baulking the arrest of the real criminals ; had pressure from the Sirkar or other untoward circumstance traced the crime to Akhai Singh and his associates it is scarcely probable that they would have implicated Ramchunder, still less his and their Sovereign ; money would have been found to stop their mouths, and they would have known that no court in Ulwar would believe them. Even supposing Ramchunder to have been indicted, he would certainly have refrained from inculcating his master alive, though he was reluctantly persuaded to cast a stain on the memory of a dead man who could not defend himself. It was the accident of the Maharaja's death within a few hours of that of the murdered man which brought about this trial without a parallel, and led his quondam favourite to the gallows. What an illustration of the mutability of human affairs ! No wonder the condemned Brahman said calmly to the English officer a few minutes before he was hanged : "Sahib, you might have saved me from this if you had liked."

The Eastern mind is slow to believe in a machine-made law that revolves and guillotines without the personal volition of some one in power intent on vengeance.

*RACHEL.*

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NOT all the other rapture which the exercise of any art can confer upon man can equal the ecstasy which the great actor or actress feels when dramatic genius sways and moves a great audience which, in a crowded and enthusiastic theatre, responds to the efforts of the artist with emotion, excitement, transport. The glory of instant reverberation outweighs the pleasure of calmer fame and more measured success. The electric sympathy between actor and audience is a feeling of intoxication so full of joy and of mysterious response that we may well envy the mighty actor who experiences this mystic delight. It is in the happy hour of triumph a vital and surpassing delirium; and the actor's genius and efforts are repaid by the results of a few hours of glorious life. No—no other art produces such a thrill of exalted ecstasy.

The actor is sometimes pitied because, as some hold, his fame is not so lasting as that of other artists who leave their work itself as a record, a monument, a proof of their genius and its results; but these other artists can never know the moments of intense rapture which reward and stimulate the great actor.

The general public cannot, perhaps, after an actor has left the stage, quite *realise* the magic of voice, of eyes, of gesture, or of bearing; but yet the true dramatic critic cannot fail to comprehend the manner

and the merits, and the individualism even, of a player who has made a great mark and left a great reputation. The evidence is so full and so good. In modern times every eminent actor or actress has been seen by men who could fully appreciate and could worthily depict his or her acting. In the case of Rachel, if we take only Jules Janin and Théophile Gautier—there are many other authorities—we have sufficient testimony to her genius and to her individualism. We have many portraits. We can judge of figure and of face, of brow, of eyes, of bearing; and report enables those who know the stage to imagine even the inspired moments of the glorious actress. Not so very much is wanting to the estimate of after ages, and to the fame of the distinctively able actor.

Of Burbage we know, unfortunately, little; but he must have been great who, under Shakspeare's guidance, created the greatest Shakspearian tragic parts; and his reputation, though based only upon inference and suggestion, is still a factor in dramatic history.

Betterton, Garrick, Kemble, Kean, Macready, Mrs. Siddons are familiar in our mouths as household words; and he who has the power can well realise to his imagination the style, the manner, the acting of those most renowned artists. Their reputation is undying, powerful, enviable. They had their stirring hours of triumph, and they have the worship of the after-time. Rachel was naturally frail of *physique*. Her childhood had suffered hunger, cold, misery; but she has herself recorded the supernatural inspiration which, while she was acting, distended her forces, lent her strength, exalted her temperament, sublimed her passion and her power. She was perhaps the greatest dæmonic tragedian that ever lived; but she was yet inferior to our Siddons, who, in addition to and above the dæmonic, had also the divine, and who, while intense as Rachel, could render nobleness, purity, tenderness, pathos, and ideal morality; qualities which lay outside the range of the great French *tragédienne's* vital, if limited, powers and gifts. Both actresses were tragedians only. They were not distinguished in comedy, and had nothing of that wide talent which could follow a sublime performance of *Lear* with a representation as perfect in its way of Abel Drugger.

Rachel might have more nervous energy, but Mrs. Siddons had, undoubtedly, a larger, grander power. Rachel might be more terrible, specially in the presentment of crime, but our actress had a loftier ideality, and was more stately and sublime. Rachel could not so well ennoble a character, though she might be more awful in the presentment of the dæmonic. Both were actresses in the very first rank of dramatic capacity and inspiration, though perhaps Rachel

had more instinct and Mrs. Siddons more imagination. I incline to think that our own artist had a higher if not more intense capability for tragic acting.

Our present enterprise is to attempt to give a glimpse of Rachel as she lived, and moved, and had her being. She is still a great name with us, and many English people have seen her in Paris or in London. I may hope to succeed in reviving memories; and I trust that I shall present to those who have never seen Rachel some image of this great tragic performer. I seek to evoke her image out of the storied past, and to place before our own day some not quite inadequate picture of the stage *diva* who may not unworthily be compared with the Siddons. Men easily forget, and I wish to recall, and also to suggest, the wonderful and terrible Rachel.

Rachel was born, probably in 1820, in a mean inn in Munf, Canton Aarau, in Switzerland. She was the daughter of Abraham, otherwise Jacques Félix, and of Esther Haya Félix. Her parents were French Jews, and her father was an itinerant hawker, a pedlar who wandered from fair to fair to sell his small wares. The family of Félix seems to have bestowed double names, Christian and Jewish, on most of its children. Thus Rosalie was also Rebecca, Charlotte was Leah, and Emilia Dinah; while our Rachel was Elizabeth, commonly called Eliza. She had one brother and four sisters; but her brother was known only as Raphael, while her eldest sister bore no name but Sarah. Rachel made the fortune of father and of mother, of brother and of all her sisters; and her sisters and her brother all followed her on to the stage, though no one of them rose to great eminence in the dramatic art. The family held closely together, and there was strong affection and close unity of interest between all its members. Between 1820 and 1830 they wandered about Germany and Switzerland, and at one time Madame Félix opened a paltry little second-hand clothes shop at Lyons; but in 1830 the Félixes realised their long cherished desire and succeeded in settling in Paris. This is the date of the picture of Sarah and Rachel going from one *café* to another, Sarah singing, while her younger sister collected the copper donations. Very often the sisters trundled between them on a barrow an infant, a young sister, who excited the compassion of spectators.

We next find Rachel, then a puny, meagre, under-sized girl, looking younger than she really was, admitted, with her sister Sarah, to the Conservatoire of Sacred Music, Rue Vaugirard, No. 60, of which M. Choron was director. This was in 1834. Rachel was advised to study elocution under Saint-Aulaire, manager of the Salle G  nard.



It was M. Choron who advised her to adopt Rachel as her stage name.

Her first opportunity of indicating tragic power occurred when the ungainly girl, with the gaunt, thin face and large black eyes, recited the narrative of Salema, from the "Abufar" of Ducis. The passage depicts the agony of a mother who, while dying of thirst in the desert, gives birth to a babe; and Rachel managed to move her hearers with pity and with terror. Saint-Aulaire instituted performances among the pupils, but he seems to have directed without system, as Rachel was thrust, without discrimination and without regard to her talent, into any part that happened to be vacant; and Rachel acted, as chance would have it, a mute, or a leading part in tragedy or comedy. She remained with Saint-Aulaire till 1836, when Sanson saw her, and induced her to join the *cours* of the Conservatoire, where, however, she did not make much progress.

While in the class of Saint-Aulaire the young Rachel played thirty-four parts, including *soubrette* characters, *grands premiers rôles*, *jeunes premières*, *personnages tragiques*; indeed, at the age of fourteen to sixteen she acted through nearly the whole repertory of the little theatre. She played *Célimène* ("Misanthrope"), she played Ophelia and Desdemona, she played Hermione and Andromaque; and this acting was the only education that the girl received. The drama was, practically, her only teacher; and she was apt to learn all that the moving scene could teach. Indefatigable in labour, earnest in study, developing her singular dramatic gift by hard and varied practice, the time came when the young, much promising, ugly girl obtained a real engagement in a real theatre. She gladly accepted an engagement at the Gymnase for four years at a salary of 4,000 francs for the first year, 5,000 for the second, and 6,000 each for the two remaining years. She made her *début* at the Gymnase on July 24, 1837, in a piece written for her by Duport, which was based upon the "Heart of Midlothian" and was called "La Vendéenne." She played in that theatre only in that piece and in the "Mariage de Raison," and left the Gymnase on May 1, 1838. Poirson in her interest cancelled her engagement at the Gymnase. Before her large, hungry, ambitious eyes towered the majestic image of the house of Molière, of the Comédie-Française; and the mean-looking little girl who had collected coppers from the *cafés* now saw before her delighted vision the prospect of appearing at the first and greatest Paris theatre.

In how far had she a conviction in her own genius? Could she predict to her wildest hopes the possibility of such a career as she was to enjoy, of such a fame as she was to acquire? It would be



interesting to know what was in the young heart of this girl of genius, who was rising, slowly indeed, but surely, to the loftiest position in her dazzling and delightful art. She became a pupil of Sanson, who taught her to play her first part in the "Vendéenne" and her last part in "La Czarina." Sanson, no doubt, taught her much of dramatic conception and expression, but he could not teach her genius. He could not teach the terrors of that queenly brow, the strange power of those wonderful eyes, the irony, rage, pathos, passion of that magic voice ; the grace, the dignity, the bearing of that classic, that ideal figure. In the "Vendéenne" she had won some recognition, though her chief supporters had been the people of her race. Rurat de Gurgy says of her, in her first character, "Mlle. Rachel Félix, who is quite a young person, will, in the course of time, prove herself possessed of one of the finest dramatic organisations we have yet seen. Her voice is grave and penetrating, and in moments of passion its tones soften and seem full of tears. . . . She was recalled and applauded several times." We can guess something, but it would be of rare interest to be able to look into the young, aspiring heart as it felt those first triumphs, which indicated so clearly the glory yet to come. She had distinct genius, but she was hard and avaricious.

The shadow side of her lofty gift was mean greed and sordid love of money. It is recorded of Rachel, when she was at the Gymnase, that "her voice is harsh and untutored, like that of a child ; her hands are red, like those of a child ; her foot, like her hand, is scarcely shaped yet ; she is not pretty, yet she pleases : in a word, there is a great future in this young talent, and, for the present, she excites tears, emotion, interest." The growth of the poor child had been stunted by misery and hunger, but with success came beauty and grace, confidence and charm. The "great future" commenced on June 13, 1838, when Rachel made her *début* at the Théâtre-Français in the part of Camille in "Les Horaces." The then director of the Français was Vedel, who has left a record of Rachel's connection with the great theatre. The time of her *début* was unfavourable. Paris was very empty ; her first appearance had only been announced one day beforehand, and no one knew Mlle. Rachel. Her *début* "passa comme tant d'autres, sans laisser aucune impression défavorable à la débutante, mais, il faut le reconnaître, sans la faire sérieusement remarquer." The receipts were 753 francs. The first appearance of Rachel resembled that of Edmund Kean. The house was thin and cold ; no interest was excited by the new comer, and everything was unfavourable to the chances of the great

aspirant ; but in both cases genius gloriously triumphed, and their first nights were the preludes to careers of splendid success.

Rachel made six *débuts* at the Comédie-Française. She played, after Camille, Emilie, de Cinna, Hermione d'Andromaque, and Aménaïde de Tancrède. In this last character she began to attract public attention, and she was enthusiastically called before the curtain and greatly applauded. The receipts were 623 francs.

At this juncture Jules Janin returned to Paris from Italy, and resumed his dramatic criticisms in the *Journal des Débats*. As a critic his influence in Paris was then enormous. He heard of Rachel, and went to see her in "Hermione." "You ask me," he said, "what wonders I have seen in Italy, where everything has been described scores of times ; and you tell me you have nothing worth seeing in Paris, where, in truth, you have a new and perfect wonder. I went abroad to find antiquity dead and crumbling into dust : I return here to find it full of life and soul, embodied in yonder frail reed !" On September 10 Jules Janin published his first enthusiastic criticism of the *débutante*, and on September 24 he produced a second and even more glowing criticism of her. These criticisms marked the turn of the tide of success. Rachel then attracted universal attention and became the subject of general conversation. The Français was overwhelmed by spectators, and "les recettes de la Comédie," says Vedel, "devenaient donc colossales ; le nom de Rachel était une lettre de change de 6,000 francs tirée sur le public." Her success was glorious and unparalleled.

Let us follow Rachel home from the theatre which had reverberated with intoxicating applause. The Félix family lived, at that time, at No. 37 Rue Traversière, St. Honoré, on the sixth floor. The dwelling consisted of a small sitting-room, the bedroom of the father and the mother, and a kitchen, of which Rachel had charge. A steep staircase led to an attic, in which were three small beds ; in one slept Rosalie and Charlotte, in another Raphael, and in the third Rachel with Emilia, then three years old. The heroine of Corneille and of Racine, the *diva* of the great theatre, had only such a home to return to from the theatre. The contrast between the brilliant playhouse and the squalid home must have been striking and depressing to the ardent, gifted young actress, who was yet well acquainted with poverty, misery, degradation.

Her popularity was enormous, and was ever rising, when M. Vedel determined to bring Rachel out as Roxane in "Bajazet." This part was selected for her against the advice of Jules Janin. She first appeared in the great part on November 23, 1838. The

attendance at the theatre was enormous, and the excitement great; "cependant Rachel n'obtint aucun succès ce premier soir, et la pièce finit même au milieu d'un morne et trop significatif silence de la part du public." It must be remarked that Rachel was never a good first night actress. Her great parts were always slowly elaborated before she reached perfection in her rendering of them. It took her eleven years to develop her "Phèdre" to its final and magnificent completion.

Her greatest characters were those in the old French classic drama in verse, to which she lent new, if only temporary, life by her splendid genius. She renewed and even exceeded the vogue which Talma had lent to the plays of Corneille and Racine. When she had ripened one of her creations to its fullest excellence, she could hold spectators so spell-bound by the magic of her superb tragic acting that they forgot they were in a theatre, or were watching an actress: they were swept away by the fierce torrent of her dæmonic passion and resistless power, and the mimic life of the stage became intensely real and ideally exciting. There was, however, one great quality chronically wanting in her art: she could not fitly express tenderness.

Janin told her that he could not give a favourable account of her "Roxane"—he gave it indeed an almost cruel notice in the *Débats*—and advised her never to repeat the part. Vedel, on the other hand, insisted that she should again play "Roxane" après demain," and Rachel consented. Then appeared the worthy but avaricious old Félix. He refused to allow her to act "Roxane." M. Vedel insisted, and carried his point with difficulty. Jules Janin wrote of her "Roxane," as she acted it on the first night, "Cette enfant pouvait-elle deviner cette passion des sens, non de l'âme; pouvait-elle comprendre ce qui lui dit Acomat des charmes de Bajazet? Mais les plus vieilles comédiennes, après la vie la plus agitée et la plus amoureuse, n'ont pas toutes compris le sens de ce mot étrange, les charmes, appliqué à un homme! mais Mlle Rachel, cette enfant si frêle, ce petit corps brisé, cette poitrine naissante, ce souffle inquiet, pouvaient-ils suffire à représenter la puissante lionne qui a nom Roxane?"

It will be seen that the imperious critic lays stress upon a *vie agitée et amoureuse* as essentials in the making of a great actress for at least certain great parts; and Rachel must frequently have listened to the same advice, which is very French: but she forgot, or did not know, that another, perhaps greater tragic actress, our Mrs. Siddons, attained to the highest sublimity in her ideal art

without any assistance from a *vie amoureuse*, or from the stimulant of depravity.

The second representation came off. Vedel found Rachel defiantly resolved. She was furious against Janin; she felt no fear, though she recognised that she had "*une terrible lutte à soutenir*," and she said, "*La colère est parfois un stimulant utile*." Her second performance was a triumph, and Vedel says, "*Il est impossible de prendre une revanche plus éclatante . . . Rappelée unanimement, Rachel reparut et fut reçue avec des acclamations qui tenaient du délire*." After the play was over Vedel forced his way into her crowded dressing-room, and she threw herself into his arms, saying, in a low voice, "*Merci. Je savais bien que vous aviez raison, moi !*" "*Roxane*" ripened into one of her greatest parts. In the second act of "*Bajazet*" occurs that famous "*Sortez !*" which Roxane addresses to Bajazet when she offers him the throne and the latter refuses it, covering with pretexts, which the woman sees through, his love for Atalide. This "*Sortez !*" of Rachel ranks in reputation as one of the most electric exclamations ever spoken by an actress of genius.

The father was deeply interested in the success of his daughter, more especially as, during her minority, he took all her earnings, and allowed her only 300 francs. His demands upon the Comédie-Française were shameless and extortionate, but the theatre rewarded liberally the glorious actress, who in 1840, when she had attained her majority, received from the Français the large remuneration of 60,000 francs a year. With her three months of *congé* her total income was not less than 100,000 francs—a huge payment for 1840. She did, perhaps, as much harm as good to the theatre, which was overcrowded when she played and empty when she did not. She was the despot of the theatre and the idol of theatre-loving France. Few women have ever realised so fully the intoxication of glory and of fame. Not only the general public, but the men of intellect in France, were all her worshippers; and her spell extended over Europe, though success failed her in America. She did not remain long the "poor player."

Rachel was a charming correspondent, though to the last she was unsound in grammar and defective in orthography. In her letters we find her "*se laissant aller à la charmante fantaisie de son esprit si original et si vivant*." M. Georges d'Heylli has published a charming collection of her letters, which are bright with wit, meaning, point; and are gracious and graceful. There is a sort of distinction in her vivacity itself; but she had never been educated,



and had only picked up that little veneer of culture which flourishes on the boards of the stage. Her correspondence is much more brilliant than that of Mrs. Siddons.

On June 19, 1854, her favourite sister, Rebecca, died of consumption at the age of 23. Rachel has been reproached with her *sécheresse de cœur*; but her family affections at least were strong, and she strongly felt the loss of a sister killed by the complaint which later proved fatal to Rachel herself. On April 1, 1842, Rachel became a "sociétaire" of the Français, but in 1849 she procured the abrogation of her contract by the courts, her real reason being that she desired to devote longer periods to starring abroad and in the provinces. As "pensionnaire" with 42,000 francs and six months' holiday she seemed contented, but she reigned absolutely in the Rue Richelieu, and in 1851 it pleased her to resume her position as "sociétaire." Her actions were always guided by interest, or by caprice; the love of money became the root of much of the evil in her character and in her life.

Her avarice would not seem to have injured her art. She retained her "grands élans tragiques où elle était si admirable et si belle;" and "elle était supérieure à Mlle Georges, à Mlle Duchesnois, et même à Adrienne Lecouvreur, qui fut la première grande tragédienne qu'ait possédée la Comédie-Française. Elle est décidée à ne jamais créer d'ouvrage tragique moderne;" and she certainly, after accepting it, refused to play in Legouvé's "Médée," a refusal which rendered a great service to Ristori. Rachel, however, alleged as the ground of her refusal that "le rôle m'est si peu sympathique—un rôle qui ne va pas à mes qualités tragiques." Rachel was mistaken; and Ristori made of the part a genuine triumph. When starring in the provinces Rachel travelled, nearly always by night, in a carriage built for her, and fitted with a bed. Her object was to save time in order to gain money. The fatigue of these tours was terrible, and the constant exertion and excitement undermined her health. In Paris she objected to act more than twice a week, but in the provinces she acted, if she could, every night; and we must consider what manner of parts she played, and how she played them. She herself says, "Quelle route! quelle fatigue!! mais quelle dot!!" After travelling all night she had to rehearse, to act, and then to start again; but her greed of money seemed to support her during such terrible campaigns in quest of gain.

Her *congé* ought to have been a holiday and to have been used for rest and change; but she occupied it in overworking herself and her genius to the detriment of her health and of her art. She took



with her a very inferior company, and played with many a singular Oreste or Hippolyte. She spoke of a *force factice*, which supported her *pendant le cours de mon rôle* ; but her frenzied tours tended to weary her talent, and to wear out those nerves which supplied her acting with such vivid energy. She gave eighty-five representations in ninety days. Talma never would cease to make the Français his first consideration ; but the Parisian public resented Rachel's ill-concealed preference for places in which she could make money more quickly, and when she returned to her own theatre she was received with chilling silence. True, she could soon extort the applause of her audiences by her power and her passion, but her relation to the Paris public was not cordial. On one of her tours she was the guest of a gentleman, a recently married man, who busied himself with thinking of the future of Rachel, the woman, and he argued "qu'il ne faudrait pas gâter son avenir par un lien indissoluble." Rachel was quite of her friend's opinion and avoided marriage. She is credited with several *liaisons*, including one with Alfred de Musset ; and she had two sons, Alexandre-Antoine-Colonna Walewski and Gabriel Victor Félix. The elder, born in 1844, was the son of that Walewski who was the natural son of Napoleon. Gabriel was born in 1848. Rachel left a fortune of 1,274,371 francs, one half of which went to her sons, while the other half was divided among the Félix family.

It had been her life object, her "but bien défini, gagner le plus d'argent possible ;" and the half-starved child who begged for sous could hardly anticipate that she would leave such a fortune—a fortune gained by the exercise of a rare and splendid art gift.

In London, Brussels, Prussia, Russia she held regal sway, and was received with almost royal honours. The poor daughter of the Jew pedlar had learned, from the stage or from society, to bear herself as a *grande dame*, and her manners had become graceful and dignified. She was never embarrassed by royalty itself, and conversed with kings and queens with easy composure.

On one of her tours Rachel met accidentally "la fine et charmante comédienne qui fut Déjazet." Rachel calls her "cette merveilleuse femme, pimpante et vive plus que le moineau de Lesbie," and the two great actresses became friends.

She first appeared in London on May 15, 1841, "avec un succès des plus brillants," as she herself says, as Hermione in "Andromaque." She was received by her Majesty at Windsor, and excited the greatest enthusiasm. In 1847 Rachel acted in London, for the first time, "Célimène du 'Misanthrope,' " a part which she

never dared to play in Paris. In 1854 she paid a triumphal visit to St. Petersburg. She went to Russia on the eve of the war in which France was to be engaged against Russia, and she was one of the last to quit Russia before war broke out ; but she returned with a gain of about 300,000 francs. Her success in Russia had been great ; "femme et tragédienne se disputent les honneurs." Théophile Gautier, in his "Portraits Contemporains," says of Rachel, the woman, "Elle était admirablement belle," and he is right. The shape of the head was perfect. Her brow was full of tragic expression ; and the face, broader at the eyes than at the mouth, was nobly modelled. There was nothing aggressively Jewish in feature or in characteristics. Her large dark eyes resembled two dead-black blots of ink. Her voice was clear, powerful, finely toned, and capable of every modulation of expression. She, according to Gautier, "possédait instinctivement un sentiment profond de la statuaire." She was very careful of her hands, which were, indeed, worthy of her care. She was slight of figure, but sinuous and flexible in rapid movement, calm, stately in dignified repose. She was instinctively antique, and was more in real sympathy with Euripides than with Racine. Gautier speaks of "sa voix grave, profonde, vibrante ;" but there were no tears in that voice. She could express, with terrible effect, "la haine, la colère, la vengeance, la révolte contre la destinée, la passion, mais, terrible et farouche, l'amour aux fureurs implacables, l'ironie sanglante, le désespoir hautain, l'égarement fatal." All these feelings and passions she could render with terrible success ; but she had little tenderness, and she could not play nobleness, purity, pathos. Charlotte Brontë saw Rachel in Brussels, and she records—

"For a while—a long while—I thought it was only a woman, though an unique woman, who moved in might and grace before this multitude. By-and-by I recognised my mistake. Behold ! I found upon her something neither of woman nor of man ; in each of her eyes sat a devil. These evil forces bore her through the tragedy, kept up her feeble strength—for she was but a frail creature—and as the action rose and the stir deepened how wildly they shook her with their passions of the pit. They wrote HELL on her straight, haughty brow. They tuned her voice to the note of torment. They writhed her regal face to a demoniac mask. Hate and murder and madness incarnate, she stood. It was a spectacle low, horrible, immoral. Vashti torn by seven devils—devils which cried sore, and rent the tenement they haunted, but still refused to be exorcised. I have said that she does not *resent* her grief. No ; the

weakness of that word would make it a lie. To her what hurts becomes immediately embodied ; she looks on it as a thing that can be attacked, worried down, torn in shreds. Scarcely a substance herself, she grapples to conflict with abstractions. Before calamity she is a tigress ; she rends her woes, shivers them in compulsed abhorrence.

“Pain, for her, has no result in good ; tears water no harvest of wisdom ; on sickness, on death itself, she looks with the eye of a rebel. Wicked, perhaps, she is, but also she is strong ; and her strength has conquered Beauty, has overcome Grace, and bound both at her side. . . . Her hair, flying loose in revel or war, is still an angel’s hair, and glorious under a halo. Even in the almost frenzy of energy is each mœnad movement royally, imperially, incedingly upborne. Fallen, insurgent, banished, she remembers the heaven where she rebelled. . . . Vashti was not good, I was told ; and I have said she did not look good ; though a spirit she was a spirit out of Tophet.”

Charlotte Brontë had scarcely any experience of the stage, nor had her literary studies been much directed to the drama ; but her noble nature had the keenest sense of the true morality of lofty art ; and her fine insight recognised the essential characteristics of Rachel and her art, and saw that her might—and even her grace—were dæmonic and sinister. Miss Brontë’s genuine genius and honesty rendered her eloquent criticism profoundly, searchingly true. We find in an 1874 London magazine the following estimate of Rachel, written by one who, in his very youth, had seen her, and who remembered the far past rapture with an intensity neither awakened nor weakened by many later seen plays and players :—

“The best and truest record of Rachel is contained in a vivid expression of the impressions which she made upon you in her totality . . . Her supreme excellence consisted not in depicting varying character, but in expressing abstract passion. It was Rachel herself, not ‘Camille,’ that was so great, so transcendent. Her intensity of emotion, her superb scorn, her raging jealousy, her terrible hate are the things that you remember—remember, as you saw them, with terror and with awe. I have sat rapt, absorbed, entranced, forgetting the theatre, not in consequence of the mere cunning of the scene, but swept away from all touch or sense of surrounding actualities by witnessing the terrible passions which tore the actress, or rather which shattered the woman. Words are but poor media for conveying to others a secondary or induced current of dramatic electricity . . . Rachel was superlative in moments. In

these she has probably never been equalled, for intensity, even by Kean, the actor whose gifts and style most nearly resembled those of Rachel. She was not so great in her rendering of a character as an art whole. She husbanded her powers for her great effects ; but when the moment for these came her nervous energy and power of passion were terrific and sublime. She excelled in the demoniac. She was incapable of embodying womanly gentleness, nobleness, purity, sorrow. Her Imogen would have been colourless, her Desdemona watery . . . The actress must have in her nature something of the ideally lofty before she can impersonate Shakspeare's heroines . . . Rachel, in her moments, did not suggest art ; she was a revelation. Her acting then transcended all conception, beggared all estimate.

"She became an apparition, a portent, an embodied passion raging in infrahuman force and fury, with jealousy, hate, revenge distended into madness . . . She became possessed by evil spirits, which filled her with a power beyond physical force. When first she appeared upon the scene in 'Camille' ('Les Horaces') she was weak, fragile ; she was a phantom of passion-worn pallor, with night-dark hair and black, heavy, eagle eyes. The voice was thin and husky ; you feared that the *physique* would fail her in the terrible part ; but as stormy passions seized and held her she grew tall, strong, awful, and the voice became an organ thrilling with all the tones of the Halls of Eblis. Sorrow and suffering produced not softness ; her wrongs provoked only hate—a hate so full of fellest purpose that even despair would have been too weak a passion for her raging storm of horrible intents. You felt that death might stop, but could not conquer the indomitable will. You never thought—you never could think—in her great moments whether any part or passion could have been better or otherwise rendered. You were absorbed into the sublime fury of the incarnate demon. Pity you could not feel ; it would have been an insult to her sublimed frenzy of hate ; but terror, awe-struck terror, which forgot the theatre, which ignored the actress, you did feel, as the cruel fascination of her evil and sinister rapture swept in lava flood, or in whirlwind, over your possessed and labouring soul. Her awful, defiant will, which rose in fiendish opposition against all attack, against every obstacle, resisted doom, and fought to the last gasp against death itself. Royal in her satanic energy, queenly in her unyielding scorn, deadly in her fierce and furious gloom, she never succumbed to the death which alone could overcome that tragic power of a wickedness so strong that it must shatter life. Unholy and dreadful, she moved before you as a



vision, as a pale, lurid vision of Satanic grandeur ; as an abstract being which, through human form, presented to human eyes the forces, fever, passions, the horror and the hate of hell . . . She played herself. She poured into the mould lent her by the dramatist her own intense and glowing passions. She was the divinity of crime, the goddess of the immoral, the muse of tragedy . . . She would not have been so great in Shakspeare, even if he had created—as he has not—characters which suited her peculiar gift. The actress must act Shakspeare and not herself . . . Rachel was, in her woes and wrongs, the tiger writhing on the spear, biting, tearing, snarling, fierce and vindictive to the last gasp. Fate could never wring from her a cry for pity. Proud and strong, she opposed herself vainly to the inexorable doom."

In her acting the soul was dethroned from its empire over ruthless impulse. As an actress she was solely, wholly tragedian. Like Mrs. Siddons she won no fame in comedy ; but her tragedy was so great, in its sort, that she must have been a matchless comedian in order to rival her tragedy.

Her caprice threw the great part of Medea into the hands of Madame Ristori, who, unlike her greater rival, was a true wife and mother and a good woman. Rachel's art was not depraved or vulgarised by "long runs."

On May 9, 1841, Rachel dined in London with Macready, who notes, "I was—indeed, all were—delighted with Rachel ; her extreme simplicity, her ingenuousness, earnestness, and the intellectual variation of her sweet and classic features." On July 5 Macready went to see Rachel as Emilie in Corneille's "*Cinna*." "Watched with intense eagerness the performance of the part by Rachel. I must confess I was disappointed : she has undoubtedly genius ; grace in a high degree, and perfect self-possession. But she disappointed me ; she has no tenderness, nor has she grandeur. She did not dilate with passion ; the appeal to the gods was not that grand swell of passion that lifts her up above the things of earth to the only powers capable of sympathising with her. She did not seem to commune with the manes of her father. Her apostrophe to the liberty of Rome was not 'up to height of the great argument.' She was stinging, scornful, passionate, but *little* in her familiar descants, and wanting in the terrible struggle, the life and death conflict between her love and her revenge. The 'sharp, convulsive pangs of agonising pride' and fondness were not felt. She is not equal to Mars or Miss O'Neill, but she is the first actress of her day." Macready was a superbly competent critic, but he may have seen Rachel in



"Cinna" on one of those nights in which she was not at her best. Her special powers could only be displayed in their fulness when she was in entire possession of her rare and terrible gifts.

On July 16 Macready saw Rachel as Camille in "*Les Horaces*." "My opinion of her was very greatly raised. If I might apply a term of distinction to the French acting I should say it is sculpturesque in its effect; it resembles figures in relief, no background, and almost all in single figures, scarcely any grouping, no grand composition: this sort of individual effort may be good for the artist, but not for the illusion of a play. With the drawback consequent on this national peculiarity Rachel in Camille was generally admirable. She stood alone, her back turned to her lover or brother, as it might happen, but her feeling was almost always true. . . . In the last scene she was all that a representative of the part could be. It was a splendid picture of frenzied despair." Macready ranks Rachel much above Ristori, who was often melodramatic, while Rachel was always tragic. Ristori's acting "was not to be compared with such acting as that of Siddons or O'Neill." He found Rachel's "*Phèdre*" a "very striking performance—all intensity, all in a spirit of vehemence and fury, that made me feel a want of keeping."

And yet "*Phèdre*" was one of Rachel's very greatest parts—perhaps her greatest. The incestuous step-mother and adulterous wife, with her fierce contending passions and her deadly look, was a frightfully moving and appalling performance. She could render, with almost infernal force, the untamed will and the unawakened conscience; she could render lawless love, fury, hate, despair as they have perhaps never been depicted by any other actress. Her frenzied passion and terrific vehemence, her defiant scorn of gods and men, were awful in their morbid power. She was a strange mixture of superhuman genius and deplorable greed of gain. Mlle. Judith said, "I am a Jewess, but Rachel is a Jew." Rachel was politic rather than political, and her recital in 1848 of the "*Marseillaise*" was an unworthy concession to vulgar popularity, a concession suggested by a desire for merely popular applause and dictated by mean rapacity. Théophile Gautier tells us that her "*voix grave, profonde, vibrante, ménagère d'éclats et de cris, allait bien avec son jeu contenu*." Her voice contained all fine tragic tones, but there were never tears in it, though at times it could express "the wailful sweetness of the violin." Gautier says of her distinctive qualities, the expression of "*la haine, la colère, la vengeance, la révolte contre la destinée, la passion, mais terrible et farouche, l'amour aux fureurs implacables, l'ironie sanglante, le désespoir hautain, l'égarement fatal—elle fut simple,*

belle, grande comme l'art grec qu'elle représentait à travers la tragédie française. Elle sentait avec son tact si profond et si sûr qu'elle n'était pas moderne. Les quelques pièces jouées au dehors de son vieux répertoire ne doivent pas compter, et elle les quitta aussitôt qu'elle le put. Elle garda toute sa vie son attitude de statue et sa blancheur de marbre." Of all her modern parts Adrienne Lecouvreur was the only great success, and was, indeed, one of the best parts she ever played. Gautier again : " Dans la vie privée, Mlle Rachel ne détruisait pas, comme beaucoup d'actrices, l'illusion qu'elle produisait en scène ; elle gardait, au contraire, tout son prestige. Personne n'était plus simplement grande dame." She was " d'une austérité gracieuse et d'un charme archaïque qu'il était impossible d'oublier désormais." Gautier also maintains that " elle était admirablement belle," and we share his appreciation of her beauty. Look at the portrait by Ch. Müller, painted in 1852. Face and eyes are lovely, and there is nothing annoyingly Jewish in the expression. The head is finely modelled, and the large eyes are kindly and even sad. Looking on the full face, the suavity of those outside lines which descend taperingly from brow and eyes to the fine chin are full of charm. The nose is exquisitely modelled. The delicate little hands seem too small to grasp a poignard, but they yet could at need use one, for in truth her strength was nervous rather than merely physical. Arsène Houssaye (" Souvenirs de Jeunesse ") records that " mademoiselle Rachel—on dit toujours la grande Rachel—fut la plus adorable des créatures." Victor Hugo first saw Rachel when she was singing in the streets. " Le poète croyait voir dans la gamine si bien douée sa jolie fillette de Notre-Dame." He heard her sing, and gave the poor child " une pièce de cent sous," and she kissed his hand. " Oh, si vous vouliez me faire une chanson ! " " Tenez, ma chère enfant, voilà des strophes qu'un de mes amis veut mettre en musique ; chantez-les sur un vieil air ; j'aime les chansons des rues." He kissed the girl on the forehead and hastened away. She knew that she had been kissed by a great poet, and turned pale. " Sarah, est-ce que tu ne vois pas une couronne à ma tête ? " Rachel, though not loyal to the Français, enjoyed in that theatre eighteen years of intoxicating glory. She played the leading female characters (two parts in " Valeria ") in the following plays : " Les Horaces," " Cinna," " Andromaque," " Tancrède," " Iphigénie," " Mithridate," " Bajazet," " Esther," " Nicomède," " Polyeucte," " Marie Stuart " (by Lebrun), " Le Cid," " Ariane," " Phèdre," " Judith," " Le Vieux de la Montagne," " Bérénice," " Don Sancho d'Aragon," " Virginie,"

"Oreste," "Jeanne d'Arc" (Soumet), "Athalie," "Cléopâtre," "Lucrèce," "Britannicus," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," "Mademoiselle de Belle-Isle," "Angelo," "Diane-Louise de Lignerolles," "Lady Tartufe" (this was the only one of her parts played in the costume of her own day), "La Czarina," which was the last character that she created—all her renderings being creations—and in her later time she frequently acted, sometimes as a second piece after a great tragedy, "Le Moineau de Lesbie." Madame de B——, in her "Mémoires of Rachel," gives the following account of the great tragedian's most successful attempt in comedy:—"On March 22 Mademoiselle Rachel appeared in a pretty little comedy, in one act, and in verse, by M. Armand Barthel. 'Le Moineau de Lesbie' cannot be said to have any plot; it derives all its charm from the light grace and beauty of its details. The scene is laid in Rome, about the time of the war between Cæsar and Pompey. The poet Catallus is about to turn Benedict; surrounded by many friends he makes a libation to the gods of his youth, whom he renounces to marry Sexta. While the gay party, under the influence of Falernian, extol the pleasures of freedom, and lament the abdication of the poet, a message is brought from the bride elect. Sexta has had evil dreams. Alarmed, she has hastened to consult the augurs, but she would have far more faith in the words of her betrothed than in their predictions. Will he come to her? He asks but the time to go to the Latin Gate for the bridal gift that has been ordered—diamonds that are to star that lovely brow—he will be with her forthwith.

"During the temporary absence of the bridegroom his fair friend, companion of his gayer hours, the charming Lesbia, ignorant of the loss that threatens her, enters. The banqueters, dazzled by the fair apparition, endeavour, each in his turn, to succeed to her recreant lover, and each is, in turn, laughed at and dismissed. The narrative of the death of the sparrow gracefully introduces the reconciliation of the lovers."

Only in this elegant little piece did Rachel attain to success in poetical comedy, and therefore it is worth while to give this brief sketch of the play itself. In it Rachel was lovely and lovable; she was coquettish, graceful, charming, and she must have liked herself in a part which she chose to play so often. She must have acted Lesbia with rare distinction, and she had superlative grace in every movement. She stood quite above *préjugés bourgeois*. That which is generally called depravity is called in the theatre "la vertu." Rachel herself exclaimed, "Je vous défie de trouver un point noir sur la blancheur de ma robe antique. Osez-vous me prouver,

quand j'ai un enfant sur chaque bras, qu'il y a des femmes plus vertueuses que moi?"

Rachel experienced a great and real sorrow when her favourite Sister, Rebecca, died young, of consumption—of the fell disease which was to carry off Rachel herself.

Of her greatest parts she played, in Paris, at the Français, Camille sixty-six, Hermione ninety-five, Roxane sixty, Polyeucte seventy-one, Phèdre eighty-nine, Adrienne sixty-nine, Virginie fifty-three, and Lesbia thirty-three times. She took her leave of the great theatre on June 10, 1857, in "*Andromaque*" and the "*Moineau*."

The well known instance of Rachel selling, at a great price, an old guitar which was, as she pretended, the one on which she had played when singing in the streets, is a proof of her meanness.

But rivalry threatened her, even in her own Paris. The French public is fickle, and, though Rachel could subjugate that public by her genius, she was not liked, owing to her disloyalty and lengthened absences in quest of money.

The rival was Ristori, an able actress and a woman of high private character. The public took vengeance upon Rachel by the favour which it showed to the new comer. "*La foule semblait, en effet,*" says G. d'Heylli, "*avoir délaissé son ancienne idole pour venir encenser et applaudir la nouvelle tragédienne avec un fanatisme et un délire sans pareils. Myrrha, Francesca da Rimini, et surtout Maria Stuarda avaient excité des transports d'enthousiasme à la manière italienne, jusqu'alors inusitée chez nous. Jamais Rachel n'avait été l'objet d'ovations aussi bruyantes, ni de ces rappels sans fin qu'un public inassouvi prodiguait tous les soirs à l'artiste étrangère. Bientôt les journaux établirent un parallèle entre la Ristori et Rachel, et dans la plupart l'idole ancienne fut injustement et sans discussion quelconque sacrifiée à la nouvelle idole.*"

It is not surprising to hear that Rachel "*en conçut un vive dépit.*" We know that she could be terrible in jealousy; and when she saw Ristori, in Paris itself, more run after than she was, she determined to undertake her fatal visit to America. "*Le dépit, la jalousie, et aussi le désir de faire parler d'elle au loin, et de se ménager, à la suite d'un triomphal voyage à l'étranger, une rentrée éclatante qui raffermirait son prestige à Paris, tout concourut à rendre sa résolution inébranlable. Bien dissimulée au fond d'une baignoire obscure,*" Rachel went to see her rival, and could compare the difference of the reception accorded to Ristori with that granted to herself. She gave seven farewell performances at the Français, and played again, with immense success, at our St. James's Theatre in faithful



London, and then she started for America. She was not impelled to this step only by jealousy or anger; she hoped and expected a colossal reward in the gold which she so dearly loved. Her brother Raphael was the Barnum of the tour, and they based their calculations upon the immense sums gained by Jenny Lind in the States; but they forgot that music is a universal language, and that French plays cannot always be generally understood of a foreign people. Americans of that day—1855—did not probably generally know much French, and had no *penchant* for French classic tragedy. Her tour was a failure. “Adrienne” and “Angelo” were the only two pieces which had any success.

During this disastrous tour Rachel's health became seriously affected. “Aujourd'hui je suis souvent accablée après la représentation.” She had to make a great effort to recite the “Marseillaise” in addition to the part of the evening; and she only resumed this fatiguing task in order to please the French of New York. This frail exponent of the fiercest passions was beginning to fail in dæmonic power, and she was unused to failure in any dramatic enterprise.

“La sévère tragédie finit même par ennuyer le peuple d'Amérique;” and, disappointed and overstrained, Rachel first felt, on October 15, 1855, on the occasion of her benefit in New York, the unmistakable symptoms of that dread malady which two years later carried her to the tomb. A violent cold developed the symptoms of consumption, and, after giving forty-two performances, the great tragedian was compelled “de prendre un repos qui devait être définitif.” “Je suis fatiguée, mais, là, bien fatiguée . . . Je tousse toujours . . . ‘N'allez pas!’ m'a-t-on dit; et moi, je suis venue! . . . Je suis malade, bien malade. Mon corps et mon esprit sont tombés à rien.” She went to Charleston and to Havannah; but she only acted once—and, for the last time, played “Adrienne.” “Quoi qu'il arrive je me résigne. Avant tout je veux vivre encore;” and she had much to live for. Apart from illness her great tragic powers were unimpaired; she had a quite enormous fame; she had two young sons, and many, many friends; and she herself was still young. She quitted America on January 18, 1856, and on March 11, 1856, we find her again in Paris—after a disastrous campaign which was her retreat from Moscow.

Her life as a tragedian is ended, after “dix-huit ans de tirades passionnées sur le théâtre, des courses folles de tous les mondes.” Another *congé* from the Français, and this time she uses it not to act or to make money, but to seek health in Egypt; and the great artist looked upon the dreamy old Nile with fading eyes. It is pro-



bable that consumption had long been latent in her constitution, so that, when it developed, its course tended swiftly and inevitably to a fatal end. She was attended in Egypt by her faithful and attached *femme de chambre*, Rose ; but even the air of the Pyramids did her no good, and she also suffered from *ennui*. “ Je ne suis pas encore morte, mais je n'en vau guère mieux. Je ne souhaite plus rien, je n'attends plus rien . . . . mais bien certainement je mourrai d'ennui . . . . je vous quitte précipitamment : je suis brisée par une toux qui me fait chaud et froid.” She returned to France, and was—for the last time—in her own Paris.

In her letters the heart is often hidden by her wit ; but those letters have now become very sad and tender. To Augustine Brohan she writes, “ Patience et résignation sont devenues ma devise . . . . mais laissez-moi vous assurer qu'il n'y a plus que Dieu qui puisse quelque chose pour moi ! Je pars prochainement pour le Midi.” Doctors were agreed that her case was one of *phthisie pulmonaire* in the third or last stage, and that there was no longer any hope.

It was decided that she should go to Cannet, a villa belonging to Professor Sardou, father of the dramatist. It must have cost her great pain to write to the Comédie-Française, on June 10, 1857, “ J'ai le regret profond de vous annoncer que ma santé ne me permet pas d'espérer ma rentrée prochaine au Théâtre-Français. J'accepterai donc ce que le comité décidera à l'égard de ma retraite.”

Just before she quitted Paris for ever occurred one of the most pathetic and characteristic incidents in her life. The fact is recorded by Jules Janin. On the morning of her departure for Cannet, at about six o'clock, she ordered her brougham and drove alone—she would allow no one to go with her—through empty streets, first to the Gymnase and then to the Théâtre-Français. What memories of struggles, battles, triumphs may have stirred her heart and brain as dying Rachel looked again, and for the last time, upon the two play houses in which she had made her great art career and had won such glory ! Their closed doors would not recognise their imperial and stricken visitor. As she drove away from the Français she leaned lingeringly out of the window, gazing at its unmoved, death-like doors.

Well sings Matthew Arnold—

'Twas dawn ; a brougham rolled through the streets, and made  
Halt at the white and silent colonnade  
Of the French Theatre. Worn with disease,  
Rachel, with eyes no gazing can appease,  
Sate in the brougham and those blank walls surveyed.

Ah, where the spirit its highest life hath led,  
 All spots, matched with that spot, are less divine ;  
 And Rachel's Switzerland, her Rhine, is here !

Attended only by her turbulent sister Sarah and by the ever faithful Rose, Rachel reached Cannet.

Unto a lonely villa, in a dell  
 Above the fragrant, warm Provençal shore,  
 The dying Rachel in a chair they bore  
 Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,

And laïd her in a stately room, where fell  
 The shadow of a marble Muse of yore,  
 The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,  
 Polymnia, full on her death-bed. 'Twas well !

But the appropriate statue was removed from her room.

We owe the two accounts that we possess of her last days and hours to Dr. Tampier and to J. J. Sardou. Rachel's desire to live was intense, but no one knew better than she that she was doomed to die. She did survive into the year 1858, though then feeling that her very hours were numbered. On January 1 she made a supreme effort, and, despite her terrible weakness, she succeeded in writing seventeen letters of farewell. Of course they were very short, and we may cite one (given by D'Heylli) to Emile de Girardin.

"1<sup>er</sup> janvier 1858.

"Je vous embrasse cette nouvelle année. Je ne pensais pas, cher ami, pouvoir encore, en 1858, vous envoyer ma sincère affection."

All these letters were written with her own hand—with that fever-burning hand that was so soon to become cold. She died on Sunday, January 3, at eleven at night. Dr. Tampier arrived at Cannet on January 2. "Lorsque nous y entrâmes tout espoir était perdu. Les amis de la malade ne se faisaient plus illusion. Quant à la malade, elle ne s'en était jamais fait ! Nous comprîmes donc, dès notre arrivée au Cannet, que nous allions assister à une agonie. Notre émotion fut grande à la vue de cette femme entourée de tant de renommée, se mourant à trente-huit ans, en pleine connaissance de sa situation. Lorsque nous la vîmes, Rachel n'était plus que l'ombre d'elle-même. Depuis longtemps déjà la phtisie pulmonaire était au troisième et dernier degré. Son visage avait la blancheur de la couche sur laquelle elle reposait ; la voix était faible, la parole brève. Le peu de vie qui lui restait semblait s'être concentré dans les yeux, plus expressifs que jamais."

She was full of consideration for all those who surrounded her death-bed. She gave directions for her funeral. During the nights of January 2 and 3 she expressed her last wishes, but was interrupted by a violent fit of suffocation. When that passed she resumed her dictation and distributed souvenirs. Her face became serene and a smile flitted over the pale lips. Her hand, already cold, sought the grasp of other hands, and she spoke by gesture, when words failed her, a supreme adieu. Her affectionate servant, Rose, weeping bitterly, fell upon her knees at the side of the bed. Sarah called to her sister, in vain, to speak to her. The heart showed only feeble, last vibrations. At this moment some Jewish priests and people, summoned by Sarah, appeared in the chamber of death and began the psalms of agony.

The hands of Rachel were joined and she seemed to try to repeat the sacred words intoned around her. In another moment, without struggle, effort, or suffering, the great Rachel passed calmly away. On the evening of January 3 an attack of suffocation, more violent than the one of the morning, lasted for a terrible hour of the greatest suffering.

M. J. J. Sardou adds a few details to the narrative of the doctor. Rachel had been, M. Sardou tells us, during her very last days, "*plongée dans une sorte de stupeur, causée par une faiblesse extrême, d'où elle était tirée de temps en temps par des accès de souffrance intolérable, puis elle retombait assoupie.*" On the Sunday night she actually succeeded in dictating a letter to her father, and she signed it. Rachel died holding the hand of her sister and with a smile upon her lips. "*On ne peut en douter, Rachel est morte avec l'espérance d'une autre vie.*"

On Monday, January 11, 1858, the funeral took place, and Rachel was interred by her sister Rebecca in Père-Lachaise. The attendance was both enormous and distinguished. The whole of the Comédie-Française was there, and her dear friend Déjazet, who was not to die till she was seventy-five, showed the greatest emotion and cried, "*Ah, la pauvre femme !*" She observed to Mlle. Judith, "*C'est moi qui serais joliment fière d'en avoir la moitié à mon enterrement ;*" and she had her wish at her funeral in December 1875.

January 11, 1858, was a cold, sombre, rainy day ; but the concourse which attended the funeral was very great. Rachel's younger son was present ; and the Jewish Rabbi Isidor announced, "*Rachel est morte Israélite ; demandons à Dieu d'accueillir avec bonté et indulgence cette pauvre femme sitôt moissonnée dans sa*

gloire." M. Baltaile stated, "La femme qui est là fut charitable, et de sa généreuse main, aujourd'hui glacée, nous avons souvent reçu pour les comédiens pauvres une aumône presque royale." M. Auguste Maquet then spoke; and Jules Janin came last, expressing his critical admiration for "la plus jeune et la plus grande artiste de notre âge." And so the grave closed over the thirty-eight years of partly miserable, partly glorious life of the grand tragedian Rachel Félix.

Before me lies, as I write, the drawing made by Madame Fr. O'Connell of "Rachel sur son Lit de Mort." The grand brow and the black hair are crowned by the laurel wreath, but between the closed, weary eyes the forehead gives pathetic evidence of long and wearing suffering, and the mouth is eloquent of silent, patient anguish. The cheeks are not haggard or hollow, but only pale and thin. The expression of the whole dead face is noble, but yet most pathetic.

The Siddons and Rachel possessed in the highest degree that rare gift which has been granted so seldom to tragic actresses of the very highest rank. It is, indeed, a *don surnaturel*, and its rarity attests its greatness. Rachel, the dark queen, with the pale fine face and the coal-black eyes, was created to be the ideal representative of Corneille, Racine, Voltaire. With Molière she could do nothing. But little was wanting to enable her to play parts such as "Dorinne"; yet that little was—oh! so much. The critics speak of her *triste gaieté*, but yet she was successful in the classic courtesans "Lesbie" and "Lydie." Mrs. Siddons had Shakspeare to act divinely; but though the genius of Rachel gave temporary life to the French classic drama she could not restore it to a permanent hold upon the French stage. Success depended rather upon her acting than upon the plays themselves. She never followed tradition in acting. If an earlier great actress had introduced a cry here, a gesture there, Rachel did not repeat such effects, unless they suited her conception of the particular part. She was original, and trusted to her own insight and inspiration. She had not, like Mlle. Desgarcins, "la voix touchante, pleine d'accents de larmes, de pitié, de douleur." Rachel was not given to tears. "Un corps si frêle, une âme si grande!" The French classic drama could only be awakened from its profound sleep by the advent of another Rachel—if such a thing might be hoped for. At the age of seventeen she had already dominated tragedy. "Voyez, là! plus de jeunesse et plus de feu dans le regard! Tout est sombre, immobile et silencieux. Mais tout à coup, quand le Dieu arrive, soudain toute cette nature anéantie se relève et s'anime; le feu monte de l'âme au regard; le cœur bat



violemment dans cette poitrine dilatée ; le souffle en sort puissant, irrésistible, éloquent ; toute cette personne éclatante de mille beautés inattendues s'embellit outre mesure—et alors admirez, regardez, contemplez ! Est-elle assez belle, assez grande ? Quelles poses ! quelle taille, et quels bras ! quelle fièvre ! On la prendrait pour une de ces statues antiques. . . . Ecouter est un grand art, et, quand elle voulait s'y appliquer, elle l'avait au suprême degré."

In the Pauline of Corneille none that ever saw her could ever forget, "Je vois ! je crois ! je suis chrétienne !" At that moment Rachel, the Jewess, was immortal.

Of her "Marie Stuart," a part which she played for three years before she could play it as she wished, it is recorded that she lacked tenderness ; that "elle n'était pas assez touchante ; en revanche, aussitôt qu'il faut être terrible elle est terrible. . . . Mlle Rachel est restée dans sa nature, qui l'avait fait violente, dédaigneuse, superbe, ironique."

Her health paid a price for her splendid triumphs. After acting one of her great, terrible parts "elle arrivait pâle et mourante, et sans jeunesse ; on eût dit un fantôme, et que cette enfant allait mourir . . . ;" but she had acted "obéissante au génie invisible."

Jules Janin has given us valuable analyses of the great plays in which she was so great. She was an artist in feeling. When her last part, the "Czarina," was running most successfully she, although her dresses were so splendid, felt that this success of an ignoble play "la gêne et lui fait honte," and she suddenly refused to act the character again. She loved to act in a *chef-d'œuvre*. Her efforts to make the hateful part of "Rosamonde" a success completely exhausted her. Jules Janin thus depicts her in her dressing-room after a performance :—"Quel triste et touchant spectacle, et que je n'oublierai de ma vie ! Elle était assise en un coin de cette loge historique, où se retrouvait encore le parfum de mademoiselle Mars. Elle était haletante, éperdue, immobile et tombée en cette muette défaillance. Il n'y avait rien de plus éloquent et de plus triste. Ah ! fille des Muses, elle succombait à la tâche ; elle était vaincue, elle en avait toute sa charge. Âme inquiète, esprit malade, et santé débile, elle n'avait plus de courage, elle n'avait plus d'espérance ; elle rejetait ce calice . . . Donc elle pleurait ; ses grands beaux yeux étaient pleins de larmes ; et comme un imprudent ami la voulait consoler, la voilà qui déchire en criant le mouchoir qui la couvre. 'Or ça,' dit-elle, "voyez donc ma poitrine—et voyez si ce n'est pas une morte qui pleure !" Et nous sortîmes désespérés. C'était le véritable



commencement de son agonie et son premier pas sur le chemin du tombeau."

We have now seen her under many aspects ; we have witnessed her triumphs and have essayed to value her great art ; but, with the picture just given, we will leave Rachel. She committed many errors, and had great faults, but she had goodness as well as the rarest art distinction ; and, while

The strife, the mixture in her soul, are ours,  
Her genius and her glory are her own.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

## TWO LIFE SKETCHES.

SIDNEY.

“GOOD night, mother!”—hesitantly.  
**G** No answer.

“Good night, mother!” This time there was a decision in the tone, and the speaker listened intently for a reply, but none came.

“Then you won’t say ‘Good night’?”

He stood irresolute for half a minute; then he collapsed, and, with a whimpering whine, slid down a stair or two a disconsolate heap.

On the other side of the sitting-room door sat four people—two women and two boys. One of the women was the mother of the lads, the other no blood relation; but, by the bonds of affinity, more closely related to the elder woman than she could have been by the accident of kinship, and to the boys whom she had nursed, and tended, and loved from babyhood to teenship, than had she been the “auntie” they called her. The four were at work; the women with their needles, the lads with their books.

“Good night, auntie.”

“Good night.”

A silence, a sob or two, and again a “Good night . . . mother!”

“Go to bed, sir. I don’t wish to say ‘Good night’ to you.”

“Oh, mother, mother, I want you to say ‘Good night!’ Do, do, do!”—and each word rose a note higher until the beseechings became a shrill cry.

The elder woman got up from the table at which she was seated and quietly shut the door. The pleading outside persisted.

“You *might* say ‘Good night,’” said the younger woman to her friend, but failing to move her she ran her needle into her work and quitted the room.

“Go to bed, Sidney,” she whispered to the child-suppliant on the stairs; “mother is angry with you now, but be a good boy to-morrow and then she’ll say ‘Good night.’” It was in vain, the only

effect the words had was to move the boy to louder protestations and more persistent pleadings.

"Stop that yelling, Sidney," called one of the two boys in the room; "I can't do my work while you make that row."

For a moment there was silence on the stairs, then, with a deep-drawn sigh, such as an old man might have breathed, the child stumbled up stairs, sobbing and muttering alternately, breaking out into fresh paroxysms of grief every two or three mounts.

He was an odd child, with odd propensities, and unattractive ways. His birth had placed on his brow a crown of thorns, plucked from the tree of shame. Now and again he had felt the thorns probing his flesh as one and another pressed it on his brow heedless of the smart they caused, for was it not his "birthright"?

The first four years of his age had been divided between the parish infirmary, where he was born, and the rooms of a deaf old dame, who for four shillings a week consented to "mother" him, while she, who had plaited his crown, worked as a general servant in a suburban house. Burnt into this woman's memory were scenes in which the baby-boys and girls, also wearing the prickly thorn-crown, lived and died through neglect if not by more active means. Who the woman was, what her youthful history, none knew, for she was reticent to a purpose in spite of a veneer of plausibility and an album filled with portraits of alleged members of her family—who, she confidently asserted, were servants in the Queen's household—and pictures of Osborne and views of the Isle of Wight.

Sidney's mother had the nose of a Jewess, the mouth of an animal, and the cold, glittering eye of a reptile. Yet her *tout ensemble* attracted, arrested, fascinated. Dangerous in her teens, she was yet more dangerous at forty-five to lads in theirs. Sidney's father had fallen under her spell for a brief time, and when he escaped her his youth had gone, withered by her feverish hold.

By the boundless pity of one whose tenderness for shadowed little lives was great, this boy was lifted out of his sordid surroundings and into the family where we first made his acquaintance. Could there be any doubt about the righteousness of such an act? Surely the words "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these" must apply in this instance, thought "auntie," through whose mind floated visions of an ideal future for the child, when he should dedicate manhood's years to the "rescue" of waifs such as he had been, and teach and preach the "New Kingdom"; or, if that might not be, at least he should become a man with a noble purpose in life.

Upstairs in his room, at the top of the house, the boy whimpered, and whined, and fretted, bursting into indignant cries now and again as the mental picture of the room downstairs, with its busy occupants, appeared vividly to him. Slowly he slipped off his garments, leaving them a tumbled heap on the floor, and dejectedly crept into bed, pulling the unsympathetic bedclothes over his heated face. But the tick-tack in the brain never ceased. Why, oh, why wouldn't mother say "Good night"? Her refusal had cast him into the outer darkness, a darkness in which he was alone with forbidding shapes.

She had called it "insolent" his poor little speech; he had not meant it so, but somehow his words often gave offence, they but seldom pleased. There was school, too. He tried hard for an hour or two in the morning, but it was seldom he reached lunch hour without the order to "take a punishment school, sir," and then all his good resolutions collapsed and recklessness set in.

She had talked to him on the preceding day on "heroes," until his face, usually so puckered with trouble, had glowed, and he had asked, "And if I were a hero, mother, would you be proud of *me*?" Breathless he had waited the answer; it came, and his countenance fell. "You a hero! Why, a hero's brave, and you're a coward." He shuddered, he felt it was true. "But," he urged, "*if* I were a hero, would you love me?"

"Yes, I should love the hero in you."

A satisfied smile glanced across his face.

"And if I were to die saving someone, would you be sorry?"

"Yes, I should be sorry."

A hungry pause, and a hesitant "Sorry; but not as sorry as if Willie or Ernie died?"

The eager eyes scanned her face. "No, don't tell me; don't tell me," he said, pressing his hands on his ears that he might not hear the answer. "I know."

All the morning after that talk, long after she had forgotten it, the boy lived in a sort of dream-life. She would love him if he were a hero, she had said so, he felt it was true. And even the terror of death, which was always more or less upon him, receded to the distance as he thought of the love that would be his were he to die for another. Then over his illumined sky crept the cloud of "punishment school" for inattention, "wool-gathering," as his master called it, and the hinder part of the day dragged heavily, ending with the refusal on her part to say "Good night."

"Good night! oh, good night!" he moaned. "If you would only say 'Good night.' I shan't sleep if you won't!" His heart swelled

with grief ; he was an outcast from love, from all, from everything. He felt that the darkness around him was sobbing with him ; but downstairs in the lamp-lit room he was forgotten.

An hour later, his little strength exhausted, he fell into a troubled slumber, and "auntie," listening at the foot of the stairs, said softly, "Poor child, poor little boy. Thank God for sleep.' But Sidney had entered Dreamland, and there he was fighting a battle against long odds. The call had come for him to heroship ; to win the love for which his starved soul pined. A love such as Willie and Ernie knew.

"Auntie" was at the sea-side, and Sidney was with her. They were walking on the Ramsgate cliffs, and looking down occasionally.

"If I were to fall over there, I should be killed," said the boy, with a shiver.

"Well, that'd be an end of you and your ways," she answered.

He looked up quickly, expecting to see a smile on her face, but there was none ; she had restrained it, to draw the lad. He was silent for a time, then he asked, "Would you plant flowers on my grave?"

"I might."

"If I were a hero ; if I died to save someone else, you know?"

"Yes, I should then."

Those in the sitting-room down stairs heard a noise at the back of the house. Mother rose to find out its cause, followed by "auntie" and the boys.

The "cause" lay outside on the stone path, huddled up in his blood-stained night-shirt. The coward in him had died as he had sprung from his bedroom window, and cleared the cliffs of Dreamland. "To save you, 'auntie' ! You were falling, you know. Oh, you'll love me now, mother ; say 'Good night ; good night !'"

### *JACK.*

He was one of those ordinary-looking boys so often born in a family of working people. He had no ambitions beyond his meals and his leisure, no expectations beyond his weekly wage, no enjoyments beyond those afforded by the streets. He had no friends, as he could not show himself friendly for a week together. None of his family loved him, even his parents thought little of him, for his earnings were below those of his younger brother, and there were many mouths to supply daily. He was a boy of the people, and had



neither birth, appearance, intellect, nor manners to his credit. He had no aspirations; was he not born to the commonplace? His clothes covered him grudgingly and clumsily, his boots were rough, coarse, and heavy, and his apron the dirtiest in the works. All the little luxuries which enriched the more thrifty of his fellow workers, ameliorating the dull monotony of their daily lives, avoided his path, as no one thought it worth while to introduce them to him, and he was too callous to take the initiative and obtain them for himself.

His brothers and sisters called him harsh names, and looked severe at his weak jests. His father never hesitated to speak of him as "that fool," and his mother frequently held him up to ridicule. When he sat down to dinner his share was the most meagre, and the least fastidious portion fell to him naturally enough.

We have said that he had no friends, and that is true; but he had one friend, his opposite in most things. Jim was a distinguished-looking lad, graceful as a charming girl in his movements, of good address, intelligent and ambitious to excel; he was the pride of his widowed mother, and the life of home. His foreman held him up as an example to other lads, who, instead of resenting it with envious jealousy, admired him the more. In his hours of leisure Jim was the spirited leader on the cricket field, and the captain of the football team. No social gathering of the village lads and lasses was complete unless he were there, and no fight was arranged without him to see fair play.

Jim might have grasped a hundred hands in friendship, but all knew that "Jim's friend" was Jack.

The lads were of an age, and they worked together, that is to say, their machines stood side by side, and near the great engine. The factory was one of those for which the Small Heath district of Birmingham is distinguished. Heavy engineering work was done there; but, contrary to the practice in works of a similar kind, women as well as men were employed, and amongst them was Jim's mother, a pleasant-faced, dark-eyed, soft-voiced woman of forty-five.

Jack's work was to him a drudgery, and he neither felt blessed nor happy in performing it. The machine was an exacting monster that he wished crushed in its own mechanism. As its parts turned this way and that, and shortened here and lengthened there, cutting and shaping, swallowing and disgorging, he hated it, and felt himself the victim of a tyrant. It seemed to him as an ever-present nightmare, distressing his waking and sleeping hours.

It was on a day when Jack had been severely reprimanded by

the overseer for his carelessness, that Jim, who had been away from his machine during the reprimand, and was not, therefore, aware of Jack's fresh disgrace, said to his friend, "I'm to be moved on next week. I wish you'd come too; shall I ask?"

The announcement of the promotion and the kindly suggestion had an effect on Jack such as Jim had not anticipated.

"Stow yer jeers," he said wrathfully, never doubting that Jim had heard the foreman's angry words of blame, and meant to mock him in his misery.

"Jeers, old chap," answered Jim; "I'm not jeering. I'll ask him; blest if I don't."

"Don't tell lies."

"Who are you calling a liar?"

A sullen silence followed, and the two lads turned away from each other as much as the machine-feeding admitted. Jack's face was a scowl and Jim's a sneer, and so the hours wore on. The mid-day-factory whistle signalled them free for a time, and each took his separate way. Nor did the afternoon mend matters, and for the first time since they had worked side by side Jack and Jim resentfully avoided each other. In the town that night Jack met his friend linked arm in arm with another lad who worked in the fitting shops of the great works. The sight of this new friend in his place kindled the fires of jealousy in the heart of the lonely Jack; but he passed the two, whistling a merry tune. Five minutes later he stole home, and with a surly "Good night" went to bed. Nobody asked him why he went nor whether he was ill, for none cared sufficiently to trouble themselves over him.

"I hate him," thought Jack of Jim; "he's no friend of mine. I'll be even with him to-morrow," and with a mind aching with wounded self-love he slept. His dreams were dark and troubled, and called out, "I hate him, and I hate—hate—him," and he heard the call and started up to strike. Then he awoke, and remembered, and felt again the bitterness of jealousy.

"Now then, Scowler," was Jim's greeting next morning; but there was a merry twinkle in his eye and a note of mirth in his tones.

"Shut up," said Jack, "or you'll pay for it."

"Pay for it, shall I? Who says so?" asked Jim ironically, and again the sullen silence prevailed between the boys.

It was broken by a piercing shriek, heard from one end of the workshop to the other, and the sound arrested the hand of every worker. "Good God!" cried a woman with blanched face, "Save him! save him! It's my Jim!"

The gaze of a hundred pairs of eyes was riveted on one spot. The long work-room held its breath and drew back a step, and stood spell-bound. Then there was a mighty rush towards the spot, and wild shouts of "Stop the engine! Stop the engine!" and in a moment the machinery stood motionless; but the engineer had not effected this. A lad, a mere boy, had sprung upon the fly-wheel, and, seizing the straps with both hands, held them as a brake. "Ha! make haste, loose him!" he cried frantically, as with bleeding hands and unrelaxed grip he held back Death from his only friend.

Then the paralysis of fear left the men and women who witnessed the noble act of heroism on the part of one whom they had habitually scoffed and giped, and eager hands freed the terrified Jim from the claws of the huge machine. Less than sixty seconds had elapsed since Jim's shriek had pierced the air, but that brief interval had sufficed to dispel an illusion, to rivet a friendship, to save a life, and to acclaim a hero. A great shout of generous triumph burst from the men and women crowding around the rescuer, many of the women weeping. But one woman was not amongst them. The mingled terror and joy as she witnessed the scene had been too much for Jim's mother: she had fainted.

When Jack's wounded hands were healed he and Jim were "moved on" together, and all agreed it was but Jack's due. "For," spoke the foreman, "there's ne'er a one in the whole factory that for love of friend could ha' done more than he done."

But Jim said, "It's thanks to your jolly pluck, old chum, I'm here. I know there's not another chap would have dared the odds as you did."

"Stow it," said Jack; "your nerves is shook."

JAMES CASSIDY.

## *A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE AT CRIME AND CRIMINAL LAW.*

ONE of the greatest advantages of the present day for which we have to thank progressive civilisation, is the almost complete security of life, of limb, and of property. During the whole of our history, until the present century, a man's person and property were in constant jeopardy, and even short journeys could not be made without risk.

The statements of historians and other authorities at various periods afford somewhat startling reading.

Witness, for instance—to take an early period and also a comparatively recent one—what is said about robbery. Speaking of the early Plantagenet period, Mr. Henry, in his “History of Great Britain,” remarks that the number of robbers was so great that the judges could not prevail upon the juries to find any of them guilty.

Even under the more rigorous administration of Edward III. a numerous band of them assailed the town of Boston in 1275 at the time of the fair, set it on fire, and carried off an immense booty in money and goods. Their leader, one Robert Chamberlain, a gentleman of great power and wealth, was taken, tried, and executed, but he could not be prevailed upon to discover any of his accomplices. As the other robbers of this period were very numerous, so some of them were very cruel, and the character which one of their chiefs wore embroidered upon his coat in letters of silver might be applied to many others : “I am Captain Warner, commander of a troop of robbers, an enemy to God, without pity and without remorse.” (Henry’s “History of Great Britain,” bk. iv. c. vii.)

Robbery continued to prevail without intermission until the present century. The boldness and daring with which it was carried on, sometimes in the very centre of the city, and even in the daytime, appears to be incredible, and persons of the very highest rank were molested. Thus George III. and the Duke of York, when very

young men, were once stopped and robbed on Hay Hill, Berkeley Square. To cross Hounslow Heath or Finchley Common after sunset was an enterprise of great danger. Those who ventured were always well armed, and some few had even ball proof carriages.

There is a house still standing at Finchley, which in those days was a well-known rendezvous for highwaymen. (The "Original," p. 41, by Mr. Walker, a Metropolitan police magistrate.) Horace Walpole, in one of his letters to the Countess of Ossory (1781), relates how he was robbed before seven in the evening and within twenty yards of the house of the Duchess of Montrose.

Mr. Pike, in his history of crime, gives interesting statistics of the comparative number of murders and other crimes involving violence formerly and at the present day; he says, "If it were possible to conceive society in the same state now as then (speaking of 1343), there would be 4,000 murders per annum in addition to the horrors of brigandage and private war." ("History of Crime." Luke Owen Pike. Vol. ii.)

The word murder (*Moirda*) originally meant secret killing, and the whole vill in which it was committed was liable to a heavy fine called "murdrum." Bracton says this practice was introduced into England by Canute to prevent the Danes from being secretly murdered by the English; the idea was that the whole township, unless they produced the murderer, must have been privy to the murder; it thus made them careful to prevent murders.

The practice was continued by William the Conqueror in order to protect his own Normans, for if the person slain was an Englishman, the vill was excused. The difference, however, was abolished by Edward III.; indeed, before his time it must have grown obsolete owing to the fusion of races which began during the reign of Henry II. and was consummated in that of John.

Homicide was once considered justifiable when committed under circumstances in which we should judge it murder, or manslaughter at least. Thus we read in Blackstone that "where the champions in a trial by battle killed either of them, such homicide was justifiable, and was imputed to the just judgment of God, who was thereby presumed to have decided in favour of the truth." Also by a statute of Edward I. "*De malefactoribus in parvis*," trespassers in forests, parks, &c., might be slain by the keepers if they would not surrender themselves to them. On the other hand, it was often excusable or justifiable in cases in which it would not be held so at the present day. Bracton lays down that a man may kill another to prevent any atrocious or forcible crime committed on himself or another; but



the offence must be a crime—no other offence, however irritating to the feelings, being sufficient; for instance, although a husband or father may kill a man whom he surprises attempting a rape on his wife or daughter, yet he cannot do so if he takes them in adultery by consent, for this is not felonious. Again, to quote the instance given by Lord Bacon, one shipwrecked man may thrust another, who is clinging to the same plank as himself, from it, in order to save his own life.

But by our early laws there was a slight punishment for excusable homicide, which consisted of forfeiture of all or a part of the goods which were confiscated “in pios usus” for the benefit of the soul of him who was thus prematurely hurried to his account.

It was and still is murder for anyone to condemn a culprit to death unless he is armed with the proper legal authority, that is, by a judicial tribunal presided over by an officer to whom the Sovereign's prerogative of sentencing the subject is delegated.

Sir Matthew Hale, although he accepted the position of a judge under Cromwell, declined to sit on the Crown side at the Assizes, as he was doubtful as to the legality of the Protector's Commission. Again, it is murder if the sentence is executed by any but the proper officer, for no one else is allowed by the law to do it; it is also murder if the officer does not carry it out in the manner authorised; if, for instance, he beheads a man who is condemned to be hanged; for his duty is ministerial and only justified when he acts under the compulsion of the law.

It was at one time thought that severity of punishment tended to check crime. Jeremy Bentham argued to the contrary, holding that pity for the offender often prevented his conviction, and that when petty offences were heavily punished, the punishment for great ones not being proportionately severe, the tendency was to encourage the latter while diminishing the former. This has certainly proved to be the case in the history of crime in this country.

The extreme severity of the law until its modifications during the present century did not lessen the number of offences of great magnitude, and it is questionable whether they even acted as a deterrent on the minor ones.

In no other country, perhaps, than this has the law been more merciless in the letter. Bentham, while pointing out its uncertainty and injustice, cites Fortescue, who was Chief Justice in the time of Henry VI., and who, he says, boasts that criminal offences were greater in England than on the Continent; Bentham mentions also that in the time of Henry VIII. 72,000 persons were hanged,

making an average of 2,000 a year (see Barrington's observations upon the Statutes).

Blackstone agrees with Bentham ; he says, speaking of his own time, "Among the variety of actions men are liable to commit, a hundred have been declared felonies without benefit of clergy ; so dreadful a list increases the number of offenders ; injured persons forbear to prosecute ; juries, through compassion, forget their oaths ; judges, through compassion, respite half. Amongst so many chances of escape, the needy and hardened overlook the multitude that suffer, he boldly engages in some desperate attempt to relieve his wants and supply his vices."

Also our leading historians have almost universally noticed and condemned the inequality of our criminal law and its disastrous consequences ; amongst whom we may quote Froude, who says, "The English criminal law was, in its letter, the most severe in Europe ; in its execution, the most uncertain and irregular. There were no Colonies to draw off the criminals, no galley system, as in France and Spain, to absorb them in penal servitude ; the country would have laughed to scorn the proposal that it should tax itself to maintain able-bodied men in unemployed imprisonment, and in the absence of graduated punishment, there was but one step to the gallows from the lash and the branding-iron."

But Mr. Froude adds that their extreme character often prevented sentences from being enforced ; that "benefit of clergy" on the one hand and "sanctuary" on the other, reduced to a fraction the already small number that juries would convict. Judges and magistrates shrank from inflicting punishments when enormously disproportioned to the offence, and therefore vagrants and poachers rarely suffered.

Felons, too, of the worst kind had easy opportunities, for the parish constables were inefficient as police, and during the Reformation the audacity of the criminal classes became so great that organised gangs assembled at gaol deliveries and Quarter Sessions to overawe the authorities.

Benefit of clergy was taken from felons in 1531, but they still continued to plead it. In one of Layton's letters to Cromwell, quoted by Froude, a Sanctuary at Bewley in Hampshire is described as follows : "that it contained thirty-two felons, murderers and debtors, as inmates, who had their wives and children with them, and were apparently made very comfortable. We consider that we have advanced in humanity in regard to our treatment of prisoners, but it is questionable whether we should make them more comfortable than that."

During the reign of Elizabeth the criminal law was reduced to much greater certainty and precision. (Reeves, "English Law," c. xxxv.) Thus one Saunders in that reign, who wanted to poison his wife, and poisoned his child instead, was held guilty, thus settling the point whether it is murder to kill a person other than the one intended ; but it was shortly afterwards held that the person who had advised the killing of the wife was not an accessory to the murder of the child, that being a distinct fact.

The distinction between murder and manslaughter for a long period created confusion, the judges not being clear whether they were distinct offences or two names for the same offence, and on one trial for murder (*Wroth v. Wiggles*, Cro. Eliz. p. 276) the jury would not convict of manslaughter, for they said they had nothing to do with that. But during the reign of Elizabeth the term manslaughter began to assume its present sense ; before then it meant any kind of killing. The only present difference between these two is, that if absence of malice aforethought—that is, intention to kill—is shown, the offence is reduced to manslaughter.

Sir Samuel Romilly was the first who endeavoured to soften the rigour of the criminal law. In 1808 he passed a Bill repealing the Statute of Elizabeth which made larceny punishable by death, and three or four years later he carried other Bills of a similar nature ; indeed, it is chiefly owing to his efforts that our criminal system is indebted for its present characteristics of humanity.

One or two of the former punishments are so curious that it may be interesting to notice them. In the time of Henry VIII. poisoning was made treason, and the punishment was to be boiled alive, which was carried out in the case of one John Rous, who threw poison into a pot of broth prepared for the Bishop of Rochester's family. This, in common with many more of Henry VIII.'s barbarous laws, was repealed by Edward VI. The law of retaliation was introduced by Statute 37, Edward III., as a punishment for those who preferred malicious accusations. It did not answer, however, and was repealed after one year's trial. Crimes of an unnatural nature, such as a wife killing her husband, a servant his master, an ecclesiastic his superior, were held petit treason, and a man was drawn and hanged and a woman drawn and burnt. We see something of a similar nature in the ancient Roman law that enacted that the murderer of a parent should be scourged and then tied up in a leathern sack with a dog, cock, viper, and ape, and then thrown into the sea. Publicus Malleolus, who killed his mother, was the first who suffered this punishment

the year of Rome 652. But this punishment has existed in modern Europe.

Thus in Spain, at Jaen, on March 1, 1832, a man for murdering his daughter-in-law, after being placed in a barrel with a cock, a snake, a monkey, and a toad, was thrown into the river.

Another common punishment, now long obsolete, was disfigurement, as everyone acquainted with the records of the Star Chamber knows. Ears and noses were most frequently cut off, the excuse being that the loss of them does not tend to weaken the culprit, whereas the loss of an arm or finger does. Early law always advocated member for member, forgetting that on a repetition of the offence the punishment cannot be repeated.

Flogging, which is now retained in a few cases only, was very common at some periods, and whipping-posts stood in every village. It was the usual punishment for petty thefts, disorderly behaviour, and minor offences ; it was also one of the favourite punishments of the Star Chamber, which, being unable to inflict the punishment of death, made up in ignominy what was denied it in severity. Whipping was also frequently applied to extirpate heresy and to punish dissent. Also it was frequently inflicted for political offences, as in the case of Titus Oates, who was whipped one day from Aldgate to Newgate, and another from Newgate to Tyburn ; and though, says Hume, the whipping was so cruel that it was evidently the intention of the Court to put him to death by the punishment, yet he recovered, and was pensioned by William III. In Partridge's Almanack for 1692, it is said that he received 2,256 lashes with a whip of six thongs—in all 13,536 stripes.

Dangerfield was also whipped from Aldgate to Newgate and from Newgate to Tyburn, but he died under it.

Judge Jeffries, when he could not sentence a prisoner to death, usually inflicted a flogging. When trying the prisoners concerned in Monmouth's rebellion he ordered one woman to be flogged through all the market towns in Dorset. Samuel Johnson, a priest, who had been chaplain to Lord Russell, was striped 317 times with a whip of nine lashes for endeavouring to excite a mutiny amongst the troops at Hounslow. Floyd, in the time of James I., had whipping added to the unprecedentedly severe punishment awarded him for remarking that "Goodman Palsgrave and his wife had been driven out of Prague," but it was remitted at the instance of Prince Charles, the then Prince of Wales. Thieves and vagabonds were also frequently whipped. The performance was always of an ambulant nature, and took place from Newgate to Aldgate or from Holborn



to Newgate, as the case might be. Whipping was abolished publicly by Statute 57 George III., c. 75, and privately by 1 George IV., c. 57.

Suicides were, till the year 1823, buried in cross roads at night with a stake run through them. In that year, a Statute of George IV. (c. 52) allowed them to be privately interred in a churchyard between nine and twelve at night, but without the performance of any of the rites of the Christian Church, a law still in force, showing why a jury is always disposed, if possible, to bring in a verdict of temporary insanity. As the Legislature could not punish the offender when he was in the tomb, it acted upon what he left behind him, rendering infamous his memory by an ignominious burial, and depriving his wife and family of his fortune by a forfeiture, thus hoping that if the value of a man's own life would not act as a deterrent, at least regard for the welfare of his wife and children might do so.

The word *felo-de-se* includes not only the case of a man's putting himself to death, but also whenever his death results through any unlawful act of his own; suppose, for instance, he attempts to kill another and so causes his own death.

When a person stood obstinately mute (it was held in one case that a man who cut out his own tongue stood obstinately mute), if he was arraigned for treason, petit larceny, or any other misdemeanour, he was held to be guilty; but if for any felony, he underwent the sentence of "*peine forte et dure*," which consisted of being put into a low dark chamber and there laid on his back on the bare floor, with as great a weight of iron placed upon him as he could bear, and to be given him, on the first day, three morsels of bread; on the second, three draughts of standing water; these alternately to be his sustenance until he answered or until he died.

Blackstone supposes this punishment to have been introduced in the reign of Edward I., as not a word of it is mentioned in Glanvil or Bracton, who wrote in the times of Henry II. and Henry III. respectively.

By a record of 31 Edward III. (Blackstone, 9th Ed., vol. i., p. 328) it appears that a prisoner might subsist for forty days under this lingering punishment; and it was at this period that the practice of loading him with weights came into vogue, being intended as a species of mercy to deliver him sooner from torment. This was the nearest approach to torture the English law permitted, all its other varieties have been considered illegal. In the time of Henry VI. the rack was erected in the Tower, and occasionally used



as an engine of State, though not of law. It was called in derision, 'The Duke of Exeter's daughter,' for that nobleman was instrumental in introducing it. The last instance when its use was suggested was at Felton's trial for the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of Charles I.; but the judges, on that occasion, were unanimous in opposing the measure, that being one of the few occasions on which they resisted the wish of that unfortunate monarch.

Many of the doctrines of criminal law are of considerable antiquity. The doctrine that the wife is presumed to act under the compulsion of her husband, if he is present when the offence is committed, is as old as King Ina.

So is the presumption that everything shall be taken "*in favorem vite*," though it cannot be said that this maxim has always been adhered to by our Courts. The rule that drunkenness is no excuse for a crime dates from Coke, who also laid down that a person subsequently becoming insane must not be executed; for, he says, the execution of a madman is a miserable spectacle and cannot serve as a precedent. It is probable that madmen have always been spared except in the time of Henry VIII., when they were executed for treason, provided they were sane when they committed it.

No better evidence can be afforded of the enormous assistance educational advancement and superior police regulations have given to aid the decrease of crime than a comparison between the moral and social state of the community at the present day and at the dawn of the century, which can be seen by the statements of persons of authority on the subject.

Mr. Hill, Inspector of Prisons, writing on crime, says that "the large majority of offences now committed are theft unaccompanied by violence, and petty breaches of the peace arising from drunkenness. There are, however, from time to time a large number of cases of gross violation of the rights of labour by a widespread system of terror, and occasionally by an infliction of grievous bodily injury in the hope of raising wages forcibly; and there are frequent cases of wilful destruction of agricultural produce by what are termed incendiary fires." (Mr. Hill wrote in 1853.) He also gives statistics showing that the number of habitual offenders is small although the offences are numerous. He considers that forgery, embezzlement, and larceny have taken the place of the violent robberies of the past; these isolated highway robberies by two or three persons, having themselves taken the place of robberies by large organised bands, fostered by the feudal nobility and vastly increased by the civil wars

and insurrections which so constantly agitated the kingdom in its early history.

Mr. Francis Place, who was examined before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Education, sitting on the 30th of June 1835, gave some facts within his memory which would startle us nowadays. "*Inter alia*," he said, "it was a rare thing for pickpockets to be prosecuted; that they were usually ducked and pumped upon. Once he saw a number of pickpockets turn upon a gentleman they had robbed, call him a pickpocket, and cause him to be ducked. Books and songs were publicly sold by the leading booksellers which can only be obtained clandestinely now.

"The places of public resort and tea-gardens were as notorious as they were infamous; the Dog and Duck, for instance (he had been there as a boy), and had seen the flashy women come out to take leave of the thieves at dusk and wish them success. In Gray's Inn lane was the Blue Lion, commonly called the Blue Cat; he had seen the landlord of this place come into the room with a lump of silver in his hand, which he had melted for the thieves, and pay them for it.

"Thieving was openly talked about and songs were publicly sung in favour of housebreaking and violence, of which he still had specimens, and others, the words of which he could not utter before the Committee. He also spoke of the general depravity of the lower orders; their favourite amusement, for instance, down Tottenham Court Road (one side of which was fields) on Sundays was badger baiting and throwing cats into the ponds and setting dogs at them when they came out. As to the streets, they were most unsafe; the apprentices would sally out in the evenings, some twenty strong, and clear Fleet Street of people, anyone resisting was ill-used."

His evidence was given at some length, and is well worth perusal, as typical of the state of the streets in times comparatively recent.

The worst crimes we read of at the present day are occasionally shocking murders; but these, as a rule, are not committed by the habitual criminal classes, but are traceable to the influence of passion; and also of frauds on a large scale, which, as they were never committed formerly, make us fancy that mankind must be more designing and unprincipled; but we forget that, as the same amount of trust and confidence was never reposed in others, their successful perpetration would have been out of the question; indeed, as above remarked, most offences at the present day are not of an alarm-inspiring nature, but occur, owing to the peculiar position

of one person towards another, enabling that other to practise upon him.

In Pike's "History of Crime" statistics are given which show the remarkable decrease of every kind of offence towards the close of the present century—a fact which appears all the more favourable when we consider the enormous numerical growth of the community.

J. A. SHEARWOOD.

## AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FLIRTATION.

A FLIRTATION has been described as—

A whiff of love,  
A spice of fun,  
A fancy and a fan,  
A sense of mischief in the girl,  
And humbug in the man !

Sometimes, however, it is a great deal more than this, for flirtation is an elastic word, and covers much that cannot be exactly defined. It may mean nothing, and it may mean enough to destroy a whole lifetime: it may end in matrimony, and it may end in nothing at all. It is noteworthy that the French have no word which answers to our "flirtation." They have been obliged to borrow it from us. Their word *liaison* has a much stronger meaning. A *liaison* is seldom innocent; danger is its atmosphere and its element.

On the borderland between a flirtation and a *liaison* two celebrated people lingered for many years during the earlier part of the eighteenth century, giving the gossips plenty to discuss and the spiteful plenty to cavil at.

Philip Dormer Stanhope, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, the Mæcenas of literature as well as the successful diplomatist and *littérateur*, was the observed of all observers, "fed with soft dedication all day long," and courted even by Voltaire, who was pleased with his notions of liberty and his want of religion. His readiness at repartee gave him a reputation as a wit, and his sayings were quoted in fashionable circles, though they do not strike us as remarkable. Johnson remarked severely, "This man, I thought, had been a lord among wits, but I find he is only a wit among lords." Another contemporary says of him, with indirect flattery :—

Behold, a miracle ! Instead of wit,  
See one dull line by Stanhope's pencil writ.

Horace Walpole says, "Lord Chesterfield had early in life announced his claim to wit, and the women believed in it. He was so accustomed to see people laugh at the most trifling things he said that he would be disappointed at finding nobody smile before they knew what he was going to say." Two of Lord Chesterfield's smart sayings may be worth giving here. One day he was asking George II. about a despatch which was to be sent to a foreign monarch. The King, somewhat out of patience, said testily, "Send it to the devil!" "And shall I," remarked Chesterfield gravely, "address it in the usual form, 'To our faithful and well-beloved brother'?"

Another time, he was dining at an inn where the plates and dishes were very dirty. When Lord Chesterfield complained, he was told by the waiter, in an impertinent tone, that "everyone must eat a peck of dirt before he dies." "That may be true," remarked Chesterfield, "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

As a speaker in the House of Lords, Lord Chesterfield was characterised by remarkable clearness and crispness. There was no mistaking what he meant to say. Speaking in a debate about the State licensing of plays, which he opposed, he said, "Every unnecessary restraint is a fetter upon the legs, is a shackle upon the hands, of Liberty. . . . Every good in this life has its alloy of evil. Licentiousness is the alloy of liberty. It is an ebullition, an excrescence. It is a speck upon the eye of the political body, which I can never touch but with a gentle, a trembling hand, lest I injure the eye upon which it is apt to appear. If poets or players are to be restrained, let them be restrained, as other subjects are, by the known laws of their country. If they offend, let them be tried, as every Englishman ought to be, by God and their country."

Another memorable speech was one that he made in 1742, against the Bill for increasing the price of gin, and granting twenty-shilling licenses to retailers. The price of gin had been so low that painted boards were set up inviting people to "get drunk for the small sum of one penny, and dead drunk for twopence, with straw for nothing!"

Strange to say, all the bishops voted against the Bill, which provoked Lord Chesterfield's remark, "I am in doubt whether I have not got on the other side of the question, for I have not had the honour to divide with so many lawn sleeves for several years."

As ambassador to the Court of Holland, Chesterfield was eminently successful, and during the year that he was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland he won golden opinions from everyone. One memorial of his viceroyalty still exists in the Phoenix Park at Dublin—the figure of the fabled phoenix rising from its ashes, which he had put up on a



pillar. In reality, the word is a corruption of an old Irish term, signifying "good water"; but Lord Chesterfield was nothing if not classical, and the phoenix remains. So great was his popularity at one time that his head constantly appeared in the streets of London on signs. A French traveller, the Baron de Bielfeld, who visited London in 1741, writes in one of his letters, "Je ne traverse pas de rue à Londres sans y voir sur quelque enseigne le buste de ce lord, avec l'inscription, 'At my Lord Chesterfield's Head,' et je juge qu'une tête si remarquable doit avoir gagné le cœur de la multitude."

Popularity, which passes so many able men by, came to him without stint. He was in the full blaze of his brilliant reputation when he chanced to meet Lady Fanny Shirley, fourth daughter of Robert, first Earl Ferrers. Lady Fanny was already noted in fashionable society for her beauty and charm. She was, at this time, living at her father's house at Twickenham. Pope saw her there and addressed some verses to her, comparing her to Venus and Minerva, and concluding with the following lines, in which she is supposed to speak, and say to him :—

Come, if you'll be a quiet soul  
That dares tell neither truth nor lies,  
I'll list you in the harmless roll  
Of those that sing of these poor eyes !

Pope's admiration, was, however, a tepid affair compared with the genuine passion which the fair Fanny excited in Lord Chesterfield. Though small and insignificant in stature, we see by his portrait, taken in Court dress as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and now to be seen in the Dublin National Portrait Gallery, that his face was handsome, with full-lidded hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, and a cynical expression. Horace Walpole calls him, with unjust acrimony, "unlovely in person"; but Johnson, who was certainly not prejudiced in his favour, admits that his manner was "exquisitely elegant." Lady Fanny was very proud of her conquest. Though surrounded by eligible admirers, she refused to listen to any of them, and had ears and eyes for Lord Chesterfield alone. At this time he was already a married man. He had contracted an ambitious but loveless marriage with Melusina de Schulenberg, Countess of Walsingham, niece of the Duchess of Kendal, and reputed daughter of George II. No children were born of the marriage—in fact, husband and wife seem to have lived apart from the first beginning of their married life.

In one of Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son he says, "Every

man and his wife hate each other cordially, whatever they may pretend to the contrary. The husband certainly wishes his wife at the devil," &c.

According to the fashion of that day, Lord Chesterfield addressed Lady Fanny in polished verse. These verses, though full of hackneyed similes taken from classical mythology, have still the merit of grace and ease, and have, moreover, a ring of real feeling. The first two stanzas are as follows :—

When Fanny, blooming fair,  
First caught my ravished sight,  
Struck by her shape and air,  
I felt a strange delight.  
Whilst eagerly I gazed,  
Admiring ev'ry part,  
And ev'ry feature praised,  
She stole into my heart.

In her bewitching eyes  
Ten thousand loves appear ;  
There Cupid basking lies,  
His shafts are hoarded there.  
Her blooming cheeks are dyed  
With colour all their own,  
Excelling far the pride  
Of roses newly blown.

Lady Fanny was much gratified at this tribute to her charms, and the flirtation thus commenced went on for ten long years ! The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles devotes an article to Lady Fanny Shirley, and says that "at Clarendon Park, near Salisbury, the seat of her sister's son, Henry Bathurst, Esq., there is a full-length portrait of her, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, and if she is as handsome as she is there represented, Lord Chesterfield's passionate address might be easily accounted for." Mr. Bowles says that he looked admiringly at the painting for some time without knowing whose portrait it was, when the owner of the mansion said, "That is the celebrated 'Fanny, blooming fair.'" She is dressed in a Turkish costume, which was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who was also living at Twickenham at that time. "The dress," adds Mr. Bowles, "is beautiful, and gives great effect to the attitude and countenance. A sketch of Earl Ferrers' house and gardens is in the background."

Amongst the host of admirers that sighed round Lady Fanny was Lord Lovell, afterwards Earl of Leicester. He was terribly disgusted at seeing himself supplanted by a rival. He wrote from

Holkham to his friend, Lord Essex, then ambassador at the Court of Turin, the following amusing letter, which is preserved in the MS. collection of the Earl of Essex. He says:—

“You have opened my wounds by speaking of Lady Fanny. She is quite lost to me : that foul fiend Chesterfield has bewitched her, and, under pretence of serving me, has entirely defeated me, and is in full possession of the lady’s soul. Since my secret is like never to be any secret at all, I find great ease in discoursing of it, and tiring all my acquaintance with my grief. My rival triumphs so publicly that I hear of nothing but his success. All the summer, parties by water, rides in Bushey Park, &c., &c., and the old ladies begin to be censorious, which the nice lady, however, stands ; and since she herself knows there is no harm, does not mind what others say. This plaguey peace will give Chesterfield still more time to love. I cannot bear London while things continue thus, though I must be there in about three weeks.”

In another letter, written a month afterwards from London, Lord Lovell says, “That beauty you think so cold shows herself warmer than any lady in England—but not with me ! I attacked (though not boldly) in front : dazzled by her beauty, I could scarce approach, while that sly Chesterfield, like the toad in Milton, came privily behind, and fastened on her ear. In short, they live together, ride together, walk, go by water, &c., &c., in the face of the whole world ; and this cold, shy beauty—as you called her—bears up, I do assure you, more than I ever yet saw married or unmarried lady. The great trouble they have is, that when they ride out, his lordship is forced to stand on his stirrups, while she makes her back ache with stooping to hear him ; but I am now in treaty for a monstrous tall horse here, which I will present to his lordship, for we are generous rivals and good friends yet.”

After the flirtation had been the talk of the town for some years, we get another peep at it in a later stage, from a poem called “Isabella, or the Morning,” written by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, well known for his *vers de société*, in which he showed up the celebrities of the day, and disclosed their various weaknesses and defects. The scene of the poem is laid in the boudoir of Isabella, Duchess of Manchester, a well-dowered widow, whose many charms had attracted a crowd of admirers. In the end she was carried off by a handsome Irishman of the name of Hussey. The match provoked the following caustic lines from her disappointed suitor :—

But careful Heav'n reserv'd her grace  
For one of the Milesian race,  
On stronger parts depending :  
Nature indeed denies them sense,  
But gives them legs and impudence  
That beat all understanding !

The Duchess is supposed to be sitting among the circle of her admirers one morning, when Lord Lovell, the rival of Lord Chesterfield in the good graces of Lady Fanny, knocks at the door—

But hark ! a louder knock than all before,  
" Lord ! " says her Grace, " they'll thunder down my door."  
Into the room see sweating Lovell break !  
The Duchess rises and the elders wake.  
Lovell, the oddest character in town,  
A lover, statesman, connoisseur, buffoon ;  
Extract him well, this is his quintessence—  
Much folly, but more cunning, and some sense ;  
To neither party in his heart inclined,  
He steer'd 'twixt both, with politics refined,  
Voted with Walpole, and with Pulteney dined.

The poem goes on to describe Lord Lovell's visit, and the gossip hat ensued :—

His lordship makes a bow, and takes his seat,  
Then opens with preliminary chat :  
" I'm glad to see your Grace—the General,<sup>1</sup> too ;  
Old Charles, how is it ? Dicky,<sup>2</sup> how d'ye do ?  
Madam, I hear that you were at the play—  
You did not say one word on't yesterday.  
I went, who'd no engagement anywhere,  
To the Opera." " Were many people there ? "  
The Duchess cried. " Yes, madam, a great many,"  
Says Lovell. " There were Chesterfield and Fanny,  
In that eternal whisper which begun  
Ten years ago, and never will be done ;  
For though, you know, he sees her every day,  
Still he has ever something new to say.  
There's nothing upon earth so hard to me  
As keeping up discourse eternally.  
He never lets the conversation fall,  
And I'm sure Fanny can't keep up the ball.  
I saw that her replies were never long,  
And with her eyes she answered for her tongue.  
Poor I am forced to keep my distance now—  
She won't e'en curtsy if I make a bow."  
" Why, things are strangely chang'd ! " the Gen'ral cried.  
" Ay, *fortune de la guerre* ! " my lord replied.

<sup>1</sup> General Churchill.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Bateman, brother of Viscount Bateman.

"But you and I, Charles, hardly find things so  
 As we both did some twenty years ago."  
 "And take off twenty years," replied her Grace,  
 "'Twould do no harm to Lady Fanny's face.  
 My lord, you never see her but at night  
 By th' advantageous help of candle-light,  
 Dressed out with ev'ry aid that is adorning.  
 Oh ! if your lordship saw her in the morning,  
 It is no more that Fanny once so fair ;  
 No roses bloom, no lilies flourish there,  
 But hollow eyes, and pale and faded cheek,  
 Repentance, love, and disappointment speak ! "

So chatted the fashionable gossips over poor Lady Fanny and her luckless long flirtation with Lord Chesterfield. They ignored the tears, the secret sighs, the weary hopeless heart of the lonely woman. The men were spiteful towards the once-famed belle who had scorned their advances, and the Duchess knew how to ridicule the sister-woman who had out-lived her beauty, and was striving desperately, and in vain, to repair the cruel ravages of time.

The flirtation had been a most disastrous one to Lady Fanny ; it had destroyed her prospects, and had effectually prevented her from being, as she might have been, a happy wife and mother. She certainly had had the distinction, such as it was, of attracting the most admired man in London, the observed of all observers, "the glass of fashion and the mould of form," and now there was nothing left but a remembrance, a remembrance of those summer rides under the chestnuts in Bushey Park, when she listened to his honeyed words, and cast propriety and decorum to the winds. As she had bitter reason to know, ten years do not pass

Without leaving some signs as they go ;  
 They may fly with the wings of the hawk, but alas !  
 They are marked by the feet of the crow.

It was torture to Lady Fanny to feel that her youth was leaving her, and she was sick at heart for the lover whom she could never call her husband. No wonder that she listened to his fine speeches with dulled ears ; even his constancy had a sting in it, for she was well aware that it laid him open to the ridicule of his brother wits. What refuge could she find ?

At this time the preaching of George Whitfield was attracting large crowds of fashionable women, and amongst others came poor Lady Fanny, weary and heavy laden with all her woes. He spoke of rest and peace in religion, and she eagerly received his message, and became one of his most devoted disciples. Withdrawing altogether



from fashionable life, she gave up the world that had not been kind to her, and retired to her old home at Twickenham. Whatever may have been her errors, she repented of them, and probably found more happiness in her new religious convictions than she had ever found in the feverish excitement of her long flirtation with the greatest wit of his day.

But even in this retreat she could not altogether escape the caustic comments of her friends. She is mentioned by Horace Walpole in "The Twickenham Register" as residing there about the year 1758, and entirely given up to a life of devotion. He concludes with a wicked little stab :—

Here Fanny, ever blooming fair,  
Ejaculates the grateful prayer,  
And, 'scaped from sense, with nonsense smit,  
For Whitfield's cant leaves Stanhope's wit !

Lady Fanny died, unmarried, at Bath, in 1768, and Lord Chesterfield survived her eleven years. He did not understand how to grow old gracefully ; he was ceaselessly occupied in a vain attempt to appear younger and more frivolous than was suitable to his age and character. Horace Walpole says, "He lived at White's, gaming and pronouncing witticisms among the boys of quality."

There is a remarkable falling-off between his earlier and later portraits. As a man of thirty-five he has an air of conscious superiority ; as a man of seventy the proud smile has degenerated into a sarcastic snigger—all traces of nobility seem to have deserted him with increasing years. One point in his favour is that he was willing to acknowledge his own faults. Everyone is familiar with his treatment of Dr. Johnson. When the Doctor was unknown he waited in vain at Lord Chesterfield's ante-rooms for an audience ; but when he became celebrated by the publication of his "Dictionary," Chesterfield at once followed with the tide, and wrote a laudatory criticism of the work in the *World*. This provoked Johnson's celebrated Letter, in which he bitterly says, "The notice you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind ; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary and cannot impart it, till I am known and do not want it."

This letter was shown by Lord Chesterfield to Dodsley, the publisher, and instead of resenting it, he pointed out the severest passages, and observed how well they were expressed.

Lord Chesterfield is often set down as a cold, selfish man of the

world, yet that he was capable of very deep affection his letters to his illegitimate son amply show. An almost motherly interest betrays itself in every line. He wrote little French compositions for his "dear boy," and laboured hard to correct his deficiencies in speech and manner. Even the care of his teeth and nails is not forgotten, but noted again and again. And yet the object of all this tender solicitude turned out a great disappointment, and died five years before his father, in November 1768, without having made any mark in the world. By a secret marriage he left a son, and Lord Chesterfield proved by his letters to his "dear little Philip" that he was quite as affectionate to his grandson as he had been to his son.

For the abilities of women he had the utmost contempt. Writing to his son he says, "Women are only children of a larger growth : . . . they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit ; but for solid, reasoning good sense I never knew in my life one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four-and-twenty hours together. A man of sense only trifles with them as he does with a forward sprightly child, but he neither consults them about nor trusts them with serious matters. No flattery is too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest, and you may safely flatter any woman from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan."

It may be that Lady Fanny Shirley only stirred Lord Chesterfield's vagrant fancy without deeply touching his heart. But it says much that he was constant to her for ten long years, and such fidelity was indeed rare—it was a fidelity which makes a relief to the unwholesome chronicles of his life. It must have been strong indeed to have survived, unscathed, the ridicule of the wits and the jests of the boudoir.

C. J. HAMILTON.

## TABLE TALK.

### PROOF-READING.

IN his "At the Sign of the Ship," which is always entertaining and often instructive, Mr. Andrew Lang, commenting on *coquilles* or printers' errors, says with a slight touch of complaint, "The art of proof-correcting seems to be decaying." This is, I think, scarcely just. Aggravating mistakes are, of course, encountered. "God's finger touched him, and he *slipped*," which Mr. Lang quotes, is an exasperating misprint for "and he slept." I felt myself a little uncomfortable when, having quoted recently in a daily newspaper Tennyson's well known line—

Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,

I found substituted for "sunning" the word—positively atrocious in such a conjunction—"running." This is obviously a *coquille*. Was "slipped" for "slept" also one? I doubt it, and fancy it was due to an accidental and temporary confusion on the part of the writer. I have known "casino" printed for "cæsura," to the terrible confusion of sense, and "absurd" for "abused," to the annoyance of one so described. I have known things even more annoying, as "Oliver Juvenis" substituted for "olim juvenis," and, warned by such misreadings, have sought—vainly, I own—to improve a calligraphy that is not all that might be wished. As a rule, I find proof-reading adequate and even admirable. There is a tendency on the part of printers' readers, especially the more intelligent and educated, to suggest alterations of phrase, the effect of which would be to destroy originality or personality of style by reducing all writing to a dead level of accuracy. This, however, is the only complaint I have to make against them.

### MISQUOTATIONS.

FROM one defect, augmenting ignorance and carelessness, the educated world, printers' readers included, suffer. We of the later generation have so much larger a province to occupy than had our predecessors that it is hard to censure too severely. Still,

the practice of slovenly and inaccurate quotation grows rapidly. I will give a curious and recent instance. A Belgian poet wrote eight lines, crystallizing neatly enough a sufficiently familiar idea. Here they are :—

La vie est brève,  
Un peu d'amour,  
Un peu de rêve ;  
Et puis—Bon jour.

La vie est vaine,  
Un peu d'espoir,  
Un peu de haine ;  
Et puis—Bon soir.

Literally rendered, this means, "Life is short : a little love, a little dreaming, and then Good day. Life is vain : a little hope, a little hate, and then Good-night." I came first upon a rendering of this in which the translator for the "brève" of the first line substituted "brave"—gallant, smart, fine—which of course spoils the significance of the entire poem. Next time I encountered the verses, the luminary quoting them substituted "peine" for "haine," which destroys the balance and the contrast of the whole. My advice is, unless you can verify your quotation, don't quote. There is no need to do so. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* even, within a very short period, a writer in an article full of valuable information and suggestions gave an exquisite verse from Ben Jonson, in which, for the correct line, addressed to Diana (that is, the moon)—

Iesperus entreats thy light,

was substituted—

Iesperus desires thy light,

which is much weaker, and is, moreover, inaccurate. Within a very few weeks the editor of one of our principal literary papers derided a man for speaking of the first edition of Clough's "Bothie of Toper-na-Fuosich." Yet that is the name, afterwards changed, of Clough's "boisterous epic," as I well know, having myself, years previously, been challenged and accused of ignorance when I was scrupulously correct. Misquotations are indeed deplorably and reprehensibly frequent. It is the fault of the writer, however, and not that of the printer's reader, who cannot carry in his mind every quotation in the language.

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*A SUSPECTED LODGER.*

BY J. W. SHERER, C.S.I.

SUSAN FORD was away from home, nursing an old friend. After a week's absence she was expected back. Her house was close to a railway station, in a northern suburb of London ; and as the train drew up, she saw her daughter Rose on the platform waiting.

"O mother," cried the girl, with a brightening smile, "good luck since you have been away ; the two spare rooms let to such a nice elderly man. You won't mind him being blind, will you ? He appears to have money."

Mrs. Ford had hardly any voice. A thin whisper, slightly ventriloquial in its nature, and seeming to come from a short distance, was her only medium of vocally conveying her thoughts.

"You always do so well, Rose," faintly piped the mother, and the two embraced warmly.

Just then a ticket collector, with a red, plain, pleasant face, came up, who was clearly a stickler for official etiquette ; for though his eyes showed he was delighted to see Mrs. Ford—she was his wife—he would not kiss her on the platform, or indeed say much to her except, "Well, you're back home, mother !"

The Fords' house was the first one of a row running close outside the station yard, and being at the corner was larger than the others. It was only separated from the line by the sloping bank and the railings, but the station master, being a bit of a gardener, had planted shrubs and flowers around. The situation could not but be egregiously noisy, but the Ford family preferred the epithet—social. Rose, on a recent visit to Ramsgate, had slept one night near the



shore, and reported that the sea made a delightful noise as she listened in bed, and it reminded her of the goods trains. The idea of letting a small downstairs room with a bed-chamber over it had originated with Ford, who was a prudent man, and thought, if the daughter married, she would want a little ready money which the rent might supply. And during Susan Ford's absence, Rose had got hold of a tenant in the shape of a Scotchman who was called Archibald Macbeath, and was, though blind, very tidy, and so intelligent that he required very little assistance in carrying on daily life like other people.

Ford was a very kind husband, and his goodness was the more appreciated by Susan, in that she had been very unhappy before her marriage to him, which was indeed a second marriage. Her first husband, though speaking with a slight Caledonian accent, was named Charlie Monk, which did not sound particularly Northern. He was a baker's man, and had made Susan's acquaintance when she was in service in the outskirts of London ; and after a short courtship and a few Sunday walks, she married him, without really knowing anything about him, except that he was young and good-looking, and did not exhibit any particular failings—though he required to be treated rather often at public-houses, and was not modest about borrowing money from her. Susan soon found she had made a fatal mistake. Monk was dissipated and dishonest, and had companions who were obviously disreputable ; and he had not been married a year before he was found to have embezzled a sum of money from his baker, and was summarily dismissed, and admonished to consider himself lucky he was not prosecuted. And then came gradually on a terrible period of decline ; first, odd jobs in his own calling, during which renewed dishonesty appeared, and then, altogether precarious employment. The home shifted from two tidy rooms to one miserable garret, to be reached down a dark and fetid court. Actual want was relieved at intervals by more money than Monk could have honestly earned, and by articles which Susan dreaded to have in the house, but which were pawned or sold by Monk, when at night he had dragged them from some hole where they had been concealed. The poor wretch drank desperately when he had funds and when drunk was a mere brute. The newspapers afford such particulars of the life women lead with drunkards, that to describe the savage returns in the small hours, the smashing of the scanty crockery and crazy furniture, the black eyes and bruised limbs, the curses and shrieks, the heavy fall ; the police, the court, the treadmill — to try, we say, to reproduce such scenes would be superfluous.

But the same journals tell us how women go on enduring these scenes, and five years had passed since her marriage before an event occurred which altered the course of Susan's life. Monk was now seldom sober, or if he did check himself in any way, it was for the perpetration of what he termed a job. One midnight, Monk and another man brought a couple of very handsome gold-headed umbrellas, and a small valise about which they seemed particularly careful. They hid the umbrellas under the bed, and went out again with the valise, returning no more. In the morning, three policemen, one wearing a railway uniform, entered Susan's place, and, after inquiring for Monk, demanded from Susan whether she knew of any concealed property. She at once brought out the umbrellas, and volunteered information about the valise, saying she suspected it contained something valuable. Monk had gone too far in ill-behaviour, and his wife wished him to be arrested that she might get away from him. Susan had to be arrested herself and to appear before the magistrate, but the police got her off, on the ground that she had given them every assistance. Some months afterwards, one of the same trio of policemen found out Susan in a new lodging, and told her that a companion of Monk's had been taken in another case, and had stated that her husband had gone off to Australia. "And I expect," added the officer, "that you will not see him again, and that you will be glad to be shut of him."

Five years later Susan was established in the same model-lodging-house with John Ford, then a railway porter. He was a witness to her matchless industry and natural tidiness, and admired the way in which—by needlework, charring, odd jobs, any work, in fact, suitable for an active, honest woman—she supported herself and her pretty daughter, who was in arms when her husband disappeared, and was the only living one of three, the other two having succumbed to misery. After a reasonable courtship Ford proposed. Susan stated herself to be a widow. She ought not to have done so without satisfactory information; but she had really persuaded herself that Monk with his habits *could* not have survived, and, unreasonable though it was, she was not uninfluenced by the policeman's expectations—(was he not a man of authority?)—that she had seen the last of her husband.

So Ford was accepted, and he was greatly pleased with his choice. For Susan had been good-looking, and, though worn with trouble, still retained a sweet expression and had recovered a healthy complexion. The bridegroom had remarked to a male friend, with a circular expansion of his mouth, which was his nearest approach to

a laugh, "I do not mind the small voice, it is better than too much." That same destroyed throat was a memento of Monk's conduct a few days before he left her. To avoid his violence one snowy night, she crept through a little trapdoor on to the roof. He fastened it inside, and fell into a drunken sleep. She was undressed: she escaped with her life, but sustained bronchial injury, of which there was no cure. And now long years had passed, and Rose, who had been so called in apparently groundless hope of better things, had earned the name in youth and beauty, and had reached her twenty-second year.

The lodger Macbeath was out when Susan arrived. Rose had taken him a walk once or twice on a thoroughfare, and he had now no fear of going by himself on that road. And her mother did not see him when he came in, and sent him his cup of tea by Rose's hand, as her own speech was difficult for a stranger to understand. But the tenant was to come in to supper in the comfortable kitchen, and duly appeared at 8.30—all time was marked in railway fashion—and was placed by the girl at the table. The prim parlour was holy ground, and used on Sundays.

He was a man past fifty, perhaps; his brown hair tinged with grey, his face handsome; the lines round his mouth indicative of gentleness and good nature; his dress wonderfully neat, and, considering his looking-glass was of no use to him, the arrangement of his hair and beard an achievement. Susan was in the back kitchen, sprinkling the lettuce at the tap.

"Come along, mother," cried Ford.

Susan came in. No sooner had she set eyes on the stranger than she gave vent to a stifled scream, popped down the lettuce, and left the room.

"Go to her, Rose, lass," cried the husband, "she is not well," and, at Ford's bidding, the daughter rushed upstairs. To prevent confusion, Macbeath was begged to begin his meal, the contents of the table being detailed to him. And presently Rose returned to say her mother had turned very giddy, but was lying down and would soon be better.

"You see, Mr. Macbeath," explained Ford, "though we live at a station, Mrs. Ford seldom travels on the line, and I expect what with nursing—for she has been away on that job—and the journey, she's a bit overwrought."

And the other hoped that a night's rest would put all to rights. But as Susan did not come down again, her husband, after supper, went up to see how matters stood. Unfortunately,

however, the poor woman was quite unable to be frank with honest John.

She had to acquiesce in the overwrought theory, and declare she had done too much ; but sleep might restore her. Yes, if sleep would come. But she had received a most serious shock. The whole framework of her peace and content seemed threatened—her happiness tottered to its fall. She could not doubt that the lodger whom Rose had been so glad to secure was in reality her first husband. There were great difficulties in the way of believing this, and yet she did believe it. How, indeed, had Charlie Monk become Archibald Macbeath? Far stranger, how had the reckless, unprincipled, dissipated man turned into this tranquil, pleasant person, who, as Rose said, consumed hardly any liquor at all? She was vexed with herself for not having concealed her surprise. But it is easier to think afterwards how a shock should have been received, than so to receive it at the trying moment of its occurrence. Had she taken her seat at table, she thought she might have watched all the phases of the stranger's features—if the expression may pass—the turns and mannerisms of his visage, and decided whether they were those with which she had been so familiar.

Of course, the man downstairs was not like the Monk who had left her. But was he what Monk, twenty years and more older, clothed, and in his right mind, sober, repentant, reasonable, would resemble? Alas! precisely the very apparition fancy would depict.

The house became still at last. John had come in from the latest train he had to attend ; Rose had withdrawn ; the blind man's door had banged ; a railway lamp shone on the window blind. Externally, nights were never quiet ; but Susan had always felt security and companionship in the rumbling and shouting and shunting connected with goods and ballast trains. But now that her mind was troubled, the steam whistles became shrieks of spirits, and the loaded wheels simulated foreboding thunder and the coming of a storm to wreck the tranquillity of her life.

What weighed most on her was the thought that she had deceived the excellent Ford in calling herself a widow. If the blind man, some ten yards distant, was Monk, then her happy marriage with John was a mere connection without repute, and incapable of final retention. And yet she could honestly declare that she thought when she accepted Ford that her first husband *must* be dead. She had seen the drunkards when she abode in the slums ; they did not live long. If poverty shut off their liquor, their hearts were apt to stop ; and they perished—a heap of foetid



rags in a gateway—from syncope. Or if the body held out, gloom closed round the mind, and then it was a choice of the rope or the razor—or the river. Monk, in her belief, was far beyond reform when he left England, and Australia, from what she had heard, was scarcely a suitable refuge for inebriates.

Poor Ford! How she felt for him! She had a turn for Puritanism, and her mind ran somewhat on texts; and the words spoken to the Samaritan woman occurred to her and kept ringing in her ears: “He whom thou now hast, is not thy husband.” Into what a position she had put the self-respecting and respected John!

For these and other galling reflections she could not sleep, but when morning broke, Susan rose, determined to face the terrors of her fate bravely and without flinching. Rose did not expect her mother to attend much to the new-comer, as her thin voice was a drawback.

But Macbeath came out to dinner and supper, and Susan used all those powers of observation which she blamed herself for not using before she gave way to wonder and apprehension. The result of a day’s watching was that, as far as external evidence went, Susan could not doubt that her lodger was her husband. The height, the form, the face were his; his, too, the voice—the only slightly perceptible Scotch accent; his, the sound of the laughter. But the nature, the character, the disposition, appeared wholly diverse.

Here, however, the woman’s religious tendency came in to rebuke incredulity.

Who was she to doubt whether the grace of God could change the heart? Did not tracts relate how swearing Tom became praying Tom? And did not clean, tidy converts at temperance meetings show the greasy corduroys in which they were drunk for the last time? Was God’s arm shortened? Could not Monk the sinner have become Monk the saint?

Going to bed very confused, remorseful, and apprehensive, that second night Susan bethought herself of a small Testament which had belonged to Monk, and which, from not being worth pawning, had survived all catastrophes. It was a present from Monk’s mother, and it contained a photograph of himself. She would look it up the first thing in the morning, refresh her memory with the picture, and remark all its details.

So, as soon as she was up the next morning, she went to an old box, and there she found the plain, cheap, sacred volume, very little used, and on the inside of the upper cover the photograph



which had been pasted there. It was simply the blind man twenty years—roughly speaking—younger. There was no writing at the beginning or the ending of the book, and if Monk's mother had penned anything affectionate or admonitory, the photo had probably been placed over it. Susan had scarcely seen the book before, and mechanically she bent the leaves forward, and then let them fly quickly back, one after the other, when on one she thought she saw a word or two. She repeated the process, and singled out the page. It was that of the commencement of the Acts of the Apostles. Under the word *Acts* was formed the mark intimating that an interpolation was to be made, and above was inserted, *not Words*. And in the margin: *So think I, A. Macbeath*. The characters were quite boyish, and there was a head with a beard and a turban, and, indeed, a pipe in the mouth, rudely delineated in schoolboy style, and intended probably for St. Luke. The discovery was overwhelming to poor Susan. Macbeath was then the real name of her husband. She had never assumed her proper title; she was neither Mrs. Monk nor Mrs. Ford. Doubt could now scarcely sustain itself; there was left only the mystery of the clean heart. The position was changed; the troubled woman was scarcely curious, she was irresolute. What could she do? She could consult no one. She must think the matter out.

Archibald Macbeath had brought only a carpet bag with him, but said he was expecting two wooden boxes. They arrived in the afternoon of the day when the Testament was found, and were marked with the name of an Australian ship. Another blow. The question of action had to be faced. Was it her duty to make a full confession to John Ford in the first instance, and then to act as he should advise and direct? Considering that silence seemed certain to prolong present peace and happiness, at any rate for some time, and that disclosure seemed equally certain to wreck them, it is not strange that Susan should have been unable to persuade herself that it was necessary she should speak till something happened to render explanation imperative. The consideration she most rested on was that a month—nay, a year—would make no difference if matters remained exactly as they were; and if a change occurred, new resolutions could be formed. She determined to hold her tongue. But her heart was troubled, and her health might have suffered had she had time to brood. Household cares, however, pressed. She often had "greens on her mind," as Dickens put it, and cookery, with washing and mending, helped to distract. It is well known how habit works its effects, and Susan's harrowing position grew to

be more bearable simply from the fact that the element of surprise died out of it, it was no longer new ; it was not worse one day than it had been the day before. And thus a good woman came to find by experience that the bigamy she firmly believed in was only terrific when suddenly flashed in her face, and would admit of being calmly examined as a domestic calamity in embryo.

However, new features of the case were not long in appearing. Macbeath was not at all communicative, but he had casually dropped one or two items concerning himself—that he was by trade a baker ; that he had lost his sight by an accident in a bakehouse ; that his mother was dead before he could leave Australia, though it had been his dream to see her again, for her age had been hale. But this was not to be. One night, however, when alone with Mrs. Ford, the lodger said, “Fancy, I have a son I have not seen since he was two years old, and he is now nineteen. I lost my wife beyond seas, and he was sent home to be brought up by his grandmother. You would have thought he would have come to the docks to receive me. He is employed as a booking clerk on this very railway that passes your door, only far away north. There has been sickness in the office, and he could not get away. But he has got leave at last. And I want you, mistress, to get a bed for him somewhere near. Perhaps you would let him have his meals with us. Think over it, and ask Ford.”

Susan promised she would do so. Fortunately for her, her sudden paleness and trembling were thrown away on the blind man. But when once by herself, she clasped her hands and whispered, “What next ? What new riddles ? What fresh complications ?”

She decided, after much thinking, that if the son was nineteen, Monk, in his unconverted days, must have represented himself as a bachelor in Australia, and married a girl there, under the idea that he should never return or hear of his first wife again. Well, poor foreign lass, she went to her rest long ago, and, it was to be hoped, was happy in the land where there was no marriage or giving in marriage, and was like the angels, who, fortunately for them, were not troubled with such thorny subjects. A young man of nineteen—but, good heavens ! if he took a fancy to Rose ! Why, she was his half-sister. Susan could not scream ; but, as the fashion of her class is in such emergencies, she put her fingers in her ears, and looked the scream her throat refused to issue. Still, whatever her apprehensions were, she did not see her way to refusing Macbeath's requests, and in telling Ford what had passed, she offered no objection to the proposal, but said John might ask how long the young

man would stay. The mere coming of the son did not, in reality, affect the situation ; it was only complications with Rose which were to be dreaded. There was no safety in the fact that Macbeath junior was younger than the girl, for in Susan's circles it is well known that the bride is often the elder in married couples.

Ford put the question his wife wished him to put, and the answer was the lodger was afraid Roderick (such was the son's name) would not be able to stay more than a week or ten days.

That was not long, Susan thought ; the boy would have much to ask his father ; Rose might be pressed with house duties, and then the expected arrival might, after all, be plain or disagreeable.

In due course Roderick came ; as bad luck would have it, he was handsome ; much what Monk must have been at his age, the agitated mother remarked to herself. He was also very cheerful and attractive.

During his stay, the young fellow certainly had seem struck with Rose, but there was nothing unusual in that, and when the holiday was up, he departed and made no sign, and the household resumed its previous ways.

But some weeks afterwards, what was Susan's dismay when the blind man came in to breakfast in obviously high spirits, and she learnt the cause !

"My wishes," said he, "are now all fulfilled. Roderick is transferred to this station in the room of Curtis, a married man, as you know, whose sickly wife is often talking of country air. I always said, when I was far away, that when I returned, if I did not live at Glasgow, it should be in the next finest city—London. And now, you see, Glasgow is too full of dead memories, so I am satisfied with this place, which I hold to be the same as London, only the boy being so distant vexed me. And now that trouble is over. Our kind Ford here, I believe, is entitled to my best thanks, for he put in a good word to help the exchange by praising Roderick to the station-master, and that gentleman, again, spoke to the authorities."

John made one of his round mouths and blushed, muttering modestly that his assistance was not worth much.

Before evening, Susan, who was not fertile in resources, and whose only diplomacy was her dogged silence, had actually consented to Roderick having his meals with his father and the Ford circle. "And," said John, on going to bed, "you may have wondered, mother, at my interesting myself about Roderick, but—don't laugh—it was my first hand's-turn at matchmaking—for it would cheer my

heart if that nice youth and our Rose could make it out together." And John shook as he lay, at inward appreciation of his subtlety.

Then Susan felt there was nothing for it but to watch the first symptom of courtship, and then make a clean breast of her secret to her husband. It was no use speaking prematurely ; Roderick might fancy another girl. And now one of her texts came to mind, "Be sure your sin will find you out." She had told John she was a widow, and here was her falsehood rising up and, perhaps, just about to strike her. Cooking, brushing, scrubbing, these formed her only anodyne, and she determined to work herself into some sort of partial tranquillity.

The season had come round to the spring, a time of year Susan was not insensible to, though its influence came to her partly through mere material changes—less coal and more washing, for instance—but still with a measure of scarcely recognised poetry ; and with a measure of decided poetry to Roderick and Rose, in pleasant walks and under trees growing shady, and in watching the lambs and listening to the birds and smelling the flowers. For the station, though on the skirts of London, was within easy reach of the country. And these opportunities, which pleased the young people all the more for being furtively enjoyed, took away the necessity for demonstrative looks and smiles at table, or within the house. And whatever Susan feared or suspected, she had no evidence of love-making, and there was an element of surprise when at last one afternoon Rose came up to the bedroom where she was sewing, and, kneeling beside her mother, hid her face and burst out crying. It was the old, old story. And Susan knew this to be so, and cried, too, though with a desolate sorrow unknown to the girl.

Roderick had asked Rose to become his wife. It was natural, perhaps, that the mother should try a few dissuasions ; that the lover was very young—his salary small—that the lodgings he could give his bride would be far less comfortable than her home—that it was not clear who the Macbeaths were, and a few other points. But advice was in vain, and Susan felt that her hour was come. All that she said, however, at the moment, was that she would see Ford, talk over the matter with him, and the lovers should be told of the result. And Rose went down to her occupation, and Susan, putting aside her sewing, sat back in her chair, and thought over the disclosure now lying immediately before her, a disclosure which would destroy Ford's happiness—bring disrepute on herself—accuse and convict Macbeath—prove Roderick to be illegitimate, and break Rose's heart !



And that evening, when the young lover had departed after supper in high spirits—for he regarded the proposed consultation as mere verbiage—and when Rose and the blind man had sought their own rooms, John and Susan sat up till past midnight in the kitchen, for his wife had privately intimated to him that she had a matter to communicate which was of very great importance.

And in that long interview the dreadful secret was not only disclosed, but formed the subject of earnest and heart-rending discussion. John's fine nature led him to view the subject entirely from the standpoint of his wife; he was too unselfish to reproach her with having deceived him, and even went so far as to say that Susan had thoroughly good grounds for conjecturing, and even deciding, that the husband she had known as Charlie Monk was dead. Every other consideration with Ford sank into matter of comparative unimportance, weighed with the overwhelming misfortune that he was to lose Susan.

It was a sad sight—the strong, good man, pale as death, ascending the stairs with the step of an invalid, and pausing halfway up to heave a sigh that testified to his emotions having been stirred to their very depths. But Susan made up the kitchen fire, for the weather was still chilly at night, and sat by it; peering into the coals, and fancying that their strange scenery could be made to illustrate her happy service life—her wretched marriage—the bliss of John's kindness—the solace of Rose's love—and now the future—menacing, remorseless, destructive.

Ford was up early the next morning, and over at the railway to get leave for the day from the station-master, and to arrange for some one to take his duties. It had been settled overnight that John should go in after breakfast and have it out with Macbeath, and should talk over any plan which might suggest itself for getting out of the appalling imbroglio with the least public scandal possible.

Poor fellow! no task could have been less welcome, he really felt as if he was on his way to be hanged; his lips trembled, his hands, brown and horny, trembled, but he had always trained himself to face the inevitable bravely, and he went at the work like a man. He had previously arranged that Susan should go out for a walk; the air would do her good and keep her spirits up, and she would be beyond Rose's questions. The walk had been settled also; it was to be to the cemetery, and John would come to her in the course of the morning and report on the result of his interview.

Roderick had breakfast at his lodgings, but Rose was, of course, at her avocations and very curious to know what was up. Her



mother, however, bustled about to avoid being interrogated, and at last got to the front door with her bonnet on, saying she had business out, and asking her daughter to look after the house. Rose, however, sidled up to Susan outside, and whispered—"All going right, I hope?" Susan answered, "Of course, dear, Mr. Macbeath has to be spoken to."

All working women beyond a certain age are Herveys. Meditations amongst the tombs are a favourite pastime; and Susan, when she got into the lovely garden which represented a North London cemetery, though she may have regretted the absence of skulls and cross-bones, still had trouble enough in her heart to cast dark shades over the grass, and the roses, and the flowers. And to her gloomy mind the facts of the case seem to have the better of the poetry. Some of the tombstones said the persons they commemorated were in heaven; one inscription declared that to live in the memories of friends was not to die; one little girl of six was recorded by her parents to have been called away to be an angel; but Susan, not in tune for faith, could not but feel that the persons buried around had all really died, and had lain quite still since they were put there.

It was a lovely day towards the end of March, and the chilly night had produced a mist in the morning; but the sun, getting powerful by ten o'clock, had dispersed the vapour, though fragments of it still hung here and there in gauzy festoons faintly gilded by the light. The crocuses, hepaticas, and other flowers were very sweet, and Susan sat down in a corner where they were plentiful, but her heart was too full to let her enjoy them. Pretty enough, she thought, but for the happy, not for me.

It was really true that she felt more for John than for herself. Macbeath was clearly a religious man, he was, in the theological as well as in the social sense, converted; he had put off the old man Charlie Monk, and was what he was—obviously by the grace of God. Therefore life with him would be widely different from what it had formerly been. Rose was Macbeath's daughter, she would be restored to her own father. But John Ford, the blameless, the worthy, the kind-hearted, would meet the fate of dishonour and desolation. And Roderick must be driven off—nay, he would himself desire to flee—far, far away to new scenes and stern forgetfulness.

At these thoughts Susan's eyes filled with tears; she tasted the bitter drops on her lips, her throat seemed to swell almost to choking.

Just opposite where she sat was the tomb of two little children, a boy five, and a girl three. The materials were handsome, the

shape that of a cross ; the dates showed that the deaths had followed—one the other—in two days. There was written beneath, "Suffer little children to come unto Me." Presently there strolled up a young and handsome woman, dressed in clothes which had been good but were now worn and creased, and, moreover, carelessly put on. She was unsteady in her walk, and Susan saw she had been drinking. She sat down beside the other, and at once, in a strong wild voice, said : "Those two dead there were my children. Teddy and Flo ! carried off by diphtheria. It does not take long."

Susan made a sympathetic remark, and the stranger, noticing her ruined voice, seemed sorry to have spoken loud and dropped her own tones almost to a whisper. "I hate that tomb," she went on, "because it cost money. My husband was a clerk and we were happy, but, of course, poor. The tomb was the first thing he did with money he said came from his godfather. The money went on coming. It was really his employer's. Well, Arthur's at Portland now for embezzlement, and I am done for. Suffer little children indeed ! Why should I suffer them to leave me ? I want them, I am mad and miserable." Susan very gently begged the young woman not to seek consolation where it could not be found. "No, no," the other said, getting closer, "if you will lend me a shilling, I will buy some sandwiches ; it is best to eat, is it not ?" Susan was too sad herself to refuse the money, and the woman on receiving it said : "You are too good, God bless you." And she shook hands and went away. But returning again she whispered close into Susan's ear, "You dear old thing ! I will drink your health." And she disappeared.

This little incident, only occupying a few minutes, relieved Susan a bit ; a tragic curtain had been drawn aside for an instant and she felt, "I am not alone in my trouble." Pity, if sincere and without a sense of superiority, is itself a consoler.

The time seemed very long, but at last the clock in the mortuary chapel close by struck twelve, and almost immediately afterwards Susan saw in the distance two men advancing. Two men ! John, of course, one, but the other ? Why, Macbeath resting his hand gently on his companion's arm, and walking with perfect confidence. As they came near, "Here she is !" Ford cried, and Susan, on her part said, "I have been weary waiting." As soon as Macbeath heard her voice, feeble though it was, he was able to judge where she stood, and, stretching out his arms, placed them with a capital guess on her shoulders, and then, putting his face down, kissed her affectionately.

And Susan thought of Charlie Monk when he was wooing her, and his demeanour was gentle and loving. A second afterwards the kiss seemed the very seal of despair !

But Macbeath said, "So glad to have found you, dear sister. I had no idea whether you were living or not—what had become of you—your child, had it survived. You could not have done better than marry this excellent John."

"But who—but who—are you?" stammered Susan.

"I?" replied the blind man, "I—am Archibald Macbeath, twin-brother of Alan Macbeath, your dead first husband. Sit down on the bench here, and I will tell you all."

"Well, I could have sworn," said Susan, as she took her seat, "that you were the man I knew as Charlie Monk."

"No wonder, for we were so alike that our mother did not know us apart. When we were little trots, she had to put a strip of tartan round my wrist, and it was put round my wrist because I was five minutes the elder."

"Yes," whispered Susan, "but it is not your face nor yet your form which are so completely Charlie's—but your voice, your Scotch words, your ways and motions—O Lord, it is wonderful."

"You may say so, indeed," continued Archibald, "and as we grew up, the dear old mother could only recognise us by our dispositions. I must not speak against poor Alan; he was quicker, cleverer than I—had more go, more temptations, you may be sure; made himself pleasanter to companions, and he had the misfortune to have some bad companions, very bad——"

"But how came he to call himself Charlie Monk?" broke in Susan, "for that was the only name I knew him by."

"I was coming to that. Monk was in our bakery, a Liverpool man, about our age, and he was one of the bad ones I have mentioned. I need not describe, Susan. You saw the last of poor Alan and his friends in England, and you know what bad lots mean. Monk and Alan got into serious trouble at Glasgow, and, in flying from the police, changed names to muddle the scent. Monk went off as Macbeath to America, and Alan to London as Charlie Monk."

"And you and your people," remarked Susan, "had no idea what had become of him? But first tell me one thing." Her voice grew as earnest as its impotence permitted. "You speak of dead Alan, but *when* did he die?"

The blind man answered, "Oh, two years after I went to look for him; three years, that is, after he left you."

Susan clasped her hands, and then hid her eyes with them, for

sudden tears could not be repressed, when what she heard assured her that Ford was all right. This was too much for honest John ; the excellent fellow fairly blubbered. But it was weeping that did him good, and as the tragical fears had been dispersed before, he only wept for love of Susan, and therefore it is not inconsiderate to say that his face recalled a door-knocker during a heavy shower.

"Well, you see," Archibald went on, "it was a curious thing, but a sailor came back to Glasgow who had been to Australia ; and one of his mates on board the ship had been Alan, working his way out before the mast. This sailor, Anderson, had learnt from Alan both the name he had adopted, and his real name, and that he had left a wife and child in London. This was the first we heard of his marriage. Anderson said the voyage made Alan a bit better about drink, which my brother confessed had been at the bottom of all his troubles ; and when the ship left Melbourne on its return, Alan had got employment at a baker's in the city."

"I never expected," interposed Susan, "he would get the better of drink."

"He did not," said Archibald. "But listen. After she had heard Anderson's account nothing would satisfy my good pious mother but that I must go too to Melbourne, to save poor Alan's soul. 'To pluck the brand from the burning' was her phrase. 'He is your other self, Archie ; and it must not be for want of an effort on your part that his lot should lie in a separate world hereafter.' It was a great self-denial she voluntarily submitted to in letting me go, but she smothered her feelings, because she thought there was clearly a 'call,' as she termed it, in the matter. So out I went ; but I did not go alone, for I married a pretty girl I knew, Roderick's mother, and took her with me."

"And your blindness, brother," murmured Susan, "how came that about ?"

"Alan got me into the same bakery as himself—a small concern—and my wife and I looked after him as well as we could. But he fell into his drink again, and there was gambling and then losses ; and, worse than all, more money at times than he ought to have had ; and we were pretty well certified that things were going wrong."

"The same old story as with me," sighed Susan.

"However, with ups and downs, and sometimes shame and sometimes dread, the days passed, and it was more than two years after I had landed before the end came ; but it was precious sudden when it did come."

"One morning it was Alan's turn to go to the bakery at four



o'clock. He had to heat the oven and get some of the bread in, and remain there till I arrived at five to see about the rolls and other things. He had been out all night, but was back to his time, and at four o'clock he went into the bakehouse.

"What happened can only be guessed. But he did not heat the oven, and did nothing at the loaves, and we suppose he was fuddled and dead sleepy. Probably he lighted the large gas jet, and then, when he found he was not up to work, turned the gas off, meaning to lie down, and, not knowing what he was doing, turned it on again.

"I went to help him at five, and certainly there was a smell of gas, but the bakehouse door was close shut, and I supposed there had been some little escape in the passage. No sooner, however, had I opened the door and stepped inside, with my lantern in my hand, than there was a flash of tremendous lightning, and a detonation such as the broadside of a man-of-war might produce, and I fell, with violence and insensibility, on the floor.

"When I recovered my consciousness, I had lost my sight. And Alan's body was found curled up near the gas lamp. The doctor said he had been dead some little time—asphyxiated by the discharge of gas so near his face. And so he ended, and my mission came to nought. My employer was nobly kind to me. There were many little jobs I could do—or, at least, learn how to do—in the dark, and he kept me on. And when my wife died, and Roderick was sent home, all were thoughtful and kind; and I held on to my work, and I trust gave satisfaction. At last the firm (for the business had flourished, and been turned into a great biscuit company) declared I had earned a pension; and they bestowed one on me, with leave to go home if I pleased. And thus, rest free from anxiety has become my position. But the discharge came too late for me to see my mother again. I expect she never really got over Alan's death—for, with all his faults, he was her favourite. Well, she is with God, good woman; and if I am to see her again, I must go where she is."

This ended Archibald's story; but he went on to say how pleased he was at the news about Roderick and Rose, and that he gave his warm consent and blessing.

Then the friends went back home; but in the lovely spring evening they returned, accompanied by the boy and girl, to the cemetery. And Susan's troubles were at an end, and truly thankful was she that they had ended as they had done. And now, as she looked on the grass and flowers, she had no dejections or doubts; the scene was no longer the place of eternal sleep, but the garden of living hope. The *how* was as veiled as before; but the expectation was assured.



## *A FORGOTTEN ENGLISH WORTHY.*

“**O**F my action at Fort St. Michael I will say no more than that it was my own contrivance and execution. It was successful, and produced good and quick effects, by occasioning the speedy surrender of Venlo, and making way for further successes; and it met with general approbation, for the world has made more noise of it than it deserves. I had the honour to command brave men; I had the fortune to take my measures right; and God blessed me with success.”

Such is the brief and soldierly account of a brilliant achievement by one whom Lord Macaulay has eulogised as the bravest of the brave, and who, in his day, had been ill-naturedly named by Swift “the vainest old fool alive.” Whether the opprobrious epithet was in any way deserved or merely malicious we have no means of guessing apart from the evidence afforded by the sentences quoted above; but it is certain, however, that the praise was not lightly bestowed, when we consider the reckless daring and romantic heroism of the object of it. The extract is taken from a despatch written by John, Lord Cutts, to the Earl of Nottingham, Secretary of State, in September 1702.

The name of Cutts, although, as Matthew Prior says, “in Meeter something harsh to read,” is one which dates back to the earliest times. According to a contemporary writer, it was of Saxon origin, but, however that may be, it is a fact that, in the reign of Henry VII., the family settled at Arkesden, in Essex, where Lord Cutts was born in 1661. He was the second son of Richard Cutte or Cuttes, who married Joan, daughter of Sir Richard Everard, Bart., of Much Waltham, and who, shortly after the birth of his son John, inherited the Cambridge estates of a distant collateral relative, Sir John Cutts, of Childerley.

At the age of fifteen he entered Catherine Hall, Cambridge, as a fellow-commoner, and it is said that, although the years he spent at the University might have given him too great a propensity to “softer Studies,” and by that means “obstructed the emotions of his

Warlike Temper," yet, happily for his country, he escaped "the Blandishments of Science and such lazy notions," paying little heed to the "mistaken harangues of the Clergy on the doctrines of passive obedience, non-resistance, and *jure divino*." When he left the University, he came to London, where he seems to have formed a close acquaintance with Lord Russell and Algernon Sidney, and other leaders of the Whig party, and it was no doubt his distress at the judicial murder of his friends, which happened shortly afterwards, as well as his dislike of the form of government and eagerness to see something of the world, which caused him to take foreign service. He first of all attached himself to the Duke of Monmouth, and subsequently served under Charles, Duke of Lorraine, along with other English volunteers, against the Turks in Hungary. At the siege and capture of Buda in July 1686 he greatly distinguished himself, being the first (it is said) to plant the imperialist flag on the walls of that city—a feat to which reference is made in a passage of Addison's Latin poem "*Musæ Anglicanæ*." For this, and for his services in the campaign, he was rewarded with the appointment of "adjutant-general" to the Duke of Lorraine, which is stated to be the first military commission he ever held.<sup>1</sup> A little later, however, he left the Imperial service for the Court of the Prince of Orange at the Hague, where he was given a command in one of the English regiments in the service of the States-General, formed by Colonel Sidney, afterwards Earl of Romney. At the Revolution he accompanied William to England as "one of the gentlemen of most orthodox principles in Church and State," and it was not long before he obtained the colonelcy of his regiment, and succeeded to the paternal acres—at that time worth about £2,000 a year—on the deaths of his father and elder brother Richard.

It was at the battle of the Boyne, where Cutts was for the first time under the observation of King William, that his chance for distinction came. Macaulay mentions that of the two English regiments present at the battle, which had been in Dutch service, his was one; the other—the Scotch Footguards—being under the command of Colonel James Douglas. He was wounded both at Aghrim and Limerick in the subsequent stages of the war, and, before he left Ireland, the King was pleased to confer upon him a mark of his favour, "for his faithful services and zealous affection to his royal person and government," by creating him Baron Cutts of Gowran, co. Kilkenny, in that kingdom. The famous General Hugh Mackay of Scourie, with whom he was on

<sup>1</sup> *Compleat History of Europe, 1707.*

terms of friendship, tells us in his "Memoirs" that he "was esteemed a vigilant officer for putting military orders in execution; was tall, lusty, and well shaped, and an agreeable companion, with abundance of wit." About this time a portrait of him was taken by the court painter, Wissing, which is now in the National Portrait Gallery. It represents an exceedingly handsome young man with fresh complexion, large hazel eyes, and dark wig, clad in light-coloured armour. Whilst on one of his short visits to England, during the war, he married his first wife, who is described as "a widdow of a great fortune."<sup>1</sup> She was the daughter of George Clark, merchant, of London, and had been twice married before, first to John Morley, of Glynde, Sussex, and secondly to Sir John Trevor, Secretary of State to Charles II. Soon afterwards the University of Cambridge conferred on him the honorary degree of LL.D. in recognition of his merit.

During the next two years the fortunes of William on the continent were at a low ebb. The French were in possession of Mons, and were bent on taking the principal strongholds, which had been erected as a barrier against the invasion of the Netherlands from the south. The chief incidents of the campaign of 1692 were the fall of the great fortress of Namur and the defeat of Steinkirk. The first place was surrendered without a blow having been struck by its pusillanimous governor—a nominee of the Spanish Viceroy. The English king was opposed by Luxembourg, who was esteemed the greatest general of the age, and his task was, in consequence, by no means an easy one. He succeeded, however, in surprising his adversary at Steinkirk, but the nature of the ground prevented him from making the most of his advantage. The British forces under Mackay were at first victorious, but were miserably deserted at the critical moment by Count Solmes, who had in reserve a strong body of cavalry and infantry, and practically annihilated. Five battalions, Cutts's, Mackay's, Angus's, Graham's, and Leven's, were, as Corporal Trim mournfully narrates to Uncle Toby, "all cut to pieces, and so had the English Life-guards been too, had it not been for some regiments on the right, who marched up boldly to their relief, and received the enemy's fire in their faces, before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket."<sup>2</sup> The loss on both sides was great, and the anger of the English nation at the baseness of the Dutch general, who had been placed over their commanders and had left them in the lurch, knew no bounds. Cutts escaped with his life, as he did in many subse-

<sup>1</sup> Narcissus Luttrell's *Relation of State Affairs*, vol. ii. p. 145.

<sup>2</sup> *Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy*, p. 231.

quent fierce encounters with the same foe, but he was again seriously hurt, and, when he arrived in England, he was compelled, for a time, to go about with crutches, "being still lame of the wound he received in his foot."<sup>1</sup> He did not, in consequence, take part in the equally disastrous campaign of the following year, and, while the allies were fighting at Landen, he was acting as Governor of Portsmouth. In the spring of 1693 his wife died, and a few months later a report was circulated that he was about to marry a sister of the notorious Lord Mohun, who killed the Duke of Hamilton in a duel, and was himself slain by his antagonist. The lady was one of the Queen's maids of honour, but the marriage, if it was ever contemplated, never took place. He had a seat in Parliament as knight of the shire for Cambridge in five successive Parliaments, from 1689 to 1701, and this year was all but unseated on petition, having defeated his opponent, Sir Rushout Cullomb, by only thirteen votes. Nothing is known of his career in the House, but, as he was continuously engaged in active service, either in Ireland or abroad—except for the short period between the conclusion of the peace of Ryswick and the renewal of the war in 1702—it is not likely that he took a prominent part in politics. It is true that a writer of one of the numerous epitaphs, which appeared on his death, extols his learning "most consummate and sublime," and mourns that he is "no longer spared to steer the helm of State;" yet we cannot infer from this testimony that he had any statesmanlike qualities—accustomed as the authors of such effusions were to employ high-flown and grandiloquent phrases quite unsuited to the occasion.

But Cutts had scholarly tastes, and, like Lovelace or Suckling, in his leisure moments would lay aside the sword for the pen to indulge his poetic fancy, and write graceful verses on wisdom, on friendship, or even on a fine lady's singing. He is careful to explain that he writes "for Pastime, not for Gain," in a spirited reply, which he published in 1685, to a certain anonymous critic, who, for some unknown reason, had scoffed at soldiers turning authors. It is called "*La Muse de Cavalier; or an Apology for such Gentlemen as make Poetry their Deversion, not their Business*, in a Letter by a scholar of Mars to one of Apollo," and is written in rhyme. To his detractor he retorts:—

The War, you say's, my Calling. And what then?  
 You use a Sword; why may not I a Pen?  
 You give a Souldier leave to eat and drink;  
 And, prithee, why not give him leave to think?

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<sup>1</sup> Narcissus Luttrell's *Relation of State Affairs*, vol. ii. p. 587.



Two years later there appeared the only edition of his poems now extant, entitled "Poetical Exercises written upon Several Occasions," which he dedicated to Mary of Orange. Horace Walpole, who considered him a moderate poet, tells us that a copy of this "very scarce volume" had been lent to him by a near relative of the family, and gives several extracts from it in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors,"<sup>1</sup> with a brief notice of the author, whom he describes as "a soldier of most hardy bravery in King William's wars." The volume contains, besides the dedication, a poem on Wisdom; another to Mr. Waller on his commending it; another to the Duchess of Monmouth, "Who honoured me with her Commands to read over M. Boileau's Poems and give my Opinion of him"; several sets of verses and a few songs. In the elaborate dedication addressed to the Princess, Cutts professes to no exactness in the art of poetry. He wishes his "little present" to be regarded merely as the employment of some idle hours when he had no company but his own, and no business but to think. A few sentences deserve quotation here:—

I know, Madam, to flatter Greatness is a Disease common in Courts; and those few who escape it are seldom looked upon as sound . . . But at the same time that I abhor Flattery, I love Justice; and in all that I say to Your Royal Highness upon this occasion, every body is obliged to declare that I only give Honour to whom Honour is due. A quick and right Apprehension of Things; a clear and solid Judgment; with a Natural Tendency to all that is Just and Good and Charitable; are such inestimable Blessings in a high Station; that You are more beholding to God for being so qualified, than for being born a Princess.

The verses which follow, inscribed "To a Lady Who desired me not to be in Love with her," have much of the easy grace and unaffected sweetness of one of Herrick's love-songs:—

I will obey you to my utmost power;  
You cannot ask, nor I engage for more.  
But if, when I have try'd my utmost Skill,  
A Tyde of Love drives back my floating Will;  
When on the naked Beach you see me lye,  
For Pity's sake you must not let me dye.  
Take Pattern by the glorious God of Day,  
And raise no Storms but what you mean to lay.  
He, when the Charms of his attractive Eye  
Have stir'd up Vapours, and disturb'd the Sky,  
Lets Nature weep, and sigh a little while,  
And then revives her with a pleasing smile.  
If 'tis to try me, use me as you please,  
But, when that Tryal's over, give me ease;  
Don't torture one that wishes you no harm;  
Prepare to cure me, or forbear to Charm.

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<sup>1</sup> Published at Strawberry Hill 1758



Another poem is "In Praise of Hunting," in which he takes his leave of the town, its "guilty crowds" and "dreams of pleasure," for the pure and lasting joys of country life. He seems to have carried his precepts into practice, for, in one of his letters to Colonel Dudley, he mentions a hunt and expresses regret that he cannot be out as early as the others to take part in the sport. "My Hounds," he says, "lye at Mr. Stevens's to-night; they will unharbour the Stag, between 4 and 5; but (for fear of my ague) I dare not goe out so soon. I design to be upon Wotton Common by six o'clock, and I'll take a snap with you (for I shall not venture out the whole hunt; tho' this to yourself only) at two o'clock at Cows; and visit the Ladys after dinner." This Colonel Dudley for eight years acted as his representative in the Isle of Wight, of which he was appointed Governor on April 8, 1693. The post was one of considerable emolument and responsibility in the then unsettled state of the country and fear of Jacobite invasion, but his duties in attendance on the King and frequent absence abroad prevented him from residing for any length of time on the island. In 1886 a selection from the correspondence of the Governor to his deputy—extending over the years 1693 to 1700—was published,<sup>1</sup> which throws much light on Cutts's character and methods of doing business. These letters deal not merely with administrative matters and local politics, but also with his own private concerns. He gives the most minute directions to Dudley as to the payment of his bills, the despatch of his horses, and the ordering of his goods; and the latter is frequently taken to task for not carrying out his instructions properly. Take this memorandum for example, the date of which—probably 1693—is not given: "To goe or send early in the morning to Mr. Goodchild, Innkeeper at the Whitehorse in the haymarket (where my horses stand) to tell him you have orders to pay him what he demands upon his bills, before the horses goe out of the stable; and that you are expecting the mony every hour. . . . To pay forty pounds to Mr. Sterton, a Cornchandler, and to take up his bond. . . . To come with the coach and six horses, and my Groom; to bring one footman behind the coach, and to let the other footman ride along with the coach upon my Nephew Rivet's horse. To be at Cambridge on Wednesday and to order your journey so as to bring the horses as fresh and unfatigued as you can."

<sup>1</sup> By the Massachusetts Historical Society. The letters were found by the late Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, President of that Society, among his family papers. Dudley afterwards became Governor of Massachusetts, and one of his daughters married into the Winthrop family.

And again, on January 22, 1694, he writes from Plymouth :—  
“ I heartily wish you had not propos’d to Mr. Blathwayt to take the 300 lb. instead of the five ; you cannot imagine the Injury you have done me. Indeed you should never take upon you to decide in matters of that moment without orders. I insist upon the 500 lb., and it will be the hardest thing in the world if I have less. Speak to Rouse my coachmaker and order him to finish my mourning charriot just as the Peers have their Charriots ; desire my brother Acton to furnish him the Cloath ; of as good as any body puts to that use. I desire you to bespeak me a mourning saddle and bridle—with holsters and hooose. Joseph will bring my saddler to you. Let him set out as soon as it is done, and bring my 2 saddle-horses to Portsmouth, not suffering any one to get on their backs but himself ; and let him come very gently. . . . Enquire for one Pancefoot a Clothier, he cloaths severall regiments. Receive 200 lb. of brother Acton and pay it to this Pancefort (taking a receipt according to the enclos’d modell) and telling him from me that I design’d to have employ’d him in the cloathing of my regiment, but being sent out of town, I’m forc’d to leave it to others ; besides something that I’ll tell him when I see him ; and give him five Guinys as a present from me, and if he makes any complaint, soften him as much as you can, and tell him it was impossible for me to avoid it. Tell my sister Cutts<sup>1</sup> I ask her excuse for not writing this post being full of worke.”

Unfortunately Dudley’s replies are not forthcoming, so that it is impossible to say whether he resented these peremptory commands, which in no way concerned him in his official capacity as Deputy Governor. But it is evident that he and Cutts were necessary to one another—each advancing, as far as lay in his power, the other’s interests—and that any estrangement, if such did exist, was never of long duration.

Since the battle of La Hogue the French fleets had kept within their fortified harbours. But in the spring of 1694 Louis determined to send an expedition to the Mediterranean to attack Barcelona and the Catalonian coast. A squadron, consisting of fifty-three men of war, accordingly set sail from Brest. In order to frustrate the designs of the enemy, William despatched Russell with the English fleet in pursuit, while at the same time he prepared for an attack upon Brest, which had apparently been left without defence. But absolute secrecy was necessary for the success of the latter undertaking, and its failure was entirely due to an act of the grossest

<sup>1</sup> Miss Joanna Cutts, his unmarried sister.

treachery on the part of Marlborough. He was at this time in disgrace, and, although he had not the means of official information, he succeeded in discovering the whole plan. He at once wrote to the exiled James, who did not hesitate in turn to apprise the French Government, and orders were given to Vauban, the eminent French engineer, to re-fortify the place. The squadron under Admiral Lord Berkeley, with a large number of troops on board, commanded by General Talmash,<sup>1</sup> anchored just off Camaret Bay, close to the harbour of Brest. Here a council of war was held to consider the best mode of assault. Lord Cutts, who had accompanied the expedition as brigadier, strongly urged caution. He gallantly offered to lead a small party of Grenadiers ashore to reconnoitre the enemy's position, and this advice was approved of by the General, but, on the enemy opening a heavy fire from the batteries, the plan was abandoned as impracticable. It was, however, necessary to ascertain with accuracy the nature of the coast and the strength of the enemy's position before the troops should be irrevocably committed to the assault; and, with this object in view, the Marquis of Caermarthen<sup>2</sup> volunteered to enter the harbour in his own yacht, the *Peregrine*. Cutts, ever ready for a perilous enterprise, obtained leave to be one of the party. It was the most hazardous venture, but the heroic crew came out unscathed. Lord Caermarthen wrote:—

“We stood well into the Bay so as to gain a good view of it and were warmly fir'd at by Camaret Fort, but by the assistance of those few little Guns we had in the Galley, and the good sailing of her, we made a shift in our own Smoke to get out again without any Damage.”<sup>3</sup>

The next day bodies of horse and foot were seen in line on the high ground to the west of the Bay, and were believed by the majority of the officers to be regulars from their appearance. But Talmash persisted in regarding them as a mere rabble of peasants brought together in haste to make a show of strength, and ordered the troops to land, in spite of the clearest evidence that the enemy were fully prepared and the advice and remonstrances of Lord Cutts, who, although frequently charged with rashness, on this occasion “convinced the World of his Prudence and military judgment.”

<sup>1</sup> The name is also spelt Tollemache. He belonged to the family of the Tollemaches of Helmingham, in Suffolk.

<sup>2</sup> Danby's son. Macaulay describes him as a brave and eccentric young man, whose passion for maritime adventure was unconquerable. He had solicited and obtained the rank of rear-admiral.

<sup>3</sup> Journal of the Brest Expedition, 1694.

He was speedily undeceived. A terrific fire from the batteries on the shore literally mowed down the men as they disembarked from the boats. Talmash himself was mortally wounded, and the English had to retire with the loss of over 1,000 men killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. The spot where so many lives were thus needlessly sacrificed is called to this day "Morte Anglaise." The morning after the repulse the fleet sailed for home, and on the death of General Talmash at Portsmouth within a few days of landing, Cutts succeeded him in the colonelcy of the Coldstream Guards.

An event now occurred, which was regarded as a national calamity, and which was of peculiar significance in his life, as it brought him into contact with one of the foremost of literary men of his time. On October 28, 1694, Queen Mary died of smallpox at the early age of thirty-two after a short illness, and her body was conveyed, amid circumstances of great pomp and ceremony, from Whitehall and buried in Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The Queen was sincerely mourned by both parties in the State for her blameless life and large-hearted charity, and many writers<sup>1</sup> produced verses on the occasion, among them being Richard Steele, who wrote the "Procession," and dedicated it to Cutts. He did not put his name to the poem, which appeared in pamphlet form with a black border round the title-page as by a Gentleman of the Army. It was subsequently reprinted among the author's "Poetical Miscellanies," 1714, but without the dedication. Until its publication by the late Mr. Edward Solly in "Notes and Queries" (1885), this interesting dedication seems to have been little known—even to Steele's biographers—and is here in part reproduced:—

"TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LORD CUTTS.

My Lord,—Compassion, which gives us a more sweet and generous touch than any other concern that attends our nature, had at the Funeral Procession so sensible an effect upon even me, that I could not forbear being guilty of the paper with which I presume to trouble your Lordship. For what could be a more moving consideration than that a Lady, who had all that youth, beauty, virtue, and power could bestow, should be so suddenly snatched from us?—a Lady that was served by the sword and celebrated by the pen of

<sup>1</sup> Cutts himself, as in duty bound, wrote a monody on the subject, highly patriotic, but of no great literary merit. Miss Strickland, in her *Lives of the Queens of England* (vol. vii. p. 456), makes merry over this effusion, and, in apparent ignorance of the publication of *Poetical Exercises*, states that he turned poet for the occasion. She finds the poem "very droll," and difficult to read "with elegiac gravity" on account of its absurd epithets.



my Lord Cutts. Though, indeed, if we rightly esteemed things, we should lament for our own sakes, not hers ; so poor a thing it is to make an evil of that which is certainly the kindest boon of nature, our dissolution. But the men of honour are not so ungrateful to their friend, Death, as to look at him in the ghastly dress the world gives h'im, of raw-bones, shackles, chains, diseases, and torments ; they know that he is so far from bringing such company that he relieves us from 'em. So little is there in what men make such pothor about, and so much is it an irony to call it brave to expire calmly, and resolution to go to rest. This is no news to your Lordship, whom death has so often allured with the glory of dangers and the beauty of wounds ; I'll not be so poetical to say your Muse hovered about you and saved you in spite of the many you have received, but am sure I may say she'll preserve you when you can receive no more ; for Apollo is a physician even after death. As to my verses, all, methinks, on the dead Queen ought to be addressed to your Lordship ; who, in the dedication of your own works, but adorned her living. . . . I am sensible how short I have fallen of expressing the graceful concern of some honourable personages whose names I have presumed with ; I designed 'em only an oblique commendation, and named 'em for the very reason they walked at the funeral, which was not to show themselves, but to do honour to the Queen. But should it prove any way offensive, I hope to shun their and your Lordship's resentment by the concealment of my name, and borrow the unknown Knight's device, in Sir Philip Sidney, of the Fish Sepia, which, when catched in the net, casts a black ink about it, and so makes its escape. This thought, my Lord, checks the fervent ambition I have long had of expressing myself, my Lord, your Lordship's Most Passionate Admirer And Most Devoted Humble Servant.

March 19, 1694<sup>1</sup>."

Steele was but twenty-three and a private soldier when he wrote this. It was not long before Cutts sought out the unknown writer, made him a member of his household, and gave him a commission in his own regiment of Coldstream Guards. He subsequently obtained for him his company in Lord Lucas's Fusileers. Mrs. De la Rivière Manley, author of the "*New Atalantis*" (1709), refers to Steele's good fortune, and makes some uncomplimentary remarks on his character, which are obviously spiteful : "I remember him almost t'other day, but a wretched common Trooper ;<sup>1</sup> he had the Luck to

<sup>1</sup> As Mr. Austin Dobson, in his *Life of Steele* (p. 14), points out, there is nothing to show that he sustained any social degradation, although his services



write a small Poem, and dedicates it to a Person whom he never saw, a Lord that's since dead, who had a sparkling Genius, much of Humanity, lov'd the Muses, and was a very good Soldier. He encourag'd his Performance, took him into his Family, and gave him a Standard in his Regiment. The genteel company that he was let into, assisted by his own genius, wiped off the rust of his education ; he began to polish his manners, to refine his conversation, and, in short, to fit himself for something better than what he had been used." During the next two years Steele was employed as his Lordship's confidential agent or secretary, who, we are told, "admitted him into his conversation with great freedom, and treated him like a son or brother." This statement is confirmed by a number of receipts and other documents among the Marlborough MSS. at Blenheim relating to the payment of money on his patron's behalf, one of which, dated November 21, 1696, is in the following form :—

"Received, then, of Mr. Steele, by order of the Rt. Honourable the Lord Cutts, the sum of five pounds, four shillings. In full of my Wages and Board-wages, I say, Received by Me.

"RICHARD GARSTON."

Early in May 1695 William set out for the Netherlands intent on retaking Namur, which, as has been said, had been surrendered to Louis three years before, and which was at that time regarded as the strongest fortress in Europe. It had originally been fortified by Cohorn, but, since its capture, the defences had been considerably strengthened by Vauban ; and, as the former was eager to match his skill against his great rival, he willingly gave his services to the English King in the siege operations. The bulk of the French army under Villeroy was entrenched in strong lines from the Lys to the Scheld. Boufflers with about 12,000 men guarded the Sambre. William managed to deceive the enemy as to his real intentions, and, cleverly eluding the French marshal, marched against Namur, where he was joined by the Elector of Bavaria, and a small army consisting chiefly of Brandenburgers. Boufflers had just time to throw himself with his troops into the fortress. On the 2nd of July the trenches

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as a "common Trooper" were always made much of by his enemies. The regiment in which he enlisted had cadets of good families in their ranks ; they had special privileges, a splendid uniform, and were well paid. Thackeray's delightful Scholar Dick says in answer to a certain officious civilian, who had accosted him with too much freedom by his nickname, "Mr. Steele, sir, if you please. When you address a gentleman of His Majesty's Horse Guards be pleased not to be so familiar."—*Esmond*, bk. i., chap. vi.

were opened, and on the evening of the 8th the English foot-guards, after a fierce conflict, stormed the outworks on the north-east side. The King himself directed the attack, and it was here that the well-known incident occurred when William, forgetting for the moment his partiality for Dutch troops, turned to the Elector of Bavaria and exclaimed: "Look, look at my brave English!" Foremost among the assailants was Cutts, exhorting and encouraging, and displaying that "bulldog courage" in which, as Macaulay says, he was unrivalled. At this assault the nickname of the "Salamander" was given him by his soldiers, who were amazed at his coolness and daring under the terrible fire of artillery and musketry which came from the French batteries. A fortnight later the town fell, but the contest was by no means over, for a still more severe struggle commenced for the possession of the citadel.

Meanwhile Villeroy, who had attacked Brussels and destroyed a great part of the town, advanced to the relief of Namur at the head of more than eighty thousand men. William was quite prepared for him, and interposed himself between the French army and the besieged garrison, leaving the Elector to direct the operations against the castle. During three days (August 16-18) the two armies confronted each other. It was expected that on the 19th the French would give battle, and the allies were under arms before daybreak; but Villeroy had seen enough to satisfy himself that the English position was too strong to be taken, and instead of ordering an advance, withdrew some miles. Word was at once sent to the Elector to summon the castle, which refused to surrender, although it was known that no assistance was to be had from without.

"Early in the afternoon," says Macaulay, "the assault was made in four places at once by four divisions of the confederate army. One point was assigned to the Brandenburgers, another to the Dutch, a third to the Bavarians, and a fourth to the English. . . . As soon as the signal was given by the blowing up of two barrels of powder, Cutts, at the head of a small body of grenadiers, marched first out of the trenches with drums beating and colours flying. This gallant band was to be supported by four battalions which had never been in action, and which, though full of spirit, wanted the steadiness which so terrible a service required. The officers fell fast. Every Colonel, every Lieutenant-Colonel, was killed or severely wounded. Cutts received a shot in the head which for a time disabled him. The raw recruits, left almost without direction, rushed forward impetuously till they found themselves in disorder and out

of breath, with a precipice before them, under a terrible fire, and under a shower, scarcely less terrible, of fragments of rock and wall. They lost heart, and rolled back in confusion, till Cutts, whose wound had by this time been dressed, succeeded in rallying them. He then led them, not to the place from which they had been driven back, but to another spot where a fearful battle was raging. The Bavarians had made their onset gallantly but unsuccessfully : their general had fallen ; and they were beginning to waver when the arrival of the Salamander and his men changed the fate of the day. Two hundred English volunteers, bent on retrieving at all hazards the disgrace of the recent repulse, were the first to force a way, sword in hand, through the palisades, to storm a battery which had made great havoc among the Bavarians, and to turn the guns against the garrison. Meanwhile the Brandenburgers, excellently disciplined and excellently commanded, had performed, with no great loss, the duty assigned to them. The Dutch had been equally successful. When the evening closed in, the allies had made a lodgment of a mile in extent on the outworks of the castle. The advantage had been purchased by the loss of two thousand men.”<sup>1</sup>

The next day Boufflers capitulated, and was allowed to depart after surrendering the citadel, his artillery and stores into the hands of the conquerors. Villeroy retreated towards Mons, thus leaving William in undisputed possession of the field.

The nickname, which had been given to Cutts at this siege, he kept throughout his life. Ten years later Swift wrote the most scurrilous and indecent lampoon against him entitled the “Description of a Salamander,” which the latter seems to have treated with the contempt it deserved. It is difficult to assign a reason for such an unwarranted attack, unless it be that Cutts was on the Whig side, and followed the profession of arms—a calling for which the satirist had no admiration. The object of his aversion he describes as

a snake in human form,  
All stain’d with infamy and vice,

and is at pains to prove that Pliny in his “Natural History”<sup>2</sup> has classified the salamander among the most loathsome of reptiles, thus turning the epithet, which had been bestowed on one for his intrepid bravery, into a term of reproach. The verses were highly resented by the family, who some years after Cutts’s death threatened Swift with a prosecution for libel, but no proceedings were taken. In the

<sup>1</sup> *History of England*, vol. iv. p. 594.

<sup>2</sup> From Pliny, *Nat. Hist.* lib. x. c. 67 ; lib. xxix. c. 4.

"Journal to Stella," under date October 24, 1711, he characteristically writes: "I called at lord-treasurer's to-day at noon; he was eating some broth in his bed-chamber, undressed, with a thousand papers about him. He had a little fever upon him, and his eye terribly blood-shot; yet he dressed himself and went out to the treasury. He told me he had a letter from a lady with a complaint against me; it was from Mrs. Cutts, a sister of lord Cutts, who writ to him, that I had abused her brother: you remember the Salamander, it is printed in the 'Miscellany.' I told my lord, that I would never regard complaints, and that I expected, whenever he received any against me, he would immediately put them into the fire and forget them, else I should have no quiet." From which we may infer that the Dean was not sparing of abuse upon occasion, nor felt much concern for the susceptibilities of those who were injured by the shafts of his ridicule.

The beginning of 1696 is notable for the discovery of the most formidable of the many attempts against the King's life, known *par excellence* as the Assassination Plot. It was determined to waylay him at a ferry on the Thames, which he was in the habit of crossing every Saturday on his return from hunting in Richmond Park. The secret was disclosed by one Pendergrass to Portland, who persuaded William to give up his hunting expedition on the day appointed for the attempt; and the principal conspirators were arrested. Cutts, as Captain of the Guard, was present at the strange interview which took place between Pendergrass and the King, when the former was with difficulty prevailed upon to name those implicated, among whom were many of his friends. The failure of the plot was the signal for an outburst of national rejoicing, and many loyal associations were formed throughout the country. The *London Gazette* for April 9 to 13 announced that an Address from the Association of the Isle of Wight was presented by Lord Cutts, and another from Oxford by Thomas Felton, Esquire. In January of next year, Cutts married his second wife Elizabeth, only daughter of Sir Henry Pickering, Bart., of Whaddon, Cambridgeshire. She is said to have possessed £1,400 a year. During the summer he was engaged in the negotiations which resulted in the Treaty of Ryswick, being sent on a mission to Vienna. Writing on August 12 from the English camp at Corkleberg, commanded by Prince Vaudemont, he tells Dudley that "the Peace will very soon be concluded; the French having given but six weeks to the Allies to take their final resolutions. And so, if God blesses me with life, I shall certainly make my next campagne in the Isle of Wight." As he had predicted, it came true,



and he had the distinction of being the one selected to bring the news home. He is introduced as the happy bearer of the welcome tidings, "the true brave servant of the best of Kings," and "one whose known worth no herald need proclaim," in Charles Hopkins's "Court Prospect," a long laudatory poem addressed to William on his conquests. He was determined that the Isle of Wight should not be behindhand in the general rejoicing, which followed the King's return to England. As soon as he received notification of the royal landing, he wrote off to Dudley confirming some previous instructions he had given him. In the letter, which is dated Kensington, November 14, 1697, he says :—

"The Duke of Shrewsbury (who lodges next door to me in this square) sent a Gentleman to me about two hours ago, to acquaint me that this day about ten o'clock his Majesty landed safe at Margate; that he will lye this Night at Canterbury; to-morrow night at Greenwich; and on Tuesday make his Entry through the City. The Duke's letter (by the Express) was very short; and so I can write you no news. I hope you receiv'd mine, in which I order'd you to have all the Guns at every Garrison in the Island, and at Hurst, ready loaded; and a Gunner waiting at every port, ready to fire at a moment's warning, and to make the Garrisons take it from one another and fire in a round to proclaim the arrivall of the greatest Monarch on Earth. Upon the receipt of this loose not a moment's time, but (tho' you are at Cows) let Carisbrook Castle begin. You will doe well to goe to Newport; but publish not the news till the Guns have fir'd."

About a week after this enthusiastic letter was written, Cutts suffered a severe loss in the death of his young wife, to whom he had been married in the beginning of the year. She was only eighteen when she died, and Bishop Atterbury, who preached her funeral sermon, gives her a glowing character for piety and goodness. "She was," he says, "the best of wives, the most agreeable of companions, and most faithful of friends; to her servants the best of mistresses; to her relations extremely respectful, and by all that knew her, either nearly or at a distance, she was confessed to be one of the best of women."<sup>1</sup> Nahum Tate, then Poet Laureate, addressed to the bereaved husband "a consolatory poem on the death of his most accomplished lady," and John Hopkins published an elegy at the same time (1698).

Not long after the conclusion of the Grand Alliance at the Hague between England, Holland, and the Emperor, James II. died at St.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Atterbury's *Sermons and Discourses*, I.



Germain. Louis at once, in contravention of the Treaty of Ryswick, acknowledged the Young Pretender as *de jure* King of England. Public indignation was aroused to a high pitch at the claim of a foreign prince to determine who should be ruler, and both Houses of Parliament presented loyal addresses to the King, assuring him of their determination to defend the succession against the pretended Prince of Wales. But William did not live to carry out that great war against the encroachments of France which was the object of his life; and it was left to Marlborough, who was not slow to appreciate the value of his European designs, to complete his foreign policy, and to perfect his schemes for the protection of the religion and liberties of the realm. In 1701 Cutts went to Holland as brigadier-general, where he remained during the winter in command of the English forces. On his return to the Low Countries—after a short visit to England in the spring of the following year—he complained in one of his despatches<sup>1</sup> of the desertion among her Majesty's troops during his absence, owing partly to the relaxation of military laws since the last war, and partly to the bribes offered by the emissaries of France. He caused a court-martial to be held, and ordered eleven of the "most notorious and obstinate" of the ringleaders to be hanged at the head of the English line, respiting the sentence passed on several others, who had been convicted. In the interval he had been gazetted a major-general on the English establishment, and soon afterwards became lieutenant-general. The war was commenced with vigour in Flanders. Hitherto the Spanish Netherlands had been in the hands of the confederates, but, as Spain was now allied to France, it became necessary to conquer a larger extent of country. All the fortresses on the Rhine and the Meuse were strongly garrisoned. Marlborough crossed the latter river at Grave, and advanced south into Spanish Brabant. As he had expected, this move obliged Boufflers to withdraw from Guelderland to oppose him, and enabled Cutts to make an attack on the important fortress of Venlo, which lies in that territory on the east side of the River Meuse. The place was invested on both sides of the river, and on September 18 it was determined to assault Fort St. Michael—a detached outwork—from which, if taken, it would be possible to command the town. The English general, not wishing at first to intrust the whole body of his troops to the assault, sent a small party in advance to effect a lodgment in the walls, and promised that, as soon as he saw fifty of them on the top of the ravelin, he would hurry

<sup>1</sup> *Ellis' Papers*, vol. xvi., May-Aug. 1702.

to their support. The French poured a heavy fire into the assailants from the rampart of the fort, but the bravery of the English Grenadiers, stimulated as they were by promises of reward, and eager to display their courage under the eyes of their commander, carried the day. Some of them attacked the bridge, connecting the fort and the town ; others clambered up the ramparts, which were hotly disputed by fire and push of pike. The English took over 200 prisoners, the rest of the garrison, to the number of 600, being killed or drowned in endeavouring to escape, with the exception of twelve men who crossed the Meuse in small boats. The fall of the fortress was soon followed by the surrender of the town of Venlo. Marlborough then invaded Guelderland, cutting off the French from the Lower Rhine, and at the end of the campaign the balance of power was distinctly in favour of the Allies.

The year 1704 is one of the most glorious in the military annals of Great Britain, for, as has been said, even Waterloo, the most famed of battles, has not obliterated the memory of Blenheim. In May, Marlborough advanced to the relief of Vienna, which was exposed to attack on the west from the French and Bavarians, and on the east from the Hungarians under Prince Ragotski. His object was to carry the war into Bavaria, and to interpose himself between the invaders and the capital. By the end of June he had reached the fortified height of Schellenburg, commanding Donauwerth, which was successfully assaulted after a fierce struggle. Bavaria was overrun, and the Elector withdrew to Augsburg to await the arrival of reinforcements from France. On August 11, a junction with Eugene was effected a little to the east of Hochstädt, on the north side of the Danube, from which point the combined Gallo-Bavarian army was advancing to meet the allies. The former took up its position along a ridge of hills extending from the Danube and the village of Blenheim, on which its right rested, to the high ground bounding on the north the valley through which a brook called the Nebel flows. The Elector of Bavaria, with Marshal Marsin, occupied the left ; the French, under Marshal Tallard, the centre and right ; and in the village were posted twenty-six battalions of the *élite* of the French army, commanded by Lieutenant-General the Marquis of Clerambault, who also had with him twelve squadrons of dragoons, and was supported by artillery. Tallard made a fatal mistake in thus weakening his centre. But his dispositions were otherwise faulty, for he had left the bridges of the Nebel unguarded, and had drawn up his troops so far back from the stream that there was sufficient room for the allies to form line for attack after having

crossed over. The British army moved forward from its encampment early on the morning of the 13th. Eugene was directed to come into line of battle on the right, whilst Marlborough took up his position in the centre opposite the French, and sent Lord Cutts, who had command of the ninth column—which was composed of Rowe's and Ferguson's British brigades, Hulsen's Hessian infantry, and the British cavalry under Wood and Ross, and which was to act "upon the left of all by itself next the Danube"—to attack the village of Blenheim.

The enemy had strongly fortified the village as the key of the position by throwing up entrenchments and erecting palisades, and had brought out all the available tables, doors, planks, and chests from the houses to afford shelter from our shot. About eight o'clock the French began to cannonade the allied army as it advanced. Eugene was late in getting into position owing to the difficult nature of the ground, which was broken and wooded; and it was not until 12.30 p.m.,<sup>1</sup> when the whole line was ready to move forward, that Marlborough sent the young Prince of Hesse to tell Cutts to commence the assault on the village. His gallant men descended to the Nebel, took possession of two water-mills under a heavy fire, and advanced up the slope. Rowe, whose brigade was leading, struck his sword in the palisades before giving the order to fire, but in a few moments fell mortally wounded, and his lieutenant-colonel and major were killed in trying to bring him off. While vainly endeavouring to force their way through the defences, the assailants were suddenly charged in flank by a body of French cavalry, and would have been routed but for some Hessian Hussars, who drove off the enemy. The General immediately ordered up fresh squadrons to cover his flank, but these, though at first successful, were in turn overpowered. Three attempts were made to take the position, the English rushing in the most intrepid manner right up to the palisades, which they attempted to break down by sheer force; but each time they were met by a galling fire from the infantry in the village and compelled to retire. Meanwhile Marlborough, after about four hours' hard fighting, had established himself on the other side of the river. Tallard might yet have saved the day, if he could have had the assistance of the garrison at Blenheim; but the Duke, on hearing from Cutts that his attempt had failed, ordered him to withdraw under the shelter of some rising ground

<sup>1</sup> "It was past midday," Thackeray makes Esmond say, "when the attack began on our left, where Lord Cutts commanded, the bravest and most beloved officer in the English army."

and to keep up such a feigned attack on the village as should give employment to the enemy stationed there. He thus prevented any troops from being withdrawn towards the centre of the line, which, after a sharp interchange of fire, he charged and completely broke.

The battle was in fact won, although Blenheim still held out. General Churchill advanced in rear of the village; Lord Orkney approached from the north, and Cutts, with Ferguson's and Rowe's shattered brigades, menaced it from his position on the Nebel. The only way of escape appeared to be on the side of the Danube, but the Queen's Regiment under the famous Brigadier-General Webb—the hero of Wynendael—took possession of the barrier, which the enemy had constructed to cover their retreat. Surrounded on all sides and threatened by approaching artillery, the garrison capitulated, and eleven thousand men laid down their arms. The right wing having then been routed, the Elector of Bavaria was compelled to retire, although he had steadily resisted the furious attacks of Eugene.

Next year Cutts was appointed Commander-in-Chief in Ireland under the Duke of Ormond. Luttrell relates that on June 10, 1705, he “landed at Dublin about six in the evening near King's End, where his Lordship was met by one of the Lord-Lieutenant's coaches, and went immediately to wait upon his Grace, by whom he was very kindly received.” Soon afterwards Ormond returned to England on a visit, and left the administration of the country to Sir Richard Cox, the Irish Lord Chancellor, and Lord Cutts, who were constituted Lord Justices of the kingdom during his absence. About this time Steele, who had up to the present been on friendly terms<sup>1</sup> with his former patron, to whom he had dedicated another work, “*The Christian Hero*,” wrote to him asking for payment in return for the services he had rendered whilst acting as his lordship's secretary. Whatever may be said of the justice of Steele's claim, there is certainly some reason in Cutts's objection that it was not made at an earlier date, when the occasion for it arose. Writing from Dublin July 3, 1705, he replied:—

“I have receiv'd a letter from you, dated ———, *Lady Mildmay's*,

<sup>1</sup> In *Tatler*, No. 5, he quotes a verse from some amatory stanzas which are said to have been addressed by Lord Cutts to his first wife, as the production of honest Cynthia, “a man of wit, good sense, and fortune:”

“Only tell her that I love,  
Leave the rest to her and fate;  
Some kind planet from above  
May, perhaps, her passion move:  
Lovers on their stars must wait.”



*Bond Street, Piccadilly*, but without any mention of the day of the month or year of our Lord ; so that I can't tell when it was wrote. You mention a former letter, which I never receiv'd, nor heard a word of before ; so that I am totally a stranger to the Hardships, you say you suffer by my service ; and I am the more surpris'd at this, because I have letters under your hand that doe implicitly if not expressly declare the contrary with a great deal of Warmth.

"You desire me to pay you for your long and chargeable attendance, which, since you demand it peremptorily as a Justice, I must answer as plainly, that if you will make it appear to me, that I promised you any Allowance in mony, I shall be ready to take your Demands into consideration. But I dare appeal to your cooler and more deliberate thoughts, whether I did not doe you some services (however forgotten now) which at that time were understood by all the World to ballance the service you had done me. If, after quitting a Man's service, and making no manner of demand for so many years, such a claim is to be made, no Man is safe, who at any time employs a supernumerary Aid-de-Camp, or any other Officer in his Household, who may serve without pay in hopes of being introduc'd into the World and advanc'd ; and if I submitted to such a claim so circumstantiated more might come upon me, for which there is no foundation in Law or Equity. As to your being bereft of your hope of my favour, I assure you, you may command it, &c. . . ."

To this Steele wrote an angry, and hardly dignified, letter in reply :—

"August 31st, 1705.

From my Lodgings, at Mr. Keen's,  
An Apothecary's in Bennett Street,  
near Snt. James's.

"My Lord,—I am very sorry to hear by Mr. Trubshaw (?) how highly you resent my late expostulations ; but if your Excellency pleases to consider that in the midst of the frankest, kindest behaviour which you us'd towards me, you did so unsuitable a thing as to postpone my pretensions to those of a young Gentleman you hardly ever spoke to, ev'n at a crisis in my little affairs, you will think I am under very great temptations to forget my self in points of decorum : My Accounts from the West Indies are such that I am as certain (as the vicissitudes of Humane things will permit) of a provision for my self and posterity, therefore shall now have no inclination to any methods but relying on your own will to do me any favour if you shall think fit. If not, and that you are resolv'd never more to honour me with any commands from you, I assure yr. Excellency nothing shall



ever alienate me from very hearty Wishes for yr. Honour and Welfare. However I hope yr. Excellency will pardon me that I inclose to you this note of seven pounds 10s. which I paid for a Lodging taken by yr. order in Scotland Yard for my more convenient attendance on you when in yr. Service, and that you'll direct me to draw a bill payable in Dublin for that sum at sight.

"I have occasion for that sum there, and yr. Lordship's direction on whome to draw it will be a very great favour to——"

Whether Lord Cutts took any notice of this letter we do not know, as the correspondence ends here. During the next two years his health broke down, and he appears to have been aggrieved by his removal from more active scenes. It has been suggested that Marlborough was instrumental in this, and was only too glad to get rid of a dangerous rival. But this is not probable, for, as Macaulay says, Cutts could lay claim to no special skill in the higher parts of military science, and—if we are to trust the expressions of regard in the communications that passed between the two as genuine—their relations remained friendly and cordial to the end. A few months before his death Cutts received a letter from his chief thanking him for his "kind congratulations" on the recent successes of the army, and expressing the hope to see him again soon on service abroad. He died very suddenly on January 26, 1707, and was interred in Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin. Some fifty years later Horace Walpole, at the request of George Montague—a grandson of Lord Cutts's first wife by a former marriage—wrote this epitaph ; but, as no trace of a monument erected to him was ever found, it could not be placed over his tomb :

Late does the Muse approach to Cutts's grave,  
But ne'er the grateful Muse forgets the brave ;  
He gave her subjects for the immortal lyre,  
And sought in idle hours the tuneful choir ;  
Skilful to mount by either path to fame,  
And dear to memory by a double name.  
Yet if ill-known amid the Aonian groves,  
His shade a stranger and unnoticed roves,  
The dauntless chief a nobler band may join,  
They never die who conquer'd at the Boyne.

The last line, he explains, is intended to be popular in Ireland, but it is doubtful whether the Irish would have regarded it in that light.

GEORGE ARTHUR SINCLAIR.

*FISH LORE.*

The carp, with golden scales, in wanton play ;  
 The trout, in crimson-speckled glory gay ;  
 The red-finned roach, the silver-coated eel ;  
 The pike, whose haunts the twisted roots conceal ;  
 The healing tench, the gudgeon, perch, and bream ;  
 And all the sportive natives of the stream.

**S**O an anonymous singer has described some of the finny tribes of the water world ; but a far more vivid and stately description is that of our great Puritan poet :—

The sounds and seas, each creek and bay,  
 With fry innumerable swarm ; and shoals  
 Of fish, that with their fins and shining scales,  
 Glide under the green wave in sculls that oft  
 Bank the mid-sea ; part single, or with mate,  
 Graze the seaweed, their pasture, and through groves  
 Of coral stray ; or, sporting with quick glance,  
 Show to the sun their waved coats dropped with gold :  
 Or in their pearly shells at ease, attend  
 Moist nutriment, or under rocks their food  
 In jointed armour watch : on smooth the seal  
 And bended dolphins play—part, huge of bulk,  
 Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait,  
 Tempest the ocean ; there leviathan,  
 Hugest of living creatures, on the deep  
 Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,  
 And seems a moving land, and at his gills  
 Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea.

Fishes are very notable folk. “Did not,” says Phil Robinson, “Domitian order a special session of the senate to discuss the cooking of a turbot, and ‘nihil ad rhombum’—all Lombard Street to a china orange—pass into a proverb? What man in Rome would not have been a lamprey, to be petted by the beautiful wife of Drusus? And what a pitch of dignity they attained to in the households of epicures, those mullet, and murena, and carp! But by far the greatest number have achieved distinction by legendary exploits, or by accidents of honour. Thus the dolphin and the tortoise, or the haddock and the John Dory. . . . It was to a codfish that

Scandinavia owed its recovered crown. Was it not a fish that guided the Vedic ark to its resting-place, the hill-peak Nanbandha?—

In the whole world of creation  
None were seen but those seven sages, Manu and the Fish.  
Years on years, and still unwearied, drew the Fish the bark along,  
Till at length it came where Himavan reared its loftiest peak ;  
There at length they came, and smiling, thus the Fish addressed the Sage :  
“ Bind now thy stately vessel to the peak Himavan ! ”  
At the Fish's mandate, quickly to the peak Himavan  
Bound the Sage his bark ; and even to this day that loftiest peak  
Bears the name Nanbandha.

And from a fish-pond (according to an Arabic legend) that Moses was rescued by Pharaoh's daughter ? When the demons had usurped Solomon's throne, and the monarch was an outcast in his dominions, and jeered at as a sort of Perkin Warbeck, a preposterous claimant, a fish found the omnipotent signet ring, and so enabled the King to reascend his throne. Did they not give their names to a score of cities ? Is not fish one of the special goods promised to the faithful in the Paradise of the Moslem, with, hard by, that tree from Sinai that yields sauces ‘ appropriate thereto, for them who eat ’—a kind of Paradisaical cruet ? ”

A fish, generally a dolphin, was one of the earliest and most universal of Christian symbols, and had several significations. The Greek name for fish was composed of the initial letters of the five Greek words signifying Jesus Christ, the Son of God, the Saviour, and thus formed the initial anagram of the title of Our Lord ; and these characters may be found in many ancient works of art and inscriptions. The fish is an emblem of baptism, and thus belongs to some early missionary saints, and it is occasionally the symbol of St. Peter, in view of the better-known keys. It is also emblematic of Christians generally, as they were likened to fish in the calling of the Apostles, and typified by the miraculous draught of fishes. It was not, however, always a Christian emblem ; in Greek art, rarely so, and the fish so often marked on tombs in the Roman catacombs is believed to have signified the occupation of the person therein interred. Of St. Anthony of Padua a quaint legend is told by Mrs. Jameson : “ Anthony being come to the city of Rimini, where there were many heretics and unbelievers, he preached to them repentance and a new life, but they refused to hear him, and stopped their ears ; whereupon he repaired to the sea-shore, and, stretching forth his hand, said, ‘ Hear me, ye fishes, for these unbelievers refuse to listen ; ’ and truly it was a marvellous thing to see how an infinite number of fishes, great and little, lifted their heads above water, and listened

attentively to the sermon of the saint." February has Pisces, the fishes, for its zodiacal sign, as Spenser tells us in describing the months :—

And lastly came cold February, sitting  
In an old wagon ; for he could not ride,  
Drawne of two fishes, for the season fitting,  
Which through the flood before did softly slyde  
And swim away ; yet had he by his side  
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,  
And tooles to prune the trees, before the pride  
Of hasting Prime did make them burgein round.

Of the sturgeon we get a vivid account in " Hiawatha " :—

On the white sand of the bottom  
Lay the monster Mishe-Nahma,  
Lay the sturgeon, king of fishes ;  
Through his gills he breathed the water,  
With his fins he fanned and winnowed,  
With his tail he swept the sand-floor.

There he lay in all his armour ;  
On each side a shield to guard him,  
Plates of bone upon his forehead,  
Down his sides and back and shoulders  
Plates of bone with spines projecting !  
Painted was he with his war-paints,  
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,  
Spots of brown and spots of sable ;  
And he lay there on the bottom,  
Fanning with his fins of purple,  
As above him Hiawatha  
In his birch canoe came sailing,  
With his fishing-line of cedar.

His little court of attendants were round him—

The yellow perch, the Sahwa,  
Like a sunbeam in the water.

Also—

The Shawgashee, the craw-fish,  
Like a spider on the bottom,  
On the white and sandy bottom ;

And the pike, Kenozha, and—

Like a white moon in the water—

the sun-fish, who bore the euphonious name of Ugudwash !

The salmon figures in the arms of the city of Glasgow holding a gold ring in his mouth. Archbishop Spottiswoode tells us why. "In the days of St. Kentigern, or St. Mungo, the founder of the see of Glasgow, a lady having lost her wedding-ring, her husband's

jealousy was stirred, to allay which she applied to St. Kentigern, imploring his help for the sake of her honour. Not long after, as the saint walked by the river, he desired a person who was fishing to bring him the first fish he could get, and from its mouth was taken the lady's ring, which he immediately sent to her to quiet her husband's suspicions." In the island of Lewes they have a curious custom of sending, every May Day, very early in the morning, a man to cross the Barvas River, to prevent any woman crossing it first, as, if that deplorable circumstance did happen, no salmon would come up the river all the year round ! This observance was taught them, they say, by a foreign sailor shipwrecked on the coast long ago ; and if it is disregarded, the result of all their fishing, they declare they have learnt by experience, is *nil* ! The explanation given by the lordly salmon in the "Water Babies" to little Tom of the virgin of trout, will be fresh in the minds of all readers of that delightful history :—

My dear, we do not even mention them, if we can help it ; for I am sorry to say they are relations of ours who do us no credit. A great many years ago they were just like us ; but they were so lazy, and cowardly, and greedy, that instead of going down to the sea every year to see the world, and grow strong and fat, they chose to stay and poke about in the little streams and eat worms and grubs : and they are very properly punished for it ; for they have grown ugly and brown and spotted and small ; and are actually so degraded in their tastes that they will eat our children.

In more flattering terms did old Somerville speak of

The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,  
And beauty of the stream,

whom the old Irish called Breae—"the one with the spots ;" and the "Compleat Angler" avers that he is "more sharp-sighted than any hawk you have named, and more watchful and timorous than your high-mettled Merlin bold." At Bowscale Tarn, Blencathara, are two undying trout, who amused Henry Clifford, the Shepherd Lord, in his loneliness :—

And both the undying trout that swim  
In Bowscale Tarn did wait on him.

They moved about in open sight,  
To and fro for his delight.

In Mr. W. Jones's "Credulities Past and Present" we are told of the not typically saintly behaviour of St. Patrick, who, "overcome by hunger, helped himself to pork chops on a fast day. An angel met him with the forbidden cutlets in his hand ; but the saint popped them into a pail of water, pattered an Ave Mary over them,



and the chops were turned into a couple of respectable and orthodox-looking trout. The angel looked perplexed and went away, with his index-finger on the side of his nose ! And see what came of it ! In Ireland meat dipped into water and christened by the name of 'St. Patrick's fish' is commonly eaten there on fast days, and to the great regret of all those who eat greedily enough to acquire an indigestion."

When the corn is in the shock,  
Then the fish are on the rock,

is the Cornish proverb concerning the pilchard.

Ye may ca' them vulgar farin' ;  
Wives and mithers maist despairin'  
Ca' them lives o' men,

says the ballad of the "Caller Herrin." "No herring, no wedding," declares a Scotch proverb, which has been proved correct over and over again ; marriages in fishing villages going up eighty per cent. in a good year, and dwindling to *nil* in a bad one. Mackerel should never be eaten till "Balaam's ass speaks in church," *i.e.* till the lesson containing the narrative is read ; and we are told that "plaice are never good till they swim in May water." Of this fish, alias the fluke, the following is the Highland legend. "The fish all gathered to choose a king, and the fluke (he that has the red spots on him) stayed at home to make himself pretty, putting on his red spots to see if he would be chosen ; but he was too late, for when he came the herring was already king of the sea. So the fluke curled his mouth on one side and said, 'A simple fish like the herring king of the sea !' and his mouth has been all of one side ever since."

Haddock are also "no gude till they get three drops o' May flude," and Cornish fishermen allege that they are quite deaf, the reason given being that, once on a time, as the devil was fishing, a haddock continually carried off his bait, which made him so angry that he put his face close to the water, by the fish's head, and cried, "Ha, Dick, I'll tackle thee yet." The sound broke the drum of the fish's ears, and he has always been stone deaf ever since, and his name has been Ha Dick or haddock. The Icelandic legend is that the devil one day groped in the water till he found a haddock, and gripped it under the breast-fin, where ever since a dark stripe can be seen down each side of the fin. In Norway it is called St. Peter's fish, and the marks on each side of its mouth are believed to show where the Apostle's finger and thumb touched it when he took from it the piece of money.

This tradition it shares with the John Dory :

With his dolphin head,  
Whose fins like amber horns are spread,

as Joanna Baillie says—of whom the same legend is told ; though another version declares that the curious spots on its side were produced by St. Christopher when crossing an arm of the sea bearing the Infant Christ.

Passing by the roach, whom Izaak Walton calls “the water-sheep, for his simplicity or foolishness,” we come to the tench, of whom the same authority gives a rather wonderful account. “The tench is the physician of fishes, for the pike especially ; and the pike, being either sick or hurt, is cured by the touch of the tench. And it is observed that the tyrant pike will not be a wolf to his physician, but forbears to devour him, though he be never so hungry ; that not only doth the tench carry with him a natural balsam to cure both himself and others, but in its head there are two little stones, which foreign physicians make great use of in the cure of their patients, and that Rondeletius says that at his being at Rome he saw a great cure done by applying tench to the feet of a very sick man.”

The carp is a very important person in Grimm’s story of the unfortunate fisherman who possessed that peculiarly self-willed wife, “die Frau Ilsebill.” The fish was a fairy fish, and could grant whatever the fisherman asked ; and again and again did his autocratic spouse despatch her obedient consort to the seashore to ask for fresh favours, which requests he always prefaced by the melancholy couplet :

Oh, fish in the sea, pray listen to me,  
For my wife won’t let be, as I’d have it be.

First she wanted a cottage, then a castle, then desired to be a king, then emperor, then Pope, then finally wished to control the sun and moon. But no sooner did the carp hear this modest request than he relegated the too ambitious lady to her original hovel ; and, apparently disgusted with humankind, has never sought to confer his favours on any one since.

“Dull as a mullet,” rudely said a Roman proverb ; but Walton is more polite :

But for chaste love the mullet hath no peer ;  
For, if the mullet hath surprised her ppeer,  
As mad with woe, to shore she followeth,  
Prest to comfort him both in life and death.

The Tahitians, with what we should consider questionable taste, deify the blue shark, and erect temples to him, where he is chiefly worshipped by fishermen.

The little remora, or sucking-fish, was formerly believed to have most marvellous powers. One, only four inches long, held back, we are told, Anthony's flagship at Actium. Spenser writes :

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,  
A goodly ship, with banners bravely dight,  
And flag in her topgallant, I espied  
Through the main sea making her merry flight.  
Fair blew the wind into her bosom right,  
And the heavens looked lovely all the while,  
That she did seem to dance as in delight,  
And at her own felicity did smile.  
All suddenly there clove unto her keel  
A little fish that men called remora,  
Which stopped her course and held her by the heel,  
That wind nor tide could move her thence away ;  
Strange thing meseemeth that so small a thing  
Should able be so great an one to wring !

"The torpedo," says Phil Robinson, "'the benumbing fish,' curiously meets with more references than might have been expected. An explanation, perhaps, is to be found in its familiarity to the ancients. A galvanic shock from a torpedo was one of Galen's prescriptions for rheumatics and the gout, and the poets, adopting the idea of antiquity, speak of the creature 'delivering its opinion at a distance'—the notion that electric fishes could discharge the fluid without any conducting medium. The spine of the stinging ray was the barb of the spear that Circe gave her son, and to this day in the South Seas the savage tips his arrows and harpoons with them."

The dolphin, sacred to Bacchus, was supposed to indulge in a succession of beautiful changing tints when *in articulo mortis*, as Byron notices—

Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues  
With a new colour as it gasps away,  
The last still loveliest, till 'tis gone, and all is gray.

But naturalists dispel this pleasing illusion. "Alas !" says Wood, "an unpoetical dolphin, when we have harpooned and brought him on deck, is only black and white, and all the change that he makes is that the black becomes brown in time, and the white grey." He figures in Æsop's fables, where, pursuing a tunny, both get flung upon the rocks, and forthwith expire ; the tunny rather unamiably observing, with his last gasp, "I must die, it is true ; but I die with pleasure when I behold him who is the cause of it involved in the same fate." The curious connection that existed between the dolphin and the heir of France is thus explained by Miss Yonge. "In 1125, Delfine, heiress of Albon, married Giuges, Count of Viennois.

She was his third wife ; and to distinguish her son from the rest of the family, he was either called or christened *Giuges Dephin*, and assumed the dolphin as his badge, whence badge and title passed to his descendants, the *Dauphins de Viennois*, and was in time adopted by other families connected with his own, the dauphin counts of Auvergne and Montpensier. The last Dauphin, *Humbert de Vienne*, having let his only child fall from a castle window while playing with it, left his country and title to *Charles*, son of King *Jean de France* ; and thence the heir-apparent was called the *Dauphin*—both the other Counts dauphins becoming extinct before the end of the 16th century.”

The dolphin is not strictly a fish, nor is the oyster ; but we must include the latter in our list, were it only to notice the haughty grandmother of *Hans Andersen's* sweet little mermaid, who always bore twelve oyster shells on her tail in sign of her superior rank, *other* noble ladies being allowed only six. Conceive the gratification of displaying the extra half-dozen ! The old rhyme speaks respectfully of the oyster's lineage :—

The herring loves the merry moonlight,  
The mackerel loves the wind,  
But the oyster loves the dredger's song,  
For he comes of a gentle kind.

Very curiously, though the Romans loved it, the oyster's edible qualities were held in contempt in mediæval England. *Chaucer's* *Sompnere* speaks of it with disgust :—

For many a muscle and many an oistre,  
When other men have been ful wel at ese,  
Hath been our food.

Nor must we omit eels, of whose origin tales as absurd as the legend of the barnacle goose were told, it being variously declared that they were made of dewdrops condensed by the sun—were generated out of mud—grew out of black horsehairs—were produced by electricity—and also by cutting a large eel into small pieces ; while near the *Ely marshes* they were believed to be the transformed wives and children of certain recusant priests of the neighbourhood !

Finally, we must not conclude our “fish lore” without hearing what that notable sportswoman, *Dame Julyan Berners*, has to say of the “gentle craft.” “And yet he (the angler) at the least hath his holsom walke, and merry at his ease, a sweet ayre of the sweet savoure of the meede flowres, that makyth him hungry. He hereth the melodyous harmony of fowles ; he seeth the yonge herons, duckes, coots, and many other fowles wyth their broodes ; which me

semyth better than alle the noyse of houndys, the blast of horns, and the cry of fowles, that hunters, falconers, and fowlers can make. And yf the angler take the fysshe, surely thenne is there noo man merier than he is in his spyryte. Also, whoso will use the game of angling, he must rise early, which thing is profitable to man in this wise, that is to wit, much to the heal of his soul, for it shall cause him to be holy, and to the heal of his body, for it shall cause him to be whole—also to the increase of his goods, for it shall make him rich. As the old English proverb saith in this wise, whoso will rise early shall be holy, healthy, and zealous.”

BARBARA CLAY FINCH.



## *TUTBURY AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.*

TOWNS sometimes, like their inhabitants, seem to pass through periods of youth, of manhood, and of old age ; they grow to robust strength, they have a work to do in the world and do it boldly and strenuously, and then "in calm decay" retire from the bustle and business of the age ; other places take the prominent parts in the history of the times, and for them the story of the past alone has interest. Such a place is Tutbury. The days of her rest have come, when she sits quietly beside the murmur of her stream and the hum of her mills, while the names of other towns occupy all the space in the chronicles of the doings of the day ; yet Tutbury was seeing the world, familiar with the faces of kings and the follies of courts, the hurry of business and the clash of arms, when many of these towns that are now so big and proud and prosperous were but nameless groups of cottages, or wastes where sheep browsed, and where the beasts of the chase sought covert.

As a matter of fact, old Tutbury's youth was spent so many ages since that we have no record of it, for it is a place of importance when first we hear of it. More than a thousand years ago there was a stronghold here forming one of the chain of forts defending the Mercian frontier ; and here probably Offa, greatest of the Mercian kings, and Kenwulph and Ethelred, his successors, kept their courts. The saintly Werburga, patroness of Chester, was the daughter of the last named sovereign, and the convent at the neighbouring village of Hanbury was founded by her, her father having made her a grant of the land.

The incursion of the Danes put a temporary stop to the prosperity of Tutbury. The rude castle of the English king was overthrown, the religious house at Hanbury was sacked, and the whole district became subject to the heathen invaders. Tradition has it that the desperate effort to throw off the foreign yoke, which took the form of a treacherous massacre of the Danes in 1002, commenced at Houndhill, about five miles from Tutbury.

At the Norman conquest the lordship of Tutbury was conferred

upon one of William's favourite followers, Henry de Ferrers. This man was one of the commissioners appointed for the formation of the Domesday survey, and by favour of the Norman monarch became one of the most considerable persons in the country. He held seven manors in Staffordshire in addition to the Castle of Tutbury, but this was a very small part of his wealth. In the neighbouring county of Derby he held no fewer than one hundred and fourteen manors, and eighty-nine others in the counties of Lincoln, Berks, Wilts, Essex, Oxford, Warwick, Buckingham, Gloucester, Hereford, Hants, Nottingham, and Leicester. To the experienced eye of the Norman knight the strength of the situation occupied by the old fortress of Offa must have at once been obvious, and its central position in the country made it no less suitable as the residence of one whose lands spread thus widely over the whole of the Midland counties and the contiguous shires. Here, therefore, Ferrers reared a keep and surrounded it with all the buildings, domestic and military, which the state of a feudal baron demanded. The rising ground gave material strength to the site, which was enhanced by the defence of the river Dove flowing at its foot ; a deep fosse supplied further protection at other points. About the same time the Priory began to rise beside the Castle, founded and richly endowed by Henry and his wife Bertha ; and, as they made Tutbury the place of their chief residence, we may feel sure that a prosperous town soon grew up again around them, defended by the great Castle, ministered to in holy things by the Priory, and largely dependent upon the patronage of both for its trade.

In the reign of Henry III., Robert de Ferrers, Earl of Derby, the lord at that time of Tutbury, took the popular side against the King in the long struggles with which his rule was distracted. The Earl suffered in the final victory of the King ; his castle was almost destroyed by the royal forces in 1269, and his lands were forfeited and annexed to the Duchy of Lancaster. Many of the manors assigned to Ferrers by William had by this time been granted to some of the retainers of that house, but Tutbury was still the chief seat of the family.

The new owner does not appear to have appreciated the position as much as did the old one, and for many years the Castle lay as the wars had left it ; Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, however, the son, and in 1297 the successor, of Edmund Plantagenet, to whom it had been granted, once more raised it from its ruins to even greater dignity and splendour than of yore. Here he lived in princely style, keeping a large retinue of knights, and ruling his manors like a petty

king. In one year, 1313, his household expenditure amounted to a sum equal in modern money to £22,000. The owners of Tutbury were, however, unfortunate in their political convictions, or in the result of their championship of them. The favour which Edward II. showed to Piers Gaveston and the two de Spencers disgusted many of the barons, and among those who finally took up arms in the matter was the Earl of Lancaster. The King advanced into the Midlands against his rebellious vassals, and the Earl found himself left almost alone to defend his estates. He endeavoured to make a stand at Burton, and so to prevent the passage of the Trent; but a ford having been pointed out to the Royalists five miles higher up the river, he was attacked in the rear and had to fall back in hot haste on Tutbury. So close was the pursuit that the Earl had barely entered his fortress before the enemy appeared in front of his walls, and thus no time was given him to prepare for its defence. Leaving, therefore, his baggage and his military chest to be brought after him as opportunity might offer, he forded the Dove with his followers, though the river was in flood, and struck northwards for Pontefract, where he had another castle. His treasurer, under cover of night, endeavoured to follow him with "the sinews of war" which had been left in his charge. Misfortune, however, dogged the Earl's steps. In the hurry and confusion of the escape from Tutbury the war chest was dropped into the river and lost; while Lancaster himself, without forces or supplies, was betrayed to his enemies, and beheaded in 1322.

The treasure thus sunk in the Dove lay there for five hundred years. In the year 1831 Mr. Webb, proprietor of Cotton Mills at Tutbury, in improving the water-power of his mill, had occasion to remove some of the gravel from the river bed. The workmen, in doing this, brought up some silver coins, and, as they pushed their way up the stream, continued to find them in increasing quantities. This led to a vigorous search, and a perfect hoard of them was at last found embedded in the gravel at a point near the Derbyshire bank of the river. In all over a hundred thousand coins are said to have been found. They contained specimens of the coinage of Edward I. as struck at London, York, Canterbury, Chester, Durham, Lincoln, Bristol, Exeter, Bury St. Edmunds, and Newcastle, with some from Cork, Waterford, and Dublin; the episcopal mint of Durham was represented by coins of Bishops Bek, Kellow, and Bellomonte, and there were a few from the archiepiscopal mint at York. The coinages of Henry III. and of Edward II. also provided examples; and the Empire, the Kingdom of Scotland, and the

Duchies of Brabant, Lorraine, and Hainault had all contributed their share.

By the attainder of the Earl of Lancaster his estates became once more forfeited to the Crown, and they passed without incident through several hands until they became vested in John of Gaunt. Now once again Tutbury Castle became the residence of a great family. It is said to have been specially chosen out of all his mansions by John's Spanish wife, Constance, Queen of Castile and Leon; and it was repaired and fitted in royal style for her honour and convenience. The town spread widely around the Castle, and Tutbury entered upon its greatest and most flourishing days.

John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was a munificent patron of music. He maintained a company of minstrels at considerable cost at his Castle of Leicester, and here at Tutbury he turned his attention to the same matter. Amid the festivities which went on in an almost ceaseless round in the district, the minstrels' part was by no means the least important, and companies of them were no doubt constantly passing between Leicester, Tutbury, and other great houses. In order to preserve order amongst these, the Duke enrolled them into a corporation, appointed a chief who should be named the "King of the Minstrels," and formed a court which should have authority of control over them. The instrument constituting this novel kingship is dated in the second year of Richard II. (1378), and runs as follows:—

John, by the grace of God King of Castile and Leon, Duke of Lancaster, to all who shall see or hear these our letters, Greeting. Know ye that we have ordained, constituted, and assigned to our well-beloved the *King of the Minstrels*, in our honour of Tutbury, who is, or for the time shall be, to apprehend and arrest all the minstrels in our said honour and franchises that refuse to do the service and attendance which appertains to them to do, from ancient times at Tutbury aforesaid, yearly on the days of the Assumption of our Lady; giving and granting to the said King of the Minstrels for the time being full power and commandment to make them reasonably to justify, and to constrain them to perform their services and attendance, in manner as belongeth to them, and has been here used and of ancient times accustomed.

It would seem as if the new musical monarch was somewhat too autocratic in the exercise of his powers, for the court, wherein complaints from his subjects may be heard, was established shortly afterwards. Its session was to be held on the morrow of the Feast of the Assumption (August 15), the steward of the honour of Tutbury being the president, and the jury consisting of minstrels. This jury elected four stewards for the guild for the year, from whom "the king" was to be selected for the ensuing year; and these



officers had power to levy fines and to distrain, if necessary, for their payment. At the annual court an account of these fines had to be rendered, and one half of the sum was allotted to the Duke of Lancaster, and the other to the minstrels' stewards in recognition of their trouble.

This court continued in active existence for a long period, and governed and controlled the minstrels of the district, much as a modern trades union does the craftsmen who belong to it. As an example of the regulations promulgated by it, and as proving the recognition which the court obtained from high authorities, the following is of interest :—

Orders made and set forth by the Honourable Edward Lord Newburg, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and the Counsel of his Majesty's Court of the Duchy chamber, in the fifth year of the reign of King Charles the First, for the better ordering and governing of his Majesty's Court, called the Minstrels' Court, yearly holden at Tutbury, on the morrow after the Feast of the Assumption of our Lady, and of the musicians and minstrels within the counties of Stafford and Derby, who owe suit to the same court.

That no person shall use or exercise the art and science of music within the said counties, as a common musician or minstrel, for benefit and gain, except he have served and been brought up in the same art and science by the space of seven years, and be allowed and admitted so to do at the said court by the jury thereof, and by consent of the steward of the said court for the time being, on pain of forfeiting for every month that he shall so offend three shillings and four pence. And that no musician or minstrel shall take into his service to teach and instruct any one in the said art and science for any shorter time than the space of seven years, under the pain of forfeiting for every such offence forty shillings. And that all the musicians and minstrels above mentioned shall appear yearly at the court called the Minstrels' Court, on pain of forfeiting for every default, according to old custom, three shillings and fourpence.

The day appointed for the holding of this court was a high day in Tutbury, not the minstrels only but other retainers of the Duchy, and the people generally, having sports and pastimes allowed them, which, if not refined, were at any rate fast and furious. Some days before, the wood master and the rangers of Needwood Forest had met at Berkley Lodge and killed two bucks, one of which was allowed them for their own dinner and the other was to be presented to the Prior of Tutbury. Then in good time on the morning of the Assumption a gay procession was formed, in which the master, huntsmen, and keepers marched, bearing a buck's head adorned for the occasion, with the minstrels, two and two, before them. At the High Cross the keeper sounded on his horn the various hunting calls and signals, which were echoed by his fellows, and the procession then made its way to church. Mass was sung, and as the buck's head was offered to the Prior the minstrels played a joyous strain ;



every forester gave one penny for the use of the church, and in return the Prior contributed thirty shillings towards the expenses of the day. Mass over, the procession once more formed and marched to the Castle, where all were feasted in right royal style.

The feast day was specially the foresters' day ; the morrow belonged to the minstrels. They first met at the bailiff's house, whence they proceeded in state to church. Two trumpets led the way, followed by all the minstrels playing upon their instruments, the " King of the Minstrels " walking between the steward and the bailiff of the manor, who, in the days of John of Gaunt, were usually noblemen, and being attended by his own stewards bearing white wands. Mass was again sung, and it was now the duty of every minstrel to give his penny for the good of the church.

They subsequently proceeded to the Castle hall, and here the court was formally constituted. A herald cried aloud the following summons : " Oyez, Oyez, Oyez ! All minstrels within this honour, residing in the counties of Stafford, Nottingham, Leicester, and Warwick, come in and do your suit and service, or you will be amerced." The roll was then called, and two juries were empannelled, one for Staffordshire and the other for the remaining three counties. Before proceeding to elect the king and the stewards for the coming year, a long charge was given, dwelling upon the nobility and antiquity of " the art and science of music," and quoting, among other instances, the story of an English Orpheus who had led a herd of deer from Yorkshire to " the King's Palace at Hampton Court " by the power of the sweet music of his bagpipes.

It is obvious from the mention of Hampton Court that this legend is a late addition to the charge. The stags surely must have first wandered into Yorkshire from the Highlands !

At the end of the charge, duly impressed, no doubt, with the tremendous consequences of their choice, the jurors elected the new king, who was selected alternately from the minstrels of Staffordshire and Derbyshire, and his stewards, and then retired to hear any causes and complaints brought before them, while the other musicians regaled themselves with cakes and ale and the discoursing of merry music. The day's business ended with the delivery of the wands to the new officers by their predecessors, and of course, being Englishmen, they concluded with a dinner.

The real festivity of the day still lay before them, however, and this was the annual bull-running. The baiting of bulls and bears was common enough in England for several centuries, and had the patronage of all classes. James I. and Elizabeth often witnessed

"the sport." An "Act for punishing divers abuses committed on the Lord's day, called Sunday," passed in 1625, refers to the baiting of both these animals; and it continued a popular amusement down to the end of that century and even later. Some may, perhaps, remember that Thomas Day, in his quaint book "*Sandford and Merton*" (published at the end of the 18th century), tells how the pious Harry and the wicked Thomas attended bull-baiting, though not without protest from the former. The name of the English bulldog is proof sufficient of the prevalence of this cruel form of amusement. "Bull-running" also, or the pursuit of a bull by men armed with sticks or other weapons of attack, was an annual occurrence at Stamford down to the year 1840, but of all recorded instances of bull-baiting, running, or fighting the Tutbury "sport" seems to have been the most brutal and the least sportsmanlike. The torture of the unfortunate creature was wantonly increased, and his means of self-protection and of escape were diminished as far as possible, so that the revolting cruelty was not even relieved by a display of animal courage on the part of his persecutors.

The Tutbury bull had his horns sawn off, his ears and tail cut down to their stumps, and his body smeared with soap; he was then maddened by having pepper blown into his nostrils. Proclamation was made that none but the minstrels were to come within forty feet of the animal, and the infuriated creature was then let loose. The minstrels are at once after him with knives, their aim being to cut off a piece of skin or hair from the bull, and to produce it at the Market Cross. The bull was provided each year by the Prior, and if no one succeeded in attaining this object before sunset, or before the bull had escaped across the Dove into Derbyshire, it remained his property, otherwise it belonged to the King of the Minstrels. The sufferings of the bull were not even then ended, however; after the running was over, he was led to the High Street, and there, being secured by a collar and a rope, was baited, the dogs being allowed three rounds with him. The bailiff then purchased him of the Minstrel King for five nobles; and (perhaps the most surprising part of all considering the condition to which the ventilation, running, and baiting must have reduced him) he was sent to the Earl of Devon's manor at Hardwick "to be fed and given to the poor at Christmas!" This abominable piece of brutality was enacted year by year from 1377 to 1778. Towards the end of its career it became a scene of the wildest tumult; the rule as to the non-interference of the public became a dead letter, and all the young men of the neighbourhood on both sides of the river

endeavoured by every exertion of force or stratagem to drive the bull into Derbyshire, or to keep him in Staffordshire ; the result being that other "brutes" besides the bull came off with very rough usage. The Duke of Devonshire, who, after the dissolution of the monastic houses, held the priory lands at Tutbury, found the bull for its running during its latter years ; and at last, taking advantage of the uproar caused by the death of a man in the tumult, he put a stop to the whole business in the year above named. It has been suggested that John of Gaunt probably introduced this amusement in compliment to his Spanish wife, but in face of the many instances of analogous sports in this country this seems hardly necessary.

The accession of Henry Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, to the throne with the title of Henry III., put an end to the greatness of Tutbury, for henceforth the royal castles naturally became the home of the former Dukes of Lancaster. The neighbourhood was nevertheless still valued for the opportunities which it gave of following the chase, and there are stories of Henry VII. residing here with his Court now and again to enjoy the hunting.

In the absence of the lord of the manor, the Prior was probably the leading authority in Tutbury, but his time was also drawing to a close. The Priory was a Benedictine house, which, of course, was stripped of its revenues and suppressed with the others by Henry VIII. ; it surrendered by the King's demand in 1539. Under Edward VI. the site was granted to Sir William Cavendish, the faithful friend and attendant of Cardinal Wolsey, and the ancestor of the present Duke of Devonshire. Thomas Cromwell (or *Crumwell*, as Cranmer calls him) was busy preparing for the suppression of this and other Staffordshire houses in the year 1538, as we judge from a letter to him from the Archbishop, in which we read :—

Whereas of late I did put your lordship in remembrance for the suppression of the Abbey of Tadberge ; now I beseech your lordship not only that commissioners may be sent into that house, but also in like wise into the Abbey of Rocester, or Crockesden.

The Benedictine Abbey of Rocester, worth, at the dissolution, £111. 11s. 7d. per annum, was granted to Richard Trentham ; the Cistercian Monastery at Crockesden, or Croxden, worth £103. 6s. 7d., was granted to Jeffry Foljambe.

Tutbury Castle becomes historical in the reign of Elizabeth as one of the prisons of Mary Queen of Scots. In January 1569 she was brought hither, and remained until the following spring, under the guardianship of George Talbot, sixth Earl of Shrewsbury. She was taken hence to Wingfield Manor, and in November to Coventry, and

about the end of the year she came back to Tutbury again. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmorland were at this time actively engaged in a plot for the restoration of Mary to her Scottish throne, and a rebellion with that object had actually broken out in the North. It was due, no doubt, to the anxiety thus caused that the captive Queen's prison was so frequently changed. Her stay on this latter occasion was again brief, and she, as before, left for Wingfield. In January 1584 she was once more brought to Tutbury, under the charge of Sir Ralph Sadler, whose papers give us an account of the Castle as it existed at that time. Mary did not leave again till 1586, the year before her death.

The interest which James I. felt in the place was apparently not such as a son might have felt for the Castle where his mother had spent so many unhappy months, but rather such as the game in Needwood Forest prompted, and he consequently came hither a-hunting in the month of August in 1619, 1621, and 1624.

The closing chapter in the history of the old Castle was rapidly approaching. In the stormy days of Charles I. it played its part, and then retired from the scene. Charles was here twice ere the Civil War broke out, probably, like his father, on hunting expeditions, namely, in August 1634, and again in 1636. The importance which still attached to the place as a military position is illustrated by the fact that at the commencement of hostilities between himself and the Commons the King ordered the Sheriff of Staffordshire to raise all the available forces that he could, and with them to garrison Tutbury Castle. Thither he came in person on May 24, 1645, accompanied by Prince Rupert, and supported by a large army. The Castle was the royal head-quarters, and the troops were quartered in the town and through the neighbouring villages. In a day or two the whole force moved off towards Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Leicester, and presently met with decisive defeat at Naseby. On August 12 Charles came to Tutbury once more, accompanied by only a hundred of his followers, and with this incident the long record of royal visits at the Castle closes. On April 20, 1646, Sir William Brereton, who had held the fortress for his King longer than most other commandants in the district had been able to do, surrendered to the forces of Cromwell, and, by order of the Parliament, Tutbury Castle was once more, and finally, dismantled.

To return to the simile with which this paper opened ; if Tutbury now enjoys repose, it is at least a repose that has been well earned. In the past it has played an active part.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.



## HUGH ELLIOT: THE SOLDIER- DIPLOMATIST.

“COMMENT, vous désertez les drapeaux de Mars et vous rentrez sous le joug de la politique? Mais ce sont des contes! Eh quoi! cet Elliot aimable, sociable, léger, étourdi, galant, petit-maître, consent à s’enfermer dans le fond des cabinets! Mais c’est un larcin fait à la société! Cela me confond dans mes idées. Quoi, le vif et léger Elliot va donc prendre sur soi l’air sombre et flegmatique d’un Ministre; après ce phénomène je ne désespère pas un jour de voir le Pape habillé en hussard.”

It was thus that Colonel Petersohn, Russian *chargé d'affaires*, in 1774, apostrophised his friend when the news arrived that young Hugh Elliot, after a brief but glorious campaign with the Russian forces, was suddenly launched into the diplomatic service. Elliot's own tastes were far from leading him into Courts and Cabinets; he was a soldier by nature as well as training, but by a peculiar irony of fate it was the very distinction which he had earned in the field which led to his being marked out for a diplomatist. Being disappointed of a commission in the British Army, he took service with Marshal Romanzow, who was making war upon the Turkish frontiers. An opportunity speedily occurred for young Elliot to distinguish himself. Fourteen thousand Russians, in trying to cross the Danube at Georgesn, were surprised by the Turks, and six hundred were taken prisoners. Elliot, with marvellous agility, sprang right over the heads and sabres of the foe into the river and swam across. This and other feats of daring brought him under the notice of the Russian commander, who wrote to the British Minister at St. Petersburg on his behalf, and also addressed words of cordial congratulation to Elliot himself. The Russian Ambassador in London was instructed to report to the English Government on Elliot's exploits, and the result was that the post of Minister to the Court of Munich was offered as a reward.

This mightily pleased Hugh's father, Sir Gilbert Elliot, of Minto. Sir Gilbert was a hard-headed Scotchman, with a respect



for official employment. He had sent both his sons abroad, and had them trained in military schools, and he would have been quite content for his younger son to have entered the army at home in the regular way; but when the hoped-for commission proved unattainable, and Hugh took to roving about the Continent in search of military adventure, Sir Gilbert was far from satisfied. If his son went abroad to seek employment, let him find it and stick to it, but this flitting from one capital to another, turning up now in Vienna, now in Warsaw, now in Constantinople, was nothing but pleasure-seeking and waste of time. The stern father relaxed somewhat when he heard of his son braving the sabres of the Turks, swimming rivers by holding on to the tail of a Cossack's horse, and performing marvellously rapid journeys in the service of his general; and when the encomiums of the Russian commander brought so substantial a recognition as the offer of a post in the diplomatic service, Sir Gilbert was completely satisfied. Not so the son. Pleased as he was with the honour so unexpectedly conferred upon him, he found it hard to turn his back upon the active life of the soldier which he loved so well and betake himself to an occupation foreign to his nature and temperament. He was then twenty-one years of age, with a superabundance of animal spirits, and a keen restless intellect. Dr. Somerville, who was his tutor, describes him when a boy as a delightful companion, possessing "quickness of apprehension, facility and fluency of expression, with a keenness and subtilty in debate which would have ensured his reputation as an orator if he had had the good fortune to sit in Parliament."

Madame du Deffand, in a letter to Horace Walpole, in 1770, speaks of Gilbert and Hugh Elliot being in Paris. Hugh, at that time, would have been eighteen. The two lads pleased the Marquise immensely. She says:

"Ils sont infiniment aimables; ils savent parfaitement le français, ils sont gais, doux et polis, et plaisent à tout le monde; je les vois souvent; j'ai pour eux toutes les attentions possibles; mais ils n'ont besoin de personne pour les faire valoir."<sup>1</sup>

There was not much diplomatic business for Elliot at Munich, but what little there was he accomplished to the satisfaction of his Government. Anything in the nature of opposition roused his spirit at once, and he set himself to baffle intrigues with the same vigour which he employed in parrying sabre thrusts. But his chief rôle was that of *bon viveur*, and he soon became a favourite at Court, accompanying the Elector in the daytime on hunting expeditions, and

<sup>1</sup> *Correspondance Complète de la Marquise du Deffand.*

drinking punch with him in the evening. He contrived on more than one occasion to make the whole Electoral family drunk, a feat which considerably added to his reputation.

Elliot, while thus ministering to the dissipation of the Court, was perfectly aware of the rotten state of the society into which he was plunged. Perhaps there was not much to choose in point of morals between the Courts of Europe at that time, but in Bavaria it was not the Court only, but the whole nation, that was sunk in ignorance and corruption. "To draw any picture of the state of this country," he writes, "would be to go back two ages in the progress of society. They are in nothing on a par with the rest of Europe except in music and debauchery."

The contrast which he presented in point of character to those around him is strikingly shown by the following incident :—A violent thunderstorm arose and a village was set on fire by the lightning. The flames were visible from the palace, and the courtiers, panic-struck, were huddled together, trembling and praying, in terror lest the lightning should strike the roof over their heads. Elliot said nothing, but slipping out of the circle unobserved went down through the storm to the village, helped to quench the flames, went about among the people restoring confidence, and gave all the money he had about him to the sufferers.

After about a year of dissipation at Munich, Elliot, sick of his surroundings and finding his expenses growing beyond his income, which was at the rate of £3 a day, suddenly changed his manner of life and withdrew from society. He had been sent on a mission to Ratisbon, and instead of living among the haunts of men he established himself upon a lonely island in the Danube, where he studied diligently and for recreation took solitary walks and rides. He was always a spendthrift, and it was only by some drastic measure that he was able to restore his finances to their equilibrium. His friends, especially his women friends, resented his living like a bear in a hole, as they said, and their efforts to draw him out were in the end successful, or perhaps the state of his finances improved, for in a few months we find "*le sauvage Elliot*" in the centre of Ratisbon society. His temperament was naturally gay, and he used to say of himself that he had spirits enough to enliven a whole German Court. In a letter to his mother he wrote, "I really believe that one would better deserve canonisation for having established societies for the reception *de l'allegro* than for having founded the most mortified, starved community of monks that ever wearied Heaven and themselves with their gloomy penances and prayers."

He must have been a trifle overwhelming sometimes with his tremendous spirits, as when he playfully threw a basin of milk over a friend who could not be roused to his own pitch of enthusiasm over the victories of the English army in America. These same spirits led him into all sorts of escapades, from which his tutor, friend, and secretary, Liston, did his best to free him by performing many unofficial acts of diplomacy. The experience which Liston gained as confidant of his chief's numerous *affaires du cœur* was doubtless useful in after-life, for Elliot's secretary had a long career and lived to be styled the father of the diplomatic body.

Beneath Elliot's exuberant gaiety were sterling qualities. His influence on young men of weak character was steady and strengthening. On one occasion he received a message of thanks for having inspired a scapegrace lord with a nobler ideal in life than mere enjoyment. "Till he had the good fortune to meet you I always dreaded that pleasure would have been the only pursuit of his life," wrote the friend; "you have convinced him of the extreme insipidity and contemptibleness of such a character." The Countess Thun, one of the most cultivated women of her day, who knew Elliot well, said that her only desire was that her son should resemble him. He had no hidden vices; his faults were all on the surface, open to every one's view, and did not poison the springs of his character.

Elliot was well pleased when, in 1776, his Bavarian mission ended, and the *engelschön* Morton Eden came in his place. He had had more than enough of Bavarian society, and paid his farewell visits with unconcealed delight.

Elliot had now to exchange the jovial companionship of the Elector of Bavaria for that of the morose Frederick the Great, and the revels of the miniature Versailles, as Munich loved to call itself, for the Spartan *régime* of the Court of Berlin. The city itself at that period was one of the most depressing imaginable, barrack-like, gloomy, and deserted. An English traveller remarked, "The Prussian monarchy reminds me of a vast prison, in the centre of which appears the great keeper, occupied in the care of his captives." There was none of the whirl and gaiety which fill the streets of Berlin to-day. The city was more like a parade-ground, and, as Heine wrote fifty years later in that "Jammerthal,"

Miserabel ist das Leben dass man erfahren muss.

The aristocracy were too poor to do much to soften the harshness of the life, and the excessive parsimony of a Court where the guests groped their way up a staircase lighted by a single candle to a

supper-table from which they rose with undiminished appetites, had a depressing effect on society. It is true that Frederick did not trouble the Berliners much with his presence. He shut himself up in his palaces at Potsdam and Sans-Souci, and gave as brief audiences as possible to his subjects in Berlin. He had all the avenues to his royal person strictly guarded, and was so chary of receiving foreign ministers that one Frenchman complained: "On y traite les ministres à la vénitienne; la cour et la ville ont peu de communication avec eux; les personnes auxquelles ils se lient et les maisons qu'ils fréquentent deviennent même suspectes."

Fortunately for Elliot, he was too much of a soldier to mind the rigidity of a military city, and, having intellectual tastes, he appreciated the society of the French *savants* who redeemed the dulness of Frederick's Court. Elliot had been used in his boyhood to seeing the leading *litterati* of the day at his father's house. Among Sir Gilbert Elliot's friends were David Hume, Lord Kames, Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu, and Robertson the historian, who read to his host the manuscript of "Charles the Fifth."

Before going to Berlin Elliot made a last desperate effort to resume soldiering. England was then at war with America, and Elliot was burning to join the British Army. Sir Gilbert, with his usual cold seriousness, demonstrated the folly of taking such a step, while Lady Elliot exercised all a mother's persuasive arts, and drew graphic pictures of the life of dreary inactivity to which (if he escaped) Hugh must look forward when the war was over, and he would be compelled to drag out a weary existence on half-pay and minus an arm or a leg. Elliot allowed himself to be dissuaded from volunteering, and almost immediately after was appointed Ambassador at Berlin, where, instead of fighting for his country with his hands, he was called upon to defend her honour with his lips. Frederick was violently anti-English, and vented his spleen on the British Minister, indulging in taunts and sneers at the expense of England. In order to mark his contempt for this country he sent as ambassador Count Luisi, a notoriously unfit personage, and, turning to Elliot one day, asked what was thought in London of the Prussian Minister. "That he is a worthy representative of your Majesty," replied Elliot, bowing low.

When Elliot arrived in Berlin his reception was most gracious, and his friends congratulated him on his fortunate commencement, remarking that he was just the sort of man the King liked. Elliot, on his side, had all a soldier's admiration for Frederick, "a great, victorious monarch, with a numerous army." He soon made him-



self at home among the different coteries, discussing literature and science with the *savants*, being ready for a hand at whist with the card devotees, galloping about the flat roads, like a hussar, with any boon companion, and playing the gallant among the ladies. The Berliners took to him, and looked indulgently on any traits of character which they did not comprehend, and which they attributed to the eccentricity of his nation. At the same time, there were drawbacks to Berlin society, especially for a man in so prominent a position as Elliot. The feeling against this country ran very high, and everything that could be turned to the disadvantage of England was seized upon with avidity. It was not only the insolence of the monarch, but the sneers and taunts of those about the Court, that Elliot had to meet. When France declared openly in favour of American independence, a swaggering Frenchman came up to Elliot and said: "*Voilà un fameux soufflet que la France a donné à l'Angleterre.*" "*Et voilà le soufflet que l'Angleterre rend à la France par ma main,*" replied Elliot, suiting the action to the words. We do not hear that the Frenchman called him out for this; probably he thought it well to leave so ready an antagonist alone.

In spite of all contrarieties, Elliot found life in Berlin agreeable on the whole. "*Berlin me plaît infiniment,*" he writes to a Viennese friend; "*on a du loisir, de la liberté, et peu de bruit. La société y est mêlée comme partout ailleurs, il y a du bon et du mauvais; en général la bonhomie y règne plus que la vivacité et l'esprit. Les femmes sont sans talens, sans beauté et sans grâces. Elles n'en jouent pas moins constamment au whist, au manille, et savent rester quatre heures à souper, au beau milieu de l'été, sans s'apercevoir si leur voisin mange ou dort, cela dépend de lui.*" He has the grace to add: "*D'ailleurs nous avons des personnes d'une société bien douce, et nous avons des beautés qui le seraient en tout pays.*"

In his bachelor days Elliot affected a cynical disbelief in the joys of wedded life. Speaking of his friend Lord Suffolk's marriage he said, "Although it is not my system to congratulate anybody upon marriage, yet I never fail to wish them what I think it is always two to one that they do not obtain."

Not long after he was settled in Berlin Elliot's impetuosity led him into a difficulty which might have cut short his diplomatic career. Elliot's biographer, the Countess of Minto, tells the story in one way, Carlyle in another. In the summer of 1777 there came to the Court of Frederick two Americans who were supposed to be sent on a secret mission to invoke the aid of Prussia on behalf of the rebellious colonies against England. Elliot was instructed by



his Government to keep watch over these envoys and learn the real purport of their visit. Thus far the two accounts agree, but at this point comes a divergence. Carlyle puts the responsibility for subsequent events entirely on the shoulders of the English Government. He says that Elliot's instructions were to obtain information at all costs, to steal the despatch-boxes of the envoys if necessary, He was dealing with rebels and must act accordingly.

"Elliot thereupon took accurate survey of the matter, and rapidly enough and with perfect skill, though still a novice in Berlin affairs, managed to do it. Privily hired or made his servant hire the chief Housebreaker or Pickpocket in the City. 'Lee (the name of one of the envoys) lodges in such and such an hostelry; bring us his Red-box for a thirty hours; it shall be well worth your while!' And in brief space the Red-box arrives accordingly; a score or two of ready writers waiting for it, who copy all day, all night, at the top of their speed, till they have enough; which done the Red-box is left on the stairs of the Lee Tavern; box locked again and complete; only the Friedrich Lee secrets completely pumped out of it, and now rushing day and night towards England, to illuminate the supreme Council Board there."<sup>1</sup>

According to the Countess of Minto, it was Elliot's own imprudence simply which led to the rape of the papers, and he took upon himself the whole blame. One day at dinner he remarked that he would gladly pay any one who would procure him the papers. Thereupon one of his German servants conceived the idea of stealing the despatch-box, laid his plans, effected an entrance, and carried off the box. The affair was discovered, the police set to work, and Elliot's servant was accused of the theft. Thereupon Elliot made a clean breast of it, explained that the fault was his, owing to his hasty words, restored the papers, and sent his secretary to England with a full description of the affair and an offer of resignation. The offer was not accepted. Elliot was cautioned and forgiven. The King of Prussia took very little public notice of the affair, and merely announced his royal wish that the matter should be dropped. But in writing to his brother, Prince Henry, Frederick says:

"All Berlin is talking of it. If one were to act with vigour, it would be necessary to forbid this man the Court, since he has committed a public theft; but not to make a noise I suppress the thing. Shan't fail, however, to write to England about it, and indicate that there was another way of dealing with such a matter, for they are impertinent."

<sup>1</sup> Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, vol. x.

In a letter to his predecessor, Sir James Harris, who was then at St. Petersburg, Elliot seems to have entertained the idea of resigning at this period on different grounds. He says :

"I have promised to give you an account of my reasons for having wished to quit Berlin, and why I am still here. You know how very inconsonant I always thought it to the dignity and interest of Great Britain to permit the Court of France to receive the rebel commission at Paris. It was my opinion that Government ought at first to have insisted upon a full explanation. For my own part I was thoroughly resolved not to remain at Berlin if any such phenomenon appeared upon this theatre. The King of Prussia, in order to pay his court to the French and gratify his ill-will towards us, had actually accepted of a similar mission. I wrote home to Lord Suffolk that I could not prevail upon myself to remain here if any such person arrived and was countenanced here, and therefore asked provisional leave to quit my post. As soon as I received this line I was prepared to march. The King of Prussia, finding himself *joué par la France*, took a fright, and sent the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick to me to inquire into the reasons of my departure. I told the Prince of Brunswick the real truth : that I was well informed a rebel agent was to arrive here ; that his Prussian Majesty's Ministers carried on a correspondence with the rebels ; that every step taken of late by this Court was so hostile that I would no longer stay to be witness of it ; that I knew myself too well not to be certain that the city of Berlin was not big enough to hold me and an American agent. I owned, however, I spoke as Elliot, that perhaps my Court had not the same feelings, and I had no doubt there might be found men mean enough to fill my post were I to quit it. In answer to this I received assurance from the King of Prussia that all American connections should be put a stop to, the passage of the Hanoverian troops granted, and a courier was despatched to prevent the arrival of the agent, who was already set out from Paris. Everything now goes smoothly, and I obtained a complete victory. At home I should not have been supported another would have been sent in my place, and that cursed want of vigour which has occasioned all our misfortunes would have prevailed here as well as elsewhere. I meant to have gone to America in any capacity. In short, I find our pusillanimous forbearance is the real cause of the insolence of our enemies ; they do not trust to their own strength, they rely upon our weakness and incapacity. I wish we had a change of men and measures."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of First Earl of Malmesbury.*

The Red-Box incident did not tend to make Elliot more acceptable to Frederick, whose ill-humour and animosity to England increased with years. News arrived that Hyder Ali was making raids upon our Indian possessions, and Frederick seized upon the opportunity of trying to embarrass and humiliate the British Minister.

"Who is this Hyder Ali?" asked Frederick of the British ambassador. "Un vieux voleur qui commence à radoter," replied Elliot.

In spite of this rebuff, Frederick returned to the charge. When Hyder Ali was repulsed the official account contained expressions of gratitude to Providence. "Je ne savais pas que la Providence fût de vos alliés," sneered the King. "Le seul, Sire, que nous ne payons pas," replied Elliot.<sup>1</sup>

An occasional brush with the King relieved the tedium of the Court, and it was some compensation for living in the society of persons inimical to England to be able to turn the tables on the redoubtable Frederick.

In addition to other annoyances, Elliot was constantly in pecuniary difficulties. "My affairs are deep gone in a consumption," he writes, "and can only be saved by a hearty infusion of *metals* which are not to be met with." He was very hospitable, and when English visitors passed through Berlin he would entertain them, lend them money, and back their bills. Among other duties which fell to his lot was that of presenting at Court those of his countrymen who desired to pay their respects to the King. These presentations were made in Berlin itself, not at Potsdam.

"The King has been here," writes Elliot in October 1777, "to the astonishment of all croakers, hearty and in high spirits. He was very civil to all of us. I was attended by one dozen English, which nearly completes my half-hundred this season. Pitt made one of the twelve, and was particularly distinguished. King: 'Monsieur est-il parent de Mylord Chatham?' Pitt: 'Oui, Sire.' King: 'C'est un homme que j'ai beaucoup estimé.'"

Sir James Harris, formerly British ambassador at Berlin, had left Elliot a list of the principal personages with whom he was likely to come in contact, in which the characteristics of the various foreign Ministers were unceremoniously set down in phrases such as the following:

"Sardinian Minister, ingenious; odd, suits me; good for an Italian.

<sup>1</sup> This repartee is ascribed by Thiébault to Sir Andrew Mitchell, a former ambassador, but is claimed for Elliot by his biographer.

Palatine Minister, good; to be consulted about visits." Finally, Sir James Harris left the general recommendation, "Avoid all the women." He knew, from personal experience, the dangers which awaited Elliot, but his warning fell on deaf ears.

There was a certain brilliant blonde in Berlin, a noted beauty, who turned men's heads before she was out of the schoolroom. Her mother, twice a widow, had been attached to the Court of Queen Sophia Dorothea, mother of Frederick the Great. The fair enchantress, who had nearly caught Harris in her toils, was still in her teens at the time of Elliot's entrance into Berlin society. Various friends, alive to Elliot's foibles and the risk he was running, sent messages of caution. But Elliot was obstinate. Not even ridicule had any effect upon him. He continued to sun himself in the smiles of Mademoiselle Krauth, who was irreverently spoken of by his correspondents as "Miss Cabbage." It was to no purpose that Harris wrote: "If you feed on sprouts you will find them hard of digestion." Careless of the future, Elliot rushed headlong into matrimony, and for a time his impetuosity seemed justified. The bride was charming and gracious, and the house of the English Minister became a favourite gathering-place. "*Où retrouverai-je le charme de nos entretiens? La société délicieuse de la chère famille anglaise à Berlin ne se retrouve nulle part,*" wrote one of the frequent guests. But these halcyon days were soon to be permanently overclouded. A change of Ministry in England brought Elliot's mission to an end, and it was decided to send him to Copenhagen. Elliot thus describes the condition of affairs in a letter to Sir James Harris, April 1782:—

"The revolution in our Ministry gives, as you will believe, infinite pleasure at Potsdam. They consider it here as a victory of their friends over their enemies. . . . Laix has, it seems, written that Mr. Fox has expressed the wishes of our new Administration to renew the ancient good understanding or connection between the two Courts, and, they add, has promised that Mr. Elliot shall be recalled, and a person sent that shall be more agreeable to his Prussian Majesty."<sup>1</sup>

When the time came for him to enter upon his duties at Copenhagen, it was winter, and Mrs. Elliot refused to accompany her husband on the ground that her health would suffer from the journey in such weather. She had previously declined to go with him to England on a visit to his family, and this second refusal might have opened his eyes. Perhaps he was engrossed by his money difficulties, which were peculiarly pressing. But he left Berlin with a pun on

<sup>1</sup> *Letters of First Lord Malmesbury*, vol. i.



his lips: "I am far from having a Sans-Souci, and I think I am coming to be sans six sous."

After Elliot had been established at Copenhagen for some months, he proposed that his wife should join him. Then the storm broke. The Berlin beauty was tired of her English husband, and had no intention of following him to Copenhagen or anywhere else out of Germany. She had a lover more to her taste close at hand in her cousin, Baron Kniphausen, who was an officer of the household of Prince Henry of Prussia. The guilty pair concocted a letter to deceive Elliot, but he, detecting something wrong, started off instantly for Berlin, without waiting for official leave of absence. On reaching his own house he found his wife absent, and, calling the servants together, he locked them all up while he searched his wife's room. In her desk was the draft of the letter she had sent him, in the Baron's handwriting. Having secured this document, he told the nurse to prepare herself and the child for an immediate journey. The coachman at first refused to put to the horses, but Elliot, standing sword in hand, forced him to obey. Having conveyed his child to Denmark, he returned to Berlin to fight a duel with Baron Kniphausen, who had sent an insolent reply to his challenge and then took refuge in flight. Elliot tracked him to an inn on the road to Mecklenburg, and rushing upstairs to the room the Baron had taken, burst in, locked the door behind him, and challenged his affrighted foe. After being soundly belaboured with a cane, Kniphausen consented to fight. The duel was fixed for the next morning, but when day broke the Baron had fled once more. Elliot returned to Berlin, and made known the affair among his acquaintances. Kniphausen was at length dragged out of his hiding-place and forced into consenting to the duel once more by a determined relative, who addressed him in the following terms:—

"I was your friend, but in consequence of the infamous conduct you have adopted I am so no longer. You are, however, my relation, and on that account I am involved in some degree in your disgrace. I will not support the dishonour of any one: you shall meet Elliot in the field or perish at my hands. Take your choice."<sup>1</sup>

Thus placed between two fires, Kniphausen accepted Elliot's challenge. He was offered the alternative of signing a paper containing a full acknowledgment of his own misdeeds. At the last moment he was ready to accept this if certain words were changed, to which Elliot replied, "Not a letter." The duel began, but after the second discharge Kniphausen, though untouched, offered to sign.

<sup>1</sup> *Original Anecdotes*, Thiébauld.



Thus ended the duel. Elliot, who had been suffering from illness for some time, returned to Berlin to the care of the doctors, and Kniphausen was taken into custody. Subsequently Elliot obtained a divorce, and Mrs. Elliot thereupon married her cousin, with whom, however, she soon quarrelled. This stormy episode closes one phase of Elliot's career.

Elliot, having arranged his domestic affairs, was now free to devote himself entirely to his public duties. A political crisis was pending in Denmark. The young Prince Royal, son of the unfortunate Queen Caroline Matilda, whose interests had been so gallantly upheld some twelve years before by our ambassador, Sir Robert Keith, was in danger of being deprived of the succession by the machinations of the Queen Dowager, who was supported by Frederick the Great. It was England's policy to side with the nephew of George III. and counteract Prussian ascendancy. The Prince's party took Elliot into their confidence, and disclosed to him a plan for asserting the Prince's rights by a *coup de main* at a meeting of the Council. Elliot was somewhat doubtful of the wisdom of the enterprise, but, feeling the necessity of supporting the Prince, responded with his usual readiness to the exigencies of the moment. He had to act on his own responsibility, as there was no time for the interchange of correspondence, and thus explains his conduct to Lord Carmarthen :

"For my own part, I have thought myself under the necessity of taking a decision without waiting for any instructions from home, as there was no possibility of their arriving before the conclusion of this important transaction. . . . Should the opposite party have come to any overt act of violence, I should have asked leave to appear openly in his (the Prince's) defence ; and by the fortunate arrival of a number of English ships at this critical juncture, there was little doubt but that I might have procured essential assistance from their crews and other persons attached to me in Copenhagen." <sup>1</sup>

George III. was highly pleased with the ambassador's conduct, and congratulations poured in from private friends.

Four years later Elliot was called upon to go to the rescue of another distressed royalty. This was Gustavus III. of Sweden, who was making a desperate effort to maintain the independence of his country. Disaffection was rife in the army, Russia's enormous bulk threatened to overwhelm the little kingdom, and Denmark conceived it to be to her interest to side with the more powerful. But England and Prussia, who since the death of Frederick the Great had grown to be of one accord, were both unwilling to see Sweden dismembered.

<sup>1</sup> *Memoir of Hugh Elliot*, by Lady Minto.

There was no English Minister at Stockholm, so it was decided that Elliot should go to offer the mediation of England and Prussia and confer with King Gustavus on the situation. When Elliot reached Stockholm the King was nowhere to be found. He was wandering about the country trying to rally the peasants to his standard. Elliot went from place to place for eleven days without success.

"At length, exhausted with fatigue and illness, I reached the King at Carlstadt. . . . Without generals, without troops, and with few attendants, he was devoid of every means of defence. The King's own words were, that 'I found him in the same situation with James II., when he was obliged to fly his kingdom and abandon his crown.' He was on the point of falling a victim to the ambition of Russia, the treachery of Denmark, and the factious treason of his nobility. In the sincerity of distress the King also added, 'to the mistakes of his own conduct.' Backed as I presumed myself to be by the joint concert of the Kings of Great Britain and Prussia, I did not limit the expressions dictated by the animating conviction of the reality of my powers, and replied with confidence 'Sire, prêtez-moi votre couronne, je vous la rendrai avec lustre.'"

Gothenburg, in the mean time, was in danger of falling into the hands of Denmark, and Gustavus decided to go off in disguise, with only a couple of attendants, in the hope that his presence might restore confidence to the beleaguered city. It was, however, the presence of the British Minister that saved Sweden at this crisis. Elliot first proceeded to the Danish head-quarters to try negotiation, but the Danes were stubborn, and, feeling that there was nothing for it but resistance, Elliot rejoined the King at Gothenburg. Here his knowledge of military science was invaluable, and with characteristic energy he at once began to direct the preparations for defence. "I knew," he wrote, "how decisive the appearance of an English Minister at that trying moment would be at Gothenburg—it re-united the well-disposed, and disheartened the disaffected." His presence not only inspired the Swedes with hope, but weakened the resistance of their enemies. Elliot had declared to the Danish prince that unless he drew off his army England would put an embargo on all Danish ships in her ports, and bombard the Castle of Kronenburg.

"The Prince of Denmark, struck with these menaces, immediately thought of retiring, when the Prussian Minister came and seconded that of Great Britain. A truce was presently concluded, and the army of the Danish Prince now peaceably returned to Norway. It was certainly to the spirit and activity of the British Minister that Gustavus was indebted for the preservation of Gothenburg. The

menaces held out by that envoy had not been prescribed him in his despatches, but they succeeded.”<sup>1</sup>

Gustavus freely acknowledged his obligations to Elliot. He wrote, after the signing of the armistice, to one of his generals :—

“By the arrangements we have made, Gothenburg is safe from insult ; and I hope that in eight days we may be able to take a higher tone. I cannot praise Elliot sufficiently. He has accomplished a master stroke, which does as much honour to his judgment as to his courage, and which, by saving Sweden, preserves the balance of Europe and covers England with glory.” A few weeks later, when Elliot arrived at the town of Uddewalle, he received a letter from the citizens beseeching his intercession on their behalf with the Danish general.

“ ’Tis a glory for this town to receive your Excellence, and also for its magistrates to pay their humble attendance. The Swedes in general love and esteem the English nation, but we feel a special veneration and love for your Excellency’s high person, who, by the grace of God, is the true and effective man to restore peace and tranquillity to the North. We have the greatest reason to return our humble thanks to your Excellence, who already has mediated and procured a stop to the cruels of the war, through this most desired and happy suspension of arms. . . . Might it please your Excellence to recommend this little town to further gracious treatment, that no contribution may be asked from it ? ”

Elliot’s work was not over with the conclusion of the armistice. Gustavus, relieved from his worst troubles, was inclined to overstep his rights, and it was all Elliot could do to prevent him from breaking faith with his foes. He had to insist on his rights as umpire to force the King to act honourably, and reminded him that “it was on the acknowledged character of British veracity, stable as the foundation of their island,” that the war was stopped, and that “it was on the verbal assurance of a stranger, credited by the faith of his name and country, that two armies, ready to combat, have resigned their hatred and renewed their ancient ties of amity and confraternity.”

Elliot had to defend himself from the charges of high-handed interference and of stirring up hostility against Russia and Denmark, but these accusations were only the snappings of some disappointed enemies. Most of those to whom he was opposed recognised his impartiality and uprightness. The “Annual Register,” in recording these events, remarks :—

<sup>1</sup> Tooke’s *Life of Catherine II.*

"The zeal, address, dexterity, and ability displayed by this Minister in all the parts of a successful but very difficult negotiation have seldom been equalled and can never be exceeded ; a stronger determination of which needs not to be given than that his merits were fully and generously acknowledged by those who considered him as entirely inimical to their interests, and felt themselves suffering under their effect."

The Duke of Leeds sent the following testimony from George III. :—

"I have the satisfaction of acquainting you, by His Majesty's command, that he highly approves the zeal and ability which you have manifested in the very delicate and critical situation in which you were placed, and in which you came under the necessity of acting from the pressure of the moment, without waiting for His Majesty's particular orders. His Majesty considers the general tenor of the instructions which you have received, and the peculiar urgency of the situation, as having fully justified you in the measures which you adopted to prevent the mischievous consequences of the extension of hostilities."

For the final phase of Elliot's diplomatic career we must turn to the South. Once again he is seen in the *rôle* of friend and adviser of a monarch in peril. This time it was a woman, and the antagonist was Napoleon in the full flush of his triumphs, the year before he was crowned Emperor. It was a notable trio : the impetuous, high-spirited daughter of Maria Theresa, Caroline, Queen of Naples ; the dauntless English minister ; and the "Scourge of Europe." Poor, timid King Ferdinand IV. can hardly be said to count ; he left everything to the Queen, and was indeed so much afraid of bringing down upon his head the wrath of France that he could hardly be induced to receive Elliot. French armies were on the frontier of Italy, and the distracted bankrupt Neapolitan kingdom was in imminent danger of losing its independence entirely, the peril being none the less for the specious pretences of friendship and peace advanced by Napoleon. England, then at war with France, desired above all things to keep Sicily and Naples neutral and independent, and Elliot's task was to strengthen the hands of the King and Queen in every possible way. At his back was Nelson, with a fleet in the Mediterranean, and many were the communications that passed between the great admiral and the soldier-diplomatist, though there was often difficulty in transmitting letters. With a sailor's directness of expression, Nelson writes to Elliot, off Capri :



"I send you an order which when necessary you will deliver to the Commander of any King's Ship in the Bay of Naples. I will never trust the Royal Family; but if you think it right to send away the Ship with any despatches to me, you must judge of the propriety of it. You may rely on my care of you by water."<sup>1</sup>

Nelson was frequently at a loss to find a safe passage for his despatches home, and asks Elliot:

"Pray tell me, can I write to England through Naples with safety? How do your despatches go?"

Elliot's presence soon made itself felt in the altered tone of the Neapolitan Court, and so influential an opponent did Napoleon regard him that the French ambassador was instructed to demand his dismissal, if the Neapolitans did not wish to see their territories at once occupied by France. Naples had, however, by this time gained courage, and replied to the French bluster with a firm refusal. Elliot was entirely in the confidence of the Queen. She daily held interviews with him, discussing every point of the political situation, wrote him long letters, and, as every fresh occasion of distress and perplexity arose, turned to him for sympathy and counsel. No English ambassador was ever treated with a greater degree of regard and intimacy by the Court to which he was accredited. The Queen addresses him as a personal friend, is interested in all his family affairs, and speaks affectionately of his children. It may be added here that Elliot's second marriage proved as happy as the first had been disastrous.

Unfortunately, the Queen did not remain constant either to her friendship or her political alliance. She dallied with various parties, allowed herself to be swayed by various counsels, and in the end the French crossed the frontier, and the King and Queen had to take refuge in Palermo. In the same year there was a change of Ministry in England, which brought about Elliot's recall, and General Fox, Commander of the Forces in Sicily, was appointed in his stead. In the course of this, his last diplomatic mission, he had received another flattering recognition of his services from George III. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Lord Mulgrave, wrote:

"I have the greatest satisfaction in communicating to you His Majesty's fullest approbation of the indefatigable zeal with which you have attended to the object of your mission, and of the talent and judgment with which you have acquired so considerable an influence in the councils of the Court of Naples."

<sup>1</sup> *Despatches and Letters of Lord Nelson*, vol. vi.

Here we take leave of Elliot the ambassador. He did not die in harness, as might have been expected. After acting as Governor of the Leeward Islands and Governor of Madras he returned to England, and spent the last ten years of his life—from 1820 to 1830—among his friends in London. Curiously enough, on his way home from Madras, he was forced, on account of weather, to stay some time at St. Helena, but nothing would induce him to visit Napoleon, whom he regarded “as the greatest enemy his country had ever had, and a curse to Europe.”

In the course of his diplomatic career Elliot had to cope with the two foremost men of the age, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Neither attempted to treat him as a *quantité négligeable*. The King, from personal contact, found in him a man whose dauntless spirit only rose the higher with rebuffs; the Emperor, from afar, felt the power of his influence, and recognised a force which threatened to nullify his own schemes.

GEORGIANA HILL.

## *THE ROMANCE OF THATMAIYO BRIDGE.*

A WAY on the borders of an ancient kingdom of Southern Asia, a great gorge broke for centuries the continuity of the already sufficiently difficult road which still winds among dim teak forests and jungle-clad ranges from the banks of a turbid river through the Shan country into China. Even now, when the British Government has built rest-houses and police outposts all along it, that road is best traversed in broad daylight, when it can be seen if a landslip has gouged out some portion overhanging a precipice, while the few Europeans who cross it on official business halt and gaze down with wonder into the depths of Thatmaiyo Gorge.

Riven through the mountains by some convulsion of Nature ages ago, it lies an awful gulf of shadow where, just at noon, the sunlight touches the palms far away below, while at any other time the spray of a frothing torrent mingles with the mist which hides half the dripping jungles on the less precipitous sides until these in turn give place to stunted deodars on the heights above. Yet from time immemorial, a stream of native commerce passed that way into the red country—tea, silk, spices, incense, coming down on the little hill ponies' backs, which the ancestors of Boh Maiyo plundered at will. Once a frail bridge of twisted creepers spanned the narrowest part of the chasm until the father of the Boh hewed it through, just when a band of armed merchants who refused to pay his toll were crossing, and the gorge became the scene of another tragedy. Afterwards, for a generation, the pack-trains spent three days winding down through transverse ravines and painfully scaling the heights again, and no one refused the Boh his due, until one day an emissary of the British Government decided that such a state of affairs had lasted long enough, and orders were given for a bridge to be built.

So two ropes were made in Sheffield from little bars of steel with blisters on them smelted with charcoal in Swedish forests and after-

wards melted down in small plumbago crucibles, so many pounds at a time, which is a costly and old-world process, though no modern method produces the same quality of steel, and the Government demanded the best. Then the rods rolled from it were quenched in the old hardening water which is dearer than sherry, drawn into wire and tempered in oil again by men whose skill was inherited, and when at length the ropes were finished, each strand was proved to possess double the strength of common steel, while the outer ones could scarcely be scraped by a file. Coiled up on huge wooden drums, they suggested only the prosaic completion of work well done, and yet each roll of tough hard metal was to play its part in romance.

Next, Edward Kennedy, bridge-builder, went up into the forests, taking with him one white assistant, several score of mechanics trained on Indian railways, and at least as many Hindoo coolies, besides ponderous elephants carrying portable forges and two heavy wooden drums, whose purpose the dusky natives made vague guesses at. It was in the wet season, and several loaded beasts fell over a precipice, while at times the elephants stuck fast in the mire. A landslip also obliterated one camp, and when they neared the gorge a number of the coolies, without acquainting Kennedy of their intentions, departed hurriedly for the coast, while the rest declared they had seen malevolent faces watching them among the leaves. But Kennedy, who fell sick of dysentery, and was carried in a hammock, held on stubbornly, for he had expected this, and, in due time, with a third of his followers and various valuable sundries missing, reached the gorge.

It was a listless evening some time later when he sat in the doorway of his tent puzzling over a strip of paper which was covered with what seemed Chinese characters. High above, the deodars were fading into dimness, and the ranges loomed up black and solemn against the dying light, while the last glimmer of the cooking fires only intensified the gloom. He could hear the fret of the torrent in unseen depths, and there was a drumming of moisture upon vibrating leaves, until the strangeness of it all grew oppressive, and he felt as it were translated out of the nineteenth century into the beginning of a primeval world. Then there was a sound of cautious footsteps, and Kennedy started when, half visible in the light of a dying fire, a white man approached the tent. His thin uniform was torn in places, his helmet bulged and shapeless from long exposure to sun and rain, and only the big revolver seemed cared for and new. Kennedy also noticed that both face and frame



bore the stamp of the damp hot climate in a certain gauntness, though the former was keen and resolute. Then the stranger smiled as though enjoying his bewilderment, and waved the two Indian soldiers behind him away.

"Thought I'd come over the ranges and see you," he said. "It's very lonely here until one gets used to it; besides, I'm out of tobacco and haven't seen a white man for months."

"I am very glad," said Kennedy, passing his cigar-box across. "Sit down; these are at your disposal. May I ask who you are?" and the stranger laughed as he answered, "Lieutenant Cochrane, joint ruler of this delectable district with the Boh Maiyo. My jurisdiction extends so far as there is sunlight to sight a rifle in, and the Boh takes over all that's hidden in the shadow of the bush. We stalk each other on opportunity, and that's one reason I came so quietly."

"I was warned about him," said Kennedy. "Perhaps he sent me this letter. Can you read it?" and opening the flimsy paper under a paraffin lamp, Cochrane nodded as he answered "Yes; this gorge was his favourite home until I hunted him out of it; we lost several Sikhs in the process. Now he lives mostly among the peaks up there, and it's strange he hasn't already called upon you. He has persuaded some trader to write you an indignant remonstrance, pointing out that from ancient days his people were custodians of the gorge, and he cannot allow any bridge to be built across it. You are therefore politely requested to go away or take the consequences."

This time Kennedy also laughed: "It's a chance I have long been waiting for, and the bridge will be built if all the robbers between here and China object to it," he said. "They can't burn that steel rope, and save for some made in two ancient cities no steel in the East can cut it" while Cochrane answered dryly, "No; but human bodies are not equally impervious, and if I were you I would sit close in camp and confine myself to tinned provisions. I will answer this, if I can get any one to bear the message, for the Boh has a habit of maiming those who bring him unpleasant tidings. Now tell me all about home, for we must start long before the dawn in case the Boh hearing of my coming is waiting for me."

The two lonely white men sat talking long into the night, and before he flung himself down fully dressed on Kennedy's trestle cot, Cochrane promised to come again, while when the former opened his eyes next morning there was no trace of either that officer or his soldiers, except that the cigar-box was empty and sundry bottles littered the floor. After this nothing happened for a week or so,

and Kennedy, who stretched the two stout cables across the ravine, buried the anchor-plates to hold them under loads of cement, and tried with indifferent success to get an average day's work out of his coloured assistants, who began to mutter that evil spirits haunted the place, while, unobserved, little wiry men watched him from the jungles. Also, as one of them afterwards testified, the Boh, who took counsel with his advisers among the fastnesses of the ranges, said it would be better not to destroy the bridge just then, but to wait until it was finished, when the blow would have treble effect. "Thus," he concluded, "all shall know that this jungle is mine, and no white man will venture again to build bridges in it. Meantime, why should this stranger sit down in peace?"

Then the Boh's hand became apparent, for a timber hewer was found with his throat cut beside the log he felled. Several of the coolies fell mysteriously sick, and Kennedy, remembering Cochrane's advice, grew cautious about his food, and sent his white assistant, who having lain helpless with fever most of the time was glad to go, back again. "I cannot do any good, and this ghastly place is crushing the life out of me," the latter said.

Sometimes there was a clinking in the darkness beyond the ravine, and when in the morning Kennedy swung himself across the awful chasm in a travelling cage, he found the print of naked feet in the mould and a few slight dents on the stout cables. Then, remembering the percentage of carbon that steel contained, he smiled dryly, and pictured the notched edge of the native blade. Twice also, as he stood panting beside the forges in the fierce heat of afternoon, the crash of a long gun filled the jungle with reverberations, and the first time his leading smith, a big-bearded man from beyond the Indus, stood up and cursed the heathen in the name of the Prophet, with two slugs in his arm, while the second something which whirled past Kennedy's head struck in the straight shaft of a palm, and on extraction proved to be of bright metal somewhat lighter than lead. More men mysteriously disappeared, and his sleep was broken by strange noises in the jungle, or the rush of a charging boulder which narrowly missed the camp.

But, though he grew anxious and careworn, he determined to match Western stubbornness against the patient cunning of the East, and kept the remnant of his men at work in fear and trembling by pointing out that they were safer there than wandering unarmed through the bush. So he slept in the daytime, and sat watching with the rifle across his knees all night, while day by day, as he and his invisible opponents played out the waiting game, the bridge grew

steadily. It, however, struck him as unneighbourly that Cochrane never intervened, and when once he told him so, the latter said, "I will do my part in due time, but you see my main object is to take the Boh red-handed, which is a difficult thing to do. We are watching each other, and the one who makes the first move gives his side away. What's that—a bullet fired at you?—it was probably made out of a rupee, the result of superstition common to West and East. They can't cut your cables, while their neighbours down country found it easy chopping telegraph wires up. Ergo, it's due to magic, and you are a wizard who can only be killed by a silver bullet. It also shows the Boh considers they have let you go far enough, and is now contemplating vigorous action."

"And what have they been doing meantime?" asked Kennedy in choleric astonishment, while Cochrane laughed as he answered "Amusing themselves, and seeing you did not get too happy. No, I am not going to undertake any wild-goose chase among the ranges after the Boh; can't afford to throw away my men like that, you know. My plan is to lie *perdu* and wait for him, but I'll leave this messenger with you; he will find me if I'm wanted badly."

He departed, leaving Kennedy in a state of righteous indignation, though the latter, who was by no means a timid man, redoubled his precautions. He had worked with Death for a neighbour before, when pestilence mowed down his comrades in Brazil, and had been shot at surveying for light railways in Western Africa. Still, he was decidedly unwilling that the Boh should destroy him or the results of his labour, and his whole heart was set upon the completion of his bridge. Therefore, with destruction hanging over his head, and sometimes descending at night to miss him by a yard or so, he continued doggedly at his dangerous task, a most unheroic, stumpy figure, in old alpaca jacket, very dingy topee, and when the sun was bright, a pair of smoked spectacles.

At last one morning his storekeeper came running in to say, "Last night I slept outside the store and heard no one, but when the sun rose the door was open and many tools had gone. This must surely be the work of jungle devils."

Kennedy, with practised eyes, noted what was missing and said half aloud, "It is time I sent Cochrane's messenger. The jungle spirits don't use sledge-hammers and cold chisels, so it's fairly evident some dusky mechanic has been hiding beside the forges to study modern workshop practice. You don't understand, storekeeper, but you may remember that if by witchcraft any more tools are missing, the count of your wages will be the less for it."

A week passed and nothing happened, save that the messenger returned with the laconic answer, "Keep both eyes open; he is ready to move," while Kennedy, who realised how hard it is to match the Oriental at a waiting game, drove the work forward, for at last he felt both nerve and patience yielding to the strain. Then one hot night he sat somewhat limp and dejected outside his tent, looking several years older than when he first came there. A full moon was rising blood-red above the jungle through filmy vapour, and though his side of the valley lay wrapped in deep shadow, he could see the growing light travel slowly across the bridge, which hung a fairy-like structure above the black abyss. The sweep of the trusty cables was fair to the eye; the web of well-braced metal beneath them seemed the perfection of strength with lightness, good in design and workmanship, neither could the builder's skilled inspection find any fault in it. Then he remembered how pleasant it would be to breathe the cool English air again, hear the voices of his fellows, and feel the pulse of civilisation beating about him after that dreary sojourn in the primeval solitude. Already, in fancy, he could inhale the freshness of green English meadows, until a monkey chattered, and recalled him to the steamy dimness of the tropics.

Some beast moved through the undergrowth; with a shock of rattling branches the monkeys fled, and the bush seemed filled with noises, then the silence that followed grew almost overwhelming. Kennedy looked about him, but no one stirred in all the camp and the fires had sunk to circles of pale embers, until he heard a sentry stumble among the creepers, and the sound brought comfort, for at least it betokened a tangible human presence. Then a stick snapped sharply, and though nothing followed he became a prey to the feeling that the surrounding blackness was filled with hostile beings; but the sentry gave no warning and he determined to dose himself next morning, for Kennedy, who was materialistic, smiled at psychology. But the feeling would not be shaken off, and presently, hearing a rustle like that made by a tightening tent-line, the bridge-builder rose sharply—too late.

Something smote him from behind, and as half dazed, with fingers tightening on the rifle trigger, he turned, there was a patter of naked feet and little men came pouring half seen out of the shadows. Once the repeater flashed, and though the bridge-builder fired from the hip, a choking cry rose up in answer; but it did not flash again, for some one crawling in the grass gripped his ankle, and he lost his balance. Then he had only a dim recollection of hearing a clamour



break out in the startled camp and seeing his alien labourers leap into the jungle, while sinewy hands closed tightly about his throat. Next, while his temples throbbed distressfully, he found himself lying bound with creepers upon the threshold of the tool store, where two little, narrow-eyed men also sat scowling at him. There was plenty of light to see them by, for the moon was clear of the forest now, and the red glare of a burning hut fell athwart the bridge.

Quaint figures with naked limbs in loose drapery scurried to and fro across it, hewing at the cables with glinting blades, and wrenching up the half-laid roadway, while others plied hammers that were too heavy for those unaccustomed to wield them, or howled when as the chisels slipped from the elastic steel a comrade brought the sledge down upon the holder's arm. Even then Kennedy smiled as he watched them, knowing that twelve months' labour so applied would be thrown away; for though the light structure vibrated under the blows, the men who made those ropes had done their work thoroughly, and the wire resisted all efforts to cut it in that fashion. Still, in other directions the destroyers did damage enough, and Kennedy wriggled fiercely under his bonds when each thud rising out of the blackness below told of some heavy piece of metal hurled into the gorge. The veins on his forehead grew swollen, the tough creepers bit into his flesh, but they refused to yield, even when his guards seeing him helpless slipped away to join in a search for plunder.

Nevertheless he looked on with grim satisfaction as, with lighted torches, they approached one particular hut, for a quantity of giant powder was stored in it. So, while shattered cases and cement bags were strewn about, diminutive men flitted round it under burdens until the roof fell in with a crash. Then a sudden blaze shot up, fragments of burning timber hurtled out of it, and though giant powder requires a detonator to produce its full effect, the expansion was clearly sufficient to burn and badly frighten some of the depredators, for they vanished into the shadows screaming shrilly. Afterwards there was only the clink and clash of hammers on the bridge, until some native genius suggested a new procedure, and a group of bent figures appeared rolling a boulder towards where the cables sloped to the anchor-plates.

With that for an anvil their efforts might become dangerous, and Kennedy groaned, feeling he would give the rest of his life to save the bridge. Yet, lying there, with bleeding wrists and ankles, coughing in the acrid smoke, he could do nothing, nor even decide whether when the ruin was completed he would be held for ransom or hurled into the gorge. From Cochrane's description he could

recognise the Boh, a slight yet commanding figure moving among the others, whose flashing tools and garments changed colour under the firelight like the glasses of a kaleidoscope, and then a regular clang of hammers broke out, different from anything which had preceded it, for the destroyers had the boulder beneath the chisels now. There was no more running to and fro, the clamour died away, for men waited methodically for their turn at the hammers, and Kennedy realised the end must be near. He could hear the cables vibrating in a duller tone, and once, he fancied, a sound in the jungle which made his heart beat wildly. But this also died away, and he started when a shadowy object wormed its way through the grasses, and he recognised the voice of his Pathan artificer.

"Lie still, Sahib ; stretch out your hands," it said. "There is help in the jungle. The ankles now," and Kennedy felt his bonds yield beneath a knife. He lay still after the first movement, which sent a shock of pain through his stiffened limbs, then following the other wriggled towards his tent, hoping the looters had not found the revolver under the pillow of his cot. No one saw him, and the weapon was there, while the Pathan had discovered a crowbar which he whispered grimly might serve, and again for a space the two sat still breathing hard, while Kennedy debated how to commence the diversion he knew was urgently needed.

Even as he did so, sudden and intense, the call of a whistle pierced the shadows, and, following it, spurts of flame streaked the jungle. Something rang metallically upon the bridgework, unseen missiles hummed out of the darkness, and the swarm of wreckers opened out, clamouring like a flock of startled wildfowl. Where they all went to Kennedy did not know, though he could hear a few smashing through the creepers, for his eyes were fixed upon the twos and threes of running men in uniform, and he shouted hoarsely at the twinkle of bayonets, remembering how Cochrane had said his messenger would find him when he was wanted. Then, as some converged upon the opposite head of the bridge, one man who was not a soldier ran back along it alone, leaping over the gaps in the partly finished road, and Kennedy, who saw it was the Boh, scrambled forward to meet him. A bareheaded white man followed, and when Kennedy and his Pathan stood waiting to cut off his retreat, the fugitive halted and glanced over his shoulder towards his pursuer. Once the engineer's revolver flashed, but his hands had been cramped by the bonds, and the bullet went wide, while there was a shout from the white man : "Quit firing ; you nearly shot me. Give him law ; the Boh is my property."

Then for a few moments Kennedy scarcely breathed, as with straining eyes he watched the tableau on the bridge. Drawn together, lithe and cat-like, with a blade that made pale flashes, the Boh waited as though ready for a spring; and, lowering the stumpy revolver, Cochrane, helmetless, in thorn-rent rags, stood still erect before him, saying something whose purport Kennedy could not catch. Then, as in fierce excitement the latter clenched his hands, the two men—Oriental and Briton—who had fought out each in his own dogged way a quarrel which had lasted two years now, stood silently face to face, until he saw Cochrane shift his grip on the revolver, as the other moved one foot. Next a black shape leaped forward under a circling blade, but instead of a crack of the pistol, Cochrane's arm swung out as he sprang aside, and Kennedy fancied he heard a thud. The Boh lost his balance, staggered forward, dropping his weapon, then turning half round stepped sideways with a growl of defiance, and vanished suddenly. Several seconds passed, then a faint crash like that of a broken branch rose faintly out of the abyss, and there was an impressive silence, while Cochrane stooping looked down through the gap in the bridge.

Afterwards he came forward picking his way, and said quietly: "Gone! and somehow I am almost sorry. We hunted each other so long that I shall miss him. Whether it was *felo de se* or an accident I don't exactly know; but in any case it was better so. He was a worthy enemy, and I wouldn't like to have seen him working in chains, like a petty thief. However, as a matter of duty, I did my best to take him."

Kennedy did not remember what his answer was, though he wrung Cochrane's hand, while when the dusky turbaned soldiers came back out of the undergrowth the latter said: "Got nobody; I did not expect they would. Still, there will be a safe passage through this region now, for they have no one fit to replace the Boh. At least he made a characteristic ending, and there was some excuse for him. This kind of work was born in him; and for generations his ancestors collected the forest tolls. I guessed what he was plotting, and lay low; but he was quicker than I expected, and might have succeeded only for the staunchness of your ropes."

Then he laughed, as Kennedy answered dryly: "I can't exactly appreciate the part you made me play, but, all things considered, I am much obliged to you. Meanwhile, you must be hungry; and now—the first time for many weeks—we can enjoy a meal in peace."

In little groups the coolies crept back again, and Cochrane, who

knew pursuit was useless in the dark, enjoyed a much-needed rest, while next morning Kennedy found that a few relief tackles were all that were needed to secure the bridge while he made good the slight damage to the cables. After this the work proceeded without interruption, and perhaps the ringing of hammers set the creepers trembling above the grave of the Boh. His body was never found by the white men, and Cochrane, who said his followers had stolen it away, declared that he was not sorry the grim ruler of the jungle should sleep undisturbed among its fastnesses. Also, in accordance with his advice, Kennedy made only a bald statement, for he said the authorities objected to sensational reports just then, and few white men ever heard the story of how the steel ropes defeated the Boh.

But the bridge was finished, and now the dusky drivers of the pack trains which pass in safety bless the man who built it, and Kennedy, who looks back upon those anxious days, also remembers his farewell in an old-world Eastern city. Each time he recalls it he can smell the wood smoke and faint odour of spices, and see the group of Europeans sitting round the long table, a few bronzed to the colour of coffee, but the most part pallid and hollow of face. Also, when Cochrane, who had made a long journey to bid him good-bye, rose up after the one toast, which has a special significance in the unhealthy tropics, "Absent friends," he raised his glass and nodded towards him, saying "To the memory of Boh Maiyo."

HAROLD BINDLOSS.



*A REFRAIN.*

**A** CROSS the meadows came the rain ;  
 The sheep went slowly down the lane ;  
 The maid sat at her window-pane ;  
 The shepherd, lingering, longed in vain.  
 So mingle dreams of bliss and bane !  
 Even with evening's still refrain  
 Mingle the dreams of bliss and bane !  
 The shepherd, lingering, longed in vain ;  
 The maid sat at her window-pane ;  
 The sheep went slowly down the lane ;  
 Across the meadows came the rain.

M. A. CURTOIS.

## *IN THE LAND OF HEREWARD.*

THE actual land of Hereward the Wake—that is, the land which the splendid old hero knew and loved, and for which he fought so well and died so gloriously—is no more ; but places associated with some of the chief events of his stirring history still retain their old names, and amongst them, despite the changes of long centuries, his memory lingers.

The wide stretches of mournful, lonely, silent Fen-land have long since vanished before the genius of the engineer and the energy of the scientific farmer ; and, although the average Englishman, with characteristic ignorance of his immediate surroundings, still talks of the Fens, still scouts the notion that a sane individual could spend and enjoy a holiday amidst dreary stretches of morass famous alone for skating and wild fowl, sunsets, and strange flowers, Fen-land there is no more.

Probably if Charles Kingsley had never written “*Hereward the Wake*,” the memory of one of England’s truest patriots would have passed away for ever. In his brief introduction of the book to Mr. Wright, Kingsley says :—

“You first disinterred him when scarcely a hand or a foot of him was left standing out from beneath the dust of ages. . . . You taught me since how to furbish his rusty harness, botch his bursten saddle, and send him forth once more upon the ghost of his gallant mare.” And, with all acknowledgment to the teacher, it is to the pupil that modern Englishmen owe their acquaintance with the Lincolnshire hero, for to every man who has had an opportunity of reading what Mr. Wright wrote about Hereward, there must be a hundred who have revelled through the gallant pages of Kingsley.

But how are we to define Hereward’s country ? With what particular places are we to associate his name most closely ?

With the Bruneswald, where for so long he and his fellow-patriots led a free, fierce, hard yet joyous life as outlaws after the betrayal of Ely ? With Ely, sacred to all time as the Isle of the English,

where the great Norman Conqueror received his hardest buffets during his conquering progress? With Peterborough? With Cornwall? With Flanders? With Scotland? With Ireland?

All these may fairly be comprised within Hereward's country, for in each one he distinguished himself. But a man's country is the land of his birth, the spot around which he hangs all his love and his hope, to which his heart turns at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances, and the mention of which awakens within him the strongest emotions.

Hereward the Wake was born and bred at Bourne, in Lincolnshire. At Bourne was his ancestral home. At Bourne occurred the events which proved to be the turning points of his career. At Bourne he died.

Let us therefore make Bourne our centre, and thence radiate to the various points of interest around.

He who would see Hereward's country properly should trust to his own legs, and may either make Peterborough his starting point or work northwards from the Cambridgeshire Fen-land, *viâ* Ramsey, Whittlesea, Thorney, Crowland, and the Deepings. He of less energetic mould should book from King's Cross to Essendine, whence a branch line will take him to Bourne.

Bourne to-day is a quiet unpretentious little market town, lively enough on Thursday, but, although it is "tapped" by a railway, as lifeless as can be imagined during the other six days of the week.

When Hereward, in 1070, passed from Boston to Bourne, he went "into the long street between the overhanging gables, past the cross-ways, and along the water-gang and the high earthworks of his ancient home." The long street is there; so are the cross-ways, being the roads coming from Spalding and the Eastern Fens, from Peterborough in the south, from Grantham in the west, and from Sleaford and Lincoln in the north. The water-gang is there, and so are the earthworks of the Wake Castle.

But successive fires have swept away the houses with overhanging gables; the earthworks are but mere mounds, and they guard not one vestige of the ancient castle.

Two central figures stand forth in the pages of the history of Bourne: Hereward the Wake, and Cecil, Lord Burleigh. What the Wakes were to Bourne in Norman times, the Burleighs became in Tudor days, and yet there are as many traces extant of Wakes as of Burleighs.

It may be said that every historical town owes the fact of its being an historical town to some property or peculiarity with which

Nature has endowed it, be it a navigable river, or a commanding position, or a harbour or what not. There is no need to look further than the name of Bourne to find out why the town plays so early a part in our national history, and the clear inexhaustible spring known variously as Bourne Pool, Peter's Pool, and the Well Head, still bursts forth and fills a goodly circular lake ere it winds away countrywards as it did in the succeeding ages of Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Englishman, and Norman.

Around this pool was reared the Wake stronghold. Away in the fields on the side of the water furthest from the town, and about the farmhouses hard by, may still be seen the lines of mounds and the indentations of the old ditches, but nothing remains of the castle buildings above ground. Excavations are now being carried on, and it is possible that spade and pick may bring to light some of the stonework of the Norman stronghold which rose upon the ruins of the old Wake Castle; but as the latter was probably of wood, the only relics of it which might be found would be charred timber.

Hence it was that Hereward parted in high dudgeon from his mother, after he had insulted the toadying steward, to seek his fortune in the world. Here it was that he so terribly avenged the murder of his brother Godwin by slaughtering the drunken Normans in his own banqueting hall, and fanned the smouldering embers of English patriotism into flame. Here it was he gathered together his army before the final effort at Ely; and here he died that magnificent death described by Charles Kingsley as few men but Charles Kingsley could have described it.

We must imagine it all, for there is no relic to aid us in presenting the pictures, but perhaps no Englishman can stand amongst these silent wind-swept mounds by Bourne Pool, with the fiery prose of the great writer ringing in his brain, without experiencing a thrill of patriotic emotion.

At Bourne we meet with old names on all hands. Ask the first man you meet the "gainest" way to London, and he will probably reply almost in the very words of Martin Lightfoot—"Cardyke, King Street, Ermine Street, London town." Corby and Ramsey are still towns as they were when Godric of the one and Ranald or Randal of the other became Herewards' men. When the embers, stirred by the side of Bourne Pool, burst forth into flame, the split arrow—the fiery cross of those days in these parts—was sent to Morkery Woods, and Irnham, and Belton, and Toft, and Witham, and Manthorpe. To each of these places the modern pilgrim may go and find them probably not much larger, and comparatively not



very much altered in their surroundings since the day of their record in Domesday Book.

Corby lies eight miles north of Bourne. The road thither offers a direct contrast to that by which we approach Bourne from the Fen country, for there is not half a mile of level along it, and it runs between groves of majestic trees.

On our left is the large domain of Grimsthorpe Park—a genuine relic of the old Brunescwald, abounding with deer which may very possibly be direct descendants of those hunted by Hereward and his fellow outlaws. At Irnham, to the north, the old Hall and the Church are interesting. Morkery Wood commemorates Morcar, the nephew of Hereward. Toft, Manthorpe, and Witham were farms of Hereward.

Two big fires have destroyed much of old Bourne, but time and the hand of man have destroyed more. Of Lord Burleigh's birth-place only the foundations are visible, but the "Bull" Inn is said to have been a Cecil residence, and in one of its rooms there is, or was, a panel portrait of Queen Elizabeth.

At Bourne the Augustinians had an important house, of which the chief relic is the church, still called the "Priory Church," although of the Priory itself the only relics are to be found in a heap of architectural odds and ends near one of the farmhouses by the Well Head.

Before leaving Bourne it may be added that Dr. Dodd, the author of "Prison Thoughts," who was executed in 1777 for forging a bond in the name of his pupil and patron, Lord Chesterfield, was born here.

The Southward road to Crowland may be taken as typical of the modern so-called Fen country. Of course, in Hereward's day it did not exist, although Cardyke and King Street, both of Roman construction, follow it for a few miles. When Hereward and his mother, the lady Godiva, took the body of murdered Godwin to be buried at Crowland, they went by boat—"through narrow reaches of clear, brown, glassy water, between the dark green alders, between the pale green reeds, where the coot clanked and the bittern boomed, and the sedge bird, not content with its own sweet song, mocked the notes of all the birds around."

With this description of Kingsley's in our minds, it must be admitted that we are somewhat disappointed at finding ourselves trudging along a good macadamised road, very straight, very broad, and very dusty, running along a ridge overlooking limitless expanses of highly farmed land. We *do* want to see a bit of original Fen in

spite of our knowledge that every acre of original Fen means land wasted and disease propagated. Indeed, there are so many clumps of trees that we cannot even see the spire of Crowland, formerly as prominent a landmark in Kesteven as is Boston "Stump" in the great plain to the northwards.

Passing through Baston and Mantoft, we reach Market Deeping, situated, as its name implies, in the lowest part of the Fen country. Here is a fine old church, a relic of the Priory of Saint Guthlac which once stood here. Deeping Saint James is practically a continuation of Market Deeping, and is picturesquely built along the bank of the Welland. The substantial base of an ancient cross stands in the middle of the street near the church, and, from the existence within it of a cell with a strong door and chains hanging to the walls, was evidently once the local lock-up.

The church is a fine building, and like so many in these parts is the last relic of a religious house, being part of a Benedictine Priory. A noticeable feature of the Deepings is the abundance of flowers in the cottage windows.

Hence the road strikes eastward along the course of the Welland, which serves as the boundary between Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, and until we reach a somewhat higher level is utterly uninteresting.

Here we get the first view of Crowland—"the inheritance of the Lord, the soil of St. Mary and St. Bartholomew, the most holy sanctuary of Saint Guthlac and his monks, the minster most free from worldly servitude, the special almshouse of the most illustrious kings, the sole place of refuge for any one in all tribulations, the perpetual abode of the saints," and so forth.

The approach to Crowland is exactly the approach to an old Dutch town. Above a line of tree-dotted banks appears a compact little body of red and brown roofs nestling under and around the steeple-crowned mass of the ancient Abbey, whilst the illusion is completed by the appearance of the long lines of wind-tossed trees, of numerous windmills, by expanses of bright green broken here and there by a straight ribbon of shimmering water.

Not many years ago the resemblance of our English Fen-land towns to Dutch towns was still more complete, for canals which are now covered in then ran along the principal streets and were dotted with barges, whilst the banks were lined with many gabled red-brick houses which have mostly disappeared. Even now, the breadth and the straightness of the main streets of such towns as Crowland, Thorney Whittlesea, and Ramsey, speak to us plainly of days when

the country folk came to market in boats, and when each town was often rendered an island in itself at certain seasons when the Fenland surrounding it was flooded.

The interest of Crowland—all that makes it worth the traveller's while to pass a night at the old-fashioned comfortable George Inn, lies in its association with Hereward the Wake, its Abbey, and its Triangular Bridge.

In the contemplation of the once magnificent and famous Abbey there is something inexpressibly saddening. As we see it now, a mere fragment consisting of one tower, one aisle, and a battered west front leaning at such an angle against the tower as to necessitate the strengthening of the latter by huge unsightly buttresses, it is hard to picture what Crowland was in its glory.

It was an island, almost an artificial island, for the foundations of the Abbey were driven into earth brought from a distance, and an island it often is now when all the surrounding lowland is flooded, and a man can skate for forty miles in a straight line drawn north or south. Intellectually it was an island—one of those centres of learning, refinement, civilisation, and benevolence which, remarkable everywhere, were particularly so in the midst of this wild no-man's land of the Fen country, and which, owing to the security of their position from troubles and turmoils which so often ruined religious houses elsewhere, amassed enormous wealth.

From all parts of England, and even from the Continent, rich men sent their sons to be taught by the monk-professors of Crowland. It was also a sacred object of pilgrimage; and lastly it was a Sanctuary.

It was fitting, therefore, that no pains or expense should be spared in rendering it magnificent in the eyes of men. Even the minster which Hereward knew, and which the Danes destroyed, was, for a structure but partially built of stone, magnificent. Much more so then was the edifice which sprang up in a subsequent time of peace, when there was more leisure to plan and execute, when a distinct style of architecture existed ready to be exemplified by the hands of able and experienced artists and craftsmen.

What remains of it?

As we have said—one aisle, the north, which has long been used as the parish church; the north tower, and a mutilated, but still magnificent, fragment of the west front.

Of the rest—the noble nave, the transepts with the monastic buildings attached to the south transept—the refectory, the dormitories, the kitchens, the workshops, and so forth; the chapter house, the

choir, which, with the transepts, was taken down after the Dissolution of the Monasteries in 1539, the south aisle and the adjacent cloisters, the south tower, and the abbot's house; the bases of a few clustered pillars, a few arches, a noble Norman arch springing from an arcaded screen at the east end of the nave, and nothing more. Yet Crowland stands fourth in size on the list of ruined English Abbeys, being exceeded only by Fountains, Glastonbury, and St. Mary's at York.

Restoration, or, to be more correct, salvation, is going on and has been going on apace during the last twelve years, and, thanks to the energy of the Rector of Crowland, all that now requires immediate attention is the thorough repair of the roof of the old north aisle, used as the parish church, the advantageous changes wrought during these few years being so extensive as to strike very forcibly the visitor who remembers the utterly forlorn and abandoned appearance of this grand old monument before 1888.

The Abbey we behold probably dates from 1143, although there are fragments above ground thought to belong to the building reared by Abbot Jofried in 1113, but the remains show the work of many reigns. Thus, the famous west door is of Henry III.'s time, part of the west front and the west window of Edward I.'s, the north aisle dates from Henry III., and its roof from Henry VI.

Of course the period following the Dissolution of the Monasteries was that during which the most irreparable damage was done to Crowland, but it has had cruel blows since; for instance, when Cromwell besieged it, and perhaps harder still when, in 1712, a great fire took place at Spalding. In so little respect were such relics of a past age held during the so-called Augustan age of English literature, that many loads of Crowland Abbey stones were carted away for rebuilding burned Spalding. Again, when the tower and south-west end of the Abbey threatened to come down with a run in 1744, the whole of the south wall of the south aisle was taken down, and the materials made to form the hideous buttresses which still afflict the eye.

An ascent to the tower battlements well repays the trouble of groping up one of those dark winding newel stairways so beloved of monkish architects, for from them the stranger gets as clear a notion of what the Fen-land of to-day is as he can elsewhere. On a clear day Boston "Stump," twenty miles north, is visible; to the south looms the great mass of Peterborough, with the turrets of Thorney, and a score of famous Lincolnshire steeples and towers dotting a vast expanse of perfectly level country intersected by white lines which are roads, and glimmering ribbons which are waterways.

There is not much to be noticed in the old north aisle, the modern parish church, unless it be an epitaph upon a certain Abraham Baly, his wife, and son, as follows :

Man's life is like a winter's day,  
Some brake their fast, and so departs away ;  
Others stay dinner ; then departs full fed,  
The longest age but supps and goes to bed.

Over the west door, by which we enter the ruined nave, are representations on medallions in the quaintest possible style of scenes in the life of St. Guthlac, the patron of Crowland. We see his arrival in a boat with Saint Tatwin in the stern, finding the only animals on the island, a sow with a litter of nine pigs ; his combat with the devil of Crowland, his death, his burial, and his apotheosis.

Within the nave, which has long been used as the parish burying-ground, all is sad, stately, eloquent ruin. Three tall Early English arches remain complete enough to serve as indices to the ancient grandeur of the building ; there are the clustered bases of as many more, one of which has been excavated and shows that at some period of rebuilding the architects made use of sculptured odds and ends from an earlier building for a foundation. At the east end rises a noble Norman arch, which was long built up above a beautifully arcaded screen. All else is a confusion of old and modern gravestones, half smothered in a luxuriant undergrowth.

The perfect stillness, the majesty of the surroundings, and the absence of the human element—for the tripper knows not Crowland—make the most unimaginative man reflect upon the mutability of human grandeur ; and however little we may be in sympathy with many features of the old monkish life, and however apt we may be to recall Mason's lines :

Time  
Has moulded into beauty many a tower,  
Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,  
Was only terrible,

as we sit in this dead world, cannot but acknowledge that there must have been some true greatness in the minds of men who had the conception and the power of execution of such a pile as Crowland.

The other "lion" of Crowland is the Triangular Bridge. Bridge it was until within living memory, when the waters of the Welland, a branch of the Neve, and the Catwater flowed under its arches, but it also served, according to late reliable antiquarian opinion, as the base of a huge cross, which marked the last pilgrim station towards the Abbey. The bridge rises steeply to an apex, and on the parapet



of the western approach is an ancient much-mutilated statue, which, until of late years, was variously held to represent St. Guthlac, Ethelbald, King of Mercia, and King Henry II., but which is now believed to represent our Lord, and to have stood in a niche over the great window on the west front of the Abbey.

Hereward never looked upon the Crowland Abbey of to-day, but it is quite possible that he may have passed many a time under this bridge, and have gazed upon the Cross which surmounted it. Under it he perhaps passed carrying the body of his brother Godwin to be buried under the Abbey nave; and, subsequently, when he and Swenoch and Winter went to the High Altar solemnly to vow that they would never stop from slaying whilst a Frenchman was left alive on English ground. Under it, too, Torfrida perhaps passed as she brought Hereward's body to the Abbey for burial, and was herself borne to be laid in the same grave.

South of Crowland stretches the great Cambridgeshire Fen-land, dotted with old-world towns fallen into deep sleep since the suppression of the religious houses, the draining of the Fens, and the wafting of commerce to other parts of England, robbed them of their importance. With all of these no doubt our great English hero was well acquainted.

Such was Thorney, of which the church is part of the once mighty Abbey, and still presents a noble west front to the lifeless street. The church, like most others in East Anglia, is kept shut up, much to the annoyance of visitors, and not much, we should imagine, to the advantage of the inhabitants.

There is Whittlesea, quaintest of old-world towns, with a fine (locked up) church, a quaint parsonage, a grand old inn, the *Falcon*, a market-place with a market-house, and broad silent streets fringed with houses of which the size and appearance speak pathetically of a day past for ever.

There is Ramsey, a replica of Thorney and Whittlesea so far as stillness and lifelessness go, with a stately gateway which once opened on to the domain of the Abbey known as "Ramsey the Rich," a name well merited when we read that it contained but sixty monks, each of whom had an allowance of a hundred pounds a year, and an abbot who received a thousand—sums which represent about eight hundred and eight thousand pounds of modern money respectively.

Except this gateway, the only remains of this once magnificent foundation are under the present mansion, and hardly repay a visit, although the initials H.C. on a door lock remind us that here lived Henry Cromwell, grandfather of the great Protector, he who enter-

tained Queen Elizabeth so sumptuously at Hinchinbrook, and who, from his magnificence and munificence, was known as the *Golden Knight*.

These and many other towns in this and the neighbouring counties can easily be imagined to have been busy and prosperous commercial centres when we enumerate the large and wealthy religious establishments about which they were scattered. In Lincolnshire alone, for instance, there were fifteen Abbeys, at least thirty priories, and quite a score of other foundations such as nunneries, cells, colleges, preceptories, alien priories, and hospitals. Peterborough and Ely, both most intimately associated with the life of Hereward, lie upon well-trodden tourist tracks. Our excuse for dealing somewhat in detail with places like Bourne and Crowland is that they are comparatively unknown, and that they stand upon the threshold of a part of England which has always been somewhat under the ban of the pleasure traveller, but which, if not remarkable for natural beauty, yields to no other in historical and antiquarian interest quite apart from its association with the name of Hereward the Wake—Last of the English.

H. F. ABELL.

*SOME FURTHER FOLK-RHYMES.*

## I.

## RIVER RHYMES.

THERE are a good number of folk-rhymes connected with the rivers and streams of our country. Though they are metrical, and sometimes have a ballad-lilt about them, these things cannot always be described as poetry. They speak unerringly of the popular taste for jingle and doggerel, that taste which, in its rudest form, is undoubtedly the first step towards a poetical literature. It is the local character of these rhymes that renders them truly interesting and valuable. Sometimes they embody old tradition; sometimes they are of so general a nature that they might be applied to any river in any country. In some we find the utterance of local pride—a boast, perhaps, that one river drowns more persons than another. Of this kind is the striking Border-land rhyme about Tweed and Till :—

Tweed says to Till  
 What gars ye rin sae still ?  
 Till says to Tweed  
 Tho' ye rin wi' speed  
     And I rin slaw,  
 Yet where ye drown ae man  
     I drown twa.

There is a tragic solemnity in this little bit of verse which bespeaks true poetic gift in its originator; it seems akin to the old Border ballads. Sometimes the last lines run differently :—

Div ye no ken  
 Where ye drown ae man  
     I drown ten ?

More brief, yet perhaps equally striking in its way, is the old Devonshire couplet which embodies some forgotten legend of the Dart river-spirit :

River Dart, O river of Dart,  
 Every year thou claimest a heart.

Yorkshire has two very similar rhymes, though not so poetically expressed. One speaks of the river that gives its name to Doncaster :

The shelving, slimy river Don,  
Each year a daughter or a son ;

showing that Don, like Dart, claims one death a year. Probably both rivers exceed their claim. The other rhyme gives a still greater and more fatal importance to the river Wharfe :—

Wharfe is clear and Aire is lithe ;  
Where the Aire drowns one the Wharfe drowns five.

The Scotch river Don makes a claim for precedence on less tragic ground, referring doubtless to the merits of river-side soil :—

Ae rood o' Don's worth twa o' Dee,  
Unless it be for fish or tree.

This is the spirit of utility as distinct from romance and poetry. A similar spirit actuates the following rhyme, which is familiar on Severn-side :—

If it raineth when it doth flow,  
Then yoke your ox and goe to plough ;  
If it raineth when it doth ebb,  
Then unyoke your ox and go to bed.

There is another rhyme in this neighbourhood that is rather difficult to understand :—

Blessed is the eye  
That is between Severn and Wye.

Some have interpreted “eye” to mean a view or prospect ; others say it is the old Saxon word for island. The right meaning of the lines seems yet lacking. There is a lovely prospect indeed on the banks of the Wye, and much of Severn-bank is fair enough ; but there is no island that can be described as lying between these two rivers.

In Lancashire we have another rhyme that speaks of the murderous qualities of certain rivers, but the reference is rather to the sea-mouth of these streams :—

The Kent and the Keer  
Have parted many a good man and his mare.

Another Lancashire couplet brings together the names of some tributaries to the Mersey :—

Yoke, Irwell, Medlock, and Tame  
When they meet with the Mersey do lose their name.

Probably the following Lincolnshire rhyme refers to fertility of soil:—

Well is the man  
'Twixt Trent and Witham ;

and another distich says :—

Witham pike,  
England hath none like.

In Northumberland we have the Till mentioned again :

Foot of Breamish and head of Till  
Meet together at Berwick Mill.

If we may believe the Stafford rhyme, Dove must be a miniature Nile, for

In April, Dove's flood  
Is worth a king's good.

More interesting, because it seems to embody some forgotten tradition, is the Westmoreland rhyme about the river Eden :—

Let Uter Pendragon do what he can,  
The river Eden will roll as it ran.

Uther Pendragon was the reputed father of King Arthur, whose legends, especially in the days of Strathclyde, were as familiar in the north of Britain as in the south. It is said that there was an attempt to divert the waters of Eden from their old course long since, though it is not easy to see how this was connected with the name of Uther. The proverb is now applied to any who try to thwart nature. In Yorkshire we meet the following :—

Castleford women must needs be fair,  
Because they wash both in Calder and Aire ;

but it has been suggested that if they washed now in those rivers, they would soil rather than cleanse themselves. A district in the same county very liable to floods gives us another couplet :—

The Hodder, the Calder, Ribble and rain  
All meet together in Mytton domain.

Sometimes the rhyme runs :—

The Hodder, the Calder, Ribble and rain  
All joined together can't carry a bean ;

but the inference is not clear. Another Yorkshire rhyme is :—

When Derwent flows  
Then Keldgate goes.



There are springs at Keldgate which are supposed to be connected with the Derwent. A Scottish rhyme gives a graphic picture of a race between three rivers :—

Tweed run,  
Annan won,  
Clyde fell down and broke its neck.

When we remember the numberless legends that attach to rivers, it is perhaps surprising that the rhymes are not more numerous ; but as time passes, and literature spreads, these things are forgotten before any one has thought it worth while to record them. It is this that makes the labours of the folklorist so valuable. He snatches from oblivion that which would otherwise be for ever lost. These rhymes may not seem great things in themselves, yet they speak to us of the past, they embody the genuine thoughts and observations of the people, and the more clearly they belong to the soil the more is their value.

## II.

### POPULAR PRAYER-RHYMES AND FOLK-PRAYERS.

There is less absolute heathenism in our land now than there has been at any previous time, but still there is a good deal. A few years since it was possible to come across a fair number of persons who did not even know the Lord's Prayer ; but if they were asked if they knew any prayer, they very probably would mumble some old formula, sounding rather like a pagan incantation than a prayer, which they had been taught in their childhood. There may be such persons still. Sometimes the words, when examined, will be found to be a survival of an old Catholic petition, lingering in the memory of the people long after its meaning had been forgotten. Mr. Arthur Norway, travelling in Cornwall, tells us that he met with the strange sentence "Saint Margaretta or her nobs," used as a lucky formula ; and it was only after much puzzling that he suddenly recognised the words to be a corruption of a Latin invocation, *Sancta Margareta ora pro nobis*. The old woman who quoted the mystic words had not the least idea of their meaning ; they had been handed down to her from ancestors who had probably been as ignorant as herself, out who had been taught the prayer by their priests. Equally mysterious at first sight is the expression "numny dumny," used in the West Country to keep off ghosts, yet it is equally obvious that the words

are merely a corruption of *in nomine Domini*. But there is an English prayer-rhyme far more common than any other—so common that it may almost be said to be universal ; we meet it with slight variations from one end of the kingdom to the other. This rhyme, Mr. Baring-Gould thinks, cannot be regarded as a Catholic prayer at all, but is rather an old heretical formula which the Papal Church itself condemned, but which got so firmly fixed in the minds of the people that it has not yet been eliminated. The rhyme has many versions, but the following is perhaps as good as any :—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Bless the bed that I lie on,  
There are four corners to my bed,  
Which four angels overspread,  
Two at the foot and two at the head,  
And two to carry me when I am dead.

Sometimes, instead of the “four corners,” it is “four posties ;” and the end is given in many different ways. Thus, in Dorset it runs :—

Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,  
Be blest the bed that I lie on ;  
Vowr corners to my bed,  
Vowr angels all aspread,  
Woone at head an’ woone at veet,  
An’ two to keep my zoul asleep.

Sometimes, especially in the north, the same saints are invoked to “hold the horse that I leap on ;” but perhaps this can only be regarded as a chance variation. It is not necessary to follow the prayer through all its many varied wordings and additions. Each locality has naturally its own form, but there is no change in the spirit of the thing. The number of angels varies ; generally it is four, but sometimes five, and sometimes only three. It would appear that this reference to the angels around the bed, though it may sound Christian enough, is really the most ancient and wide-spread part of the invocation. We find the allusion in an old French rhyme called the “Little White Paternoster,” part of which may be translated thus : “Going at night to my bed, I find three angels at the bedside, one at the foot, two at the head.” We may wonder whether these angels have any connection with those that come out of the south or the north, and that are invoked in the familiar old charm against a burn :—

There came two angels from the north,  
One was fire and one was frost.  
Out fire, in frost.

But the four Apostles are also sometimes invoked for a burn, as well as for the cramp. If we began to quote these old charms we might never end, but they are hardly of the nature of prayers. More strictly allied to the subject are the White Paternosters, of which a French version has already been mentioned. The following is an old Lancashire specimen :—

White Paternoster, St. Peter's brother,  
What hast i' th' one hand? White book leavis;  
What hast i' th' other hand? Heaven yate keys.  
Open heaven yates and steyk hell yates:  
And let every crysome child creep to its own mother.  
White Paternoster, Amen.

There are variations of this, evidently so corrupted by ignorant repetition as to be hardly intelligible. Another similar formula was known as the "Little Creed":—

Little Creed, can I need  
Kneel before our Lady's knee?  
Candles light, candles burn,  
Our Lady prayed to her dear Son,  
That we all to heaven might come.  
Little Creed, Amen.

Another most singular prayer, of evident great antiquity, is as follows:—

I bless me with God and the rood,  
With His sweet flesh and precious blood;  
With His cross and His creed,  
His length and his breed,  
From my toe to my crown,  
And all my body up and down,  
From my back to my breast,  
My five wits be my rest,  
God never let ill come at ill,  
But through Jesu's own will,  
Sweet Jesus, Lord, Amen.

The word "breed" in the fourth line of course means breadth. Some of the other lines appear to be corrupted from their original meaning. A strange rhyme sometimes put into the lips of the dying is made up of such Latin scraps as the uneducated had caught from hearing Catholic prayers, strung together with English words:—

In nomine Patris up and down,  
Et Filii Spiritus Sancti upon my crown;  
Crux Christi upon my breast,  
Sweet Lady, send me eternal rest.

The doggerel seems to bear some reference to making the sign of the cross. There is another rhyme sometimes repeated on going to rest :—

I lay me down to rest me,  
And pray the Lord to bless me.  
If I should sleep no more to wake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

There is no trace of superstition in this rhyme, so that it is evidently more modern than the others that have been quoted. Some of them prove to us what rubbish will be said as prayer if right prayers are not taught to the people. The ignorant peasant, not knowing even the Lord's Prayer, lay down to rest with a greater sense of security if he repeated his mysterious formula, words which he did not understand, but which he had been taught to think good words, and which he regarded with superstitious veneration. As for the invocation of the four Evangelists, that has been interpreted by Mr. Baring-Gould as probably some dim survival of sun-worship and the four quarters of the heavens. We are accustomed by now to the solar hypothesis for all old tradition and myth; and it is interesting to find so venerable an antiquity, so respectable a paternity, for the familiar old doggerel.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

*REVERIE.*

WHEN autumn winds toll out the dying year  
 I feel no sadness for the summer gone,  
 But an ineffable despair and fear  
 For all that must some future day be born :  
 Pity for things that cannot change or die,  
 Forced to revive for all eternity.

Since while successive ages come and go  
 It is the same corn turns from green to gold,  
 Always the selfsame flowers that bud and blow,  
 That fade and perish ever as of old,  
 Always the sun that rises and that sets,  
 And the same kisses and the same regrets.

Though all the rustling woods fall fast asleep  
 In the sweet silence of their transient rest—  
 Though snowbound fields their tender secrets keep—  
 Though ice lies softly on the water's breast—  
 Still at its set hour—a remorseless thing—  
 Eternal phantom ! I behold the Spring.

C. E. MEETKERK.



*TABLE TALK.*SIR WALTER BESANT'S "EAST LONDON."<sup>1</sup>

SIR WALTER BESANT is now the accepted historian of London. In four successive volumes he has set before us with exemplary spirit and fidelity the civic and national life of the great city, its growth and expansion, its history and development. In no full sense of the word is London a metropolis, and those who employ such terms as metropolitan do so for the sake of convenience or in ignorance. Whatever it may be to Sydney or Melbourne, or may have been to Boston and Philadelphia, London is no more a metropolis to York or Chester than is Paris to Nantes, Marseilles, or Bordeaux. It has long been our capital, which is quite a different matter, and it is—though some upholders of the North hesitate to concede even this—the centre of our national life. Of London as it was and as it is Sir Walter has supplied a series of pictures of marvellous vivacity and beauty. Three successive volumes, entitled respectively "London," "Westminster," and "South London," have exhibited what is most splendid and imposing in its pageantry, most picturesque in its aspects, and most romantic in its annals. In his latest work, "East London," Sir Walter has set himself a task different from anything he has previously accomplished, and shows, with no less spirit than is evidenced in his previous works, the reverse of the medal—that part of London of which Londoners know least; a part, moreover, which in the long-suffering poverty of its occupants has at home or abroad no parallel.

## POVERTY IN LONDON.

IT is, of course, absurd to suppose that the extremes of poverty are to be seen only in East London. Under the shadow of our palaces and law courts, within closest hearing of minster bells, and immediately behind our most crowded streets, is sheltered every form of suffering, disease, and vice. Some difference has been

<sup>1</sup> Chatto & Windus.

witnessed within the last twenty years, but even now the American explorer—who, speaking our language, is naturally the most competent and the most intelligent of outside observers—stands appalled at the spectacles unfolded before him. Nowhere, however, except in East London, with its endless miles of squalid and unlovely streets, can the extent of London poverty or the fierceness of social and domestic contrasts be contemplated so readily or so well. The district with which Sir Walter deals in his latest volume, and in which the lessons he teaches can best be studied, is, as he says, practically not half a century old. Its limits he clearly defines. They include the area north of the Thames and east of Bishopsgate Street Without, that “area newly covered with houses, now a densely populated suburb lying east of the River Lea,” and that “aggregation of crowded towns, each large enough to form an important city by itself, formed of the once rural suburban villages called Hackney, Clapton, Stoke Newington, Old Ford, Stepney, Bow, and Stratford.”

#### A CITY WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

I MAY not attempt to exhibit the life which, with the aid of artists such as Messrs. Francis S. Walker, Phil May, Joseph Pennell, and L. Raven-Hill, Sir Walter brings with unparalleled vividness before us. A few features on which he insists may, however, be mentioned. The negative side gives perhaps the most startling results. In this town, the growth of which rivals all that is most striking in the record of American cities, there are, roughly estimated, five hundred miles, probably much more, of streets—a hundred miles more or less are, as our author says, of little importance—and two million inhabitants. This population is greater than that of Berlin or Vienna, St. Petersburg or Philadelphia. In what does it come short, then, of being a city? It is not such by organisation; it is “a mere collection of overgrown villages lying side by side.” Until the close of the last century it had “no centre, no heart, no representative body, no mayor, no aldermen, no councils, no wards; it has not inherited Folk’s Mote, Hustings, or Ward Mote; it has therefore no public buildings of its own. Its vestry and town halls even are those of separate hamlets—Hackney or Stratford—not East London.” It has no cathedral, no college. What Sir Walter dwells on as most remarkable of all, in a place of two million people there are no hotels. This means that there are no visitors. Coffee-rooms, eating-houses, fried-fish shops, and, of course, public-houses or gin palaces, there are in abundance, but what can be

regarded as a better-class restaurant is not to be found. Naturally, there are no carriages, and, judging from the illustrations, there are miles of streets so uniform in ugliness that the traveller returns in weariness and despair from the task of exploration, in which the sight of a horse and cart must be something of a rarity.

#### REDEEMING FEATURES OF EAST LONDON.

WITH the district which Sir Walter so graphically describes I have a certain amount of familiarity, having a few years ago perambulated many of its streets to its easternmost limits. A more prosaic as well as a less accurate observer than Sir Walter, I found less that was consolatory in this hive of human labour than he. There are still spots of summer greenery within the district, including a park of great beauty, and there are forest glades not far away. The docks, with their crowded masts and their sailors of all nations, are objects of unending interest ; and the Tower Bridge, or new water-gate, is, as Sir Walter says, "the noblest and most stately gate possessed by any city." Historical and sentimental associations, though such are rare, are not wholly wanting, as readers of an admirable volume will discover. It requires, however, a large-hearted charity and love of humanity to think, in presence of the life one contemplates, "how many girls, beautiful in their youth ; how many women, beautiful in their lives ; how many young men of interest, because they have their lives before them ; how many old men of interest, because their lives are behind them, are living in this city so monotonous and so mean." This is written in the optimistic spirit expressed by Leigh Hunt—I quote from distant memory :

Good is as hundreds, evil as one :  
Round about goeth the golden sun—

a creed not greatly favoured in these days of Schopenhauers, Verlaines, and Maeterlincks.

I have dealt only with a fringe of Sir Walter's subject, and must end by commending the work to my readers. The romance of trade appeals to us all. The inner life of what is called "The City of many Crafts" needed a philosopher, an artist, and a lover of humanity such as is Sir Walter to bring to light its sympathetic aspects.

SYLVANUS URBAN.







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